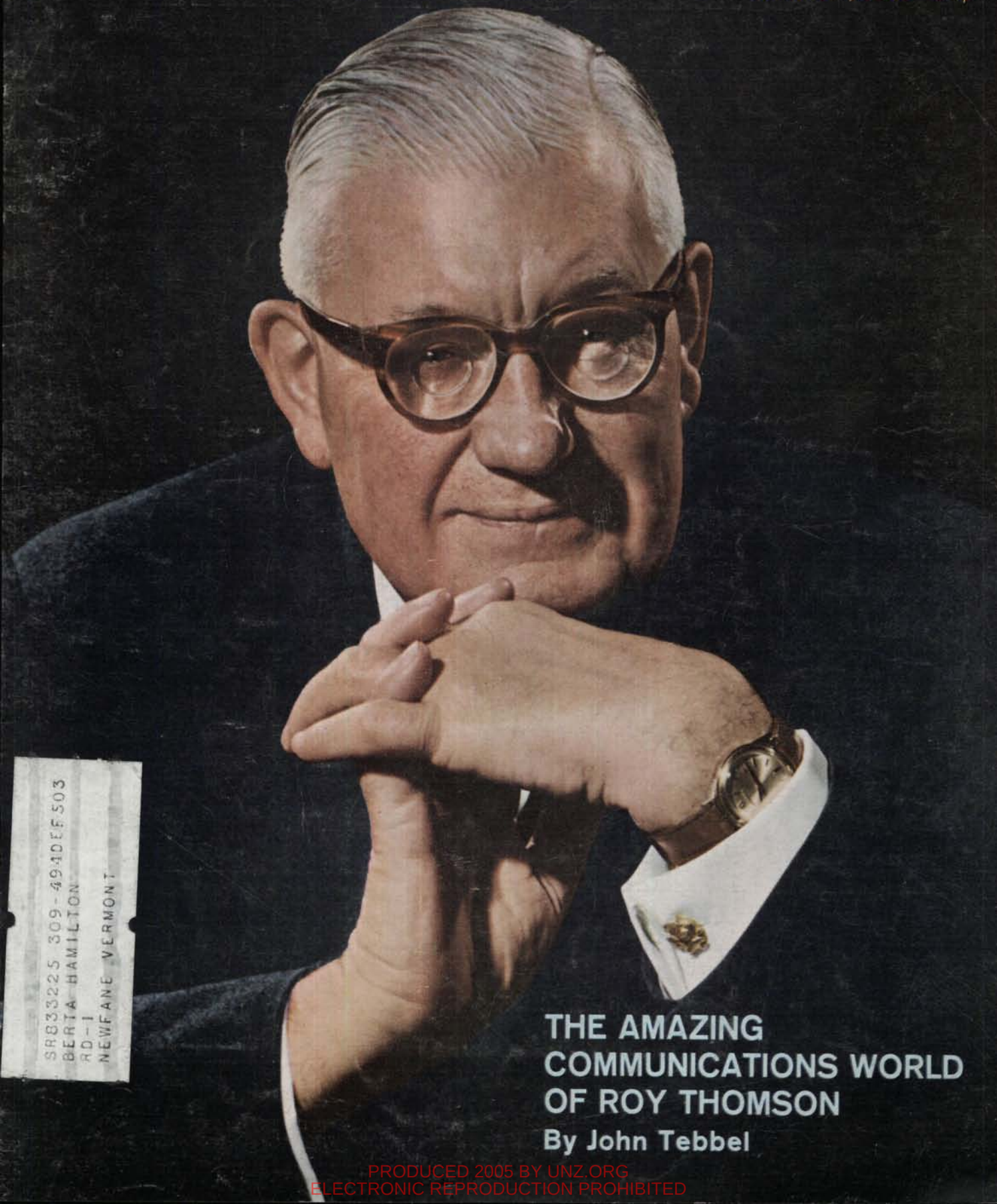
# Saturday Review

October 9, 1965 25¢



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By John Tebbel

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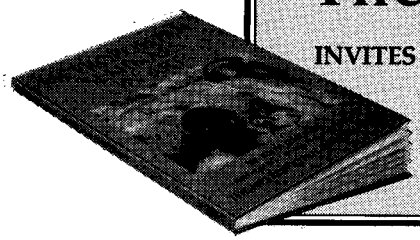
# "GOOD ART" or "BAD ART"... what would be *your* judgment?

THE STORM by Pierre Auguste Cot

HERE ARE TWO PAINTINGS, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art program. The one at left was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880's. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art. If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, would you be able to express a well-reasoned opinion? Or would you, like so many people, be tongue-tied, fearful of exposing ignorance by making any comment at all? A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

THE TEMPEST by Oskar Kokoschka

Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted* self-education in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and with its unique method of learning by comparison among great paintings.



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"There is just no getting around it. This book is . . ." Here the editor's darkly handsome face took on a slightly defiant look. He swallowed and resumed, "This book is clean. There, I've said it.

"And not only that," he went on, "it has more than a touch of whimsy. You see, it's about a tiny Catholic nun, belonging to an order that wears giant hats. She is stationed in Puerto Rico and, learning accidentally that she can fly, she takes off at night with a local flight of pelicans." Now he was speaking very rapidly.

"While she is on a nocturnal trip with her feathered friends, she makes a forced landing at a top-secret military installation, and eventually has to prove to the C.I.A. that she really can fly. What happens then provides the climax to a most unusual tale.

"Moreover," he concluded, "it's short."

"What did you say its title is?" I asked.

"It's called *The Fifteenth Pelican,* and it's by Tere Ríos. Are you going to write about it in your column?" He looked worried. "If you do, please don't mention my name. If word got about that I was handling a book like this, I might be drummed out of the Contemporary Fiction Editors Monthly Lunch Club."

I promised I wouldn't reveal his guilty secret.

*L. L. Day*
**EDITOR-AT-LARGE**

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# *Saturday Review*

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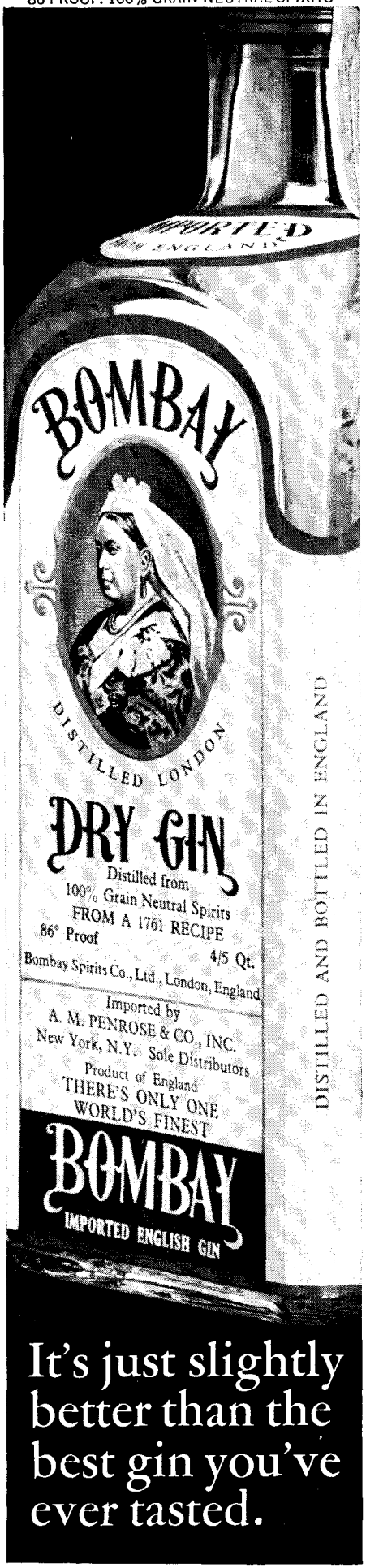


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Edited by Martin Levin

### Stereo Fan

He stands for stereophonics over all;
He plans to lobby soon in Washington;
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*Two* Speakers of the House instead of one.

—Avery Giles.

### Dostoevskian Tolerance

WHEN Americans tell me they understand Dostoevsky, I laugh. Only a Russian can understand Dostoevsky. Quite recently in an interview the American poet Allen Ginsberg held forth on "Dostoevskian tolerance." I hate to disappoint Mr. Ginsberg, but Dostoevsky was a notoriously intolerant man. He was the most blatantly chauvinistic writer in all Russian literature. And, mind you, I am being very kind to him.

Dostoevsky despised all non-Russians. Well, almost all. An English gentleman in one of his stories and an English bulldog in another get off comparatively well. His venom was especially reserved for Jews, Poles, Germans, and Frenchmen, although members of other nationalities also bore some of the brunt of Dostoevsky's heavy sarcasm. Many of Dostoevsky's Russian characters are mean and vicious but they do suffer. The non-Russians in Dostoevsky's novels and stories are merely mean and vicious —without the grace of suffering. That is reserved for Russians only.

Yet when one reads Dostoevsky in an English translation one fails to notice these most characteristic traits of the great Russian writer. A translator cannot allow himself the luxury of recreating the exact language of Dostoevsky's Russian original. No editor would accept such a translation. "Don't tell me Dostoevsky wrote that," the editor would say to the unfortunate translator, "Quite impossible!"

And he would hire another translator.

When writing about representatives of other peoples, Dostoevsky becomes so abominably vituperative that he could become the idol of any sheriff in Alabama or Mississippi—if he only knew the Russian language.

A Jew is never a Jew to the "tolerant" Dostoevsky. He is always a *"zhid,"* which, if one wants to be honest, should be translated as "Yid" or "Sheeney."

### Crime Without Punishment

A wealthy person, according to Dostoevsky's standards, is not merely wealthy. He is "rich as a Jew." The old woman-pawnbroker in *Crime and Punishment* whom the student Raskolnikov killed was "rich as a *zhid*." In the original Russian description of the older Karamazov's early life Dostoevsky tells how "Karamazov turned up in Odessa where he spent several years. He made his acquaintance at first with a lot of Sheeney-men, Sheeney-women, and Sheeney-boys."

One can understand the predicament of Dostoevsky's translators, among them Constance Garnett and David Magarshak, who could not get up enough courage to give us a literal translation of this beautiful gem of Dostoevskian tolerance. Miss Garnett has it: "He made his acquaintance at first with a lot of low Jews, Jewesses, Jewkins." Mr. Magarshak follows the same pattern. Neither allows us to see Dostoevsky in his true light.

A fine study in Dostoevskian intolerance is the short novel *The Gambler.* Since the action takes place in a German gambling resort Dostoevsky eagerly seizes upon the opportunity to present to his readers a host of obnoxious non-Russian characters. The French are grasping plotters; the Poles are grasping sycophants; the Germans are grasping fools; the Jews combine the worst traits of the French, Germans, and Poles.

A Frenchman is called in Russian *"Frantsuz,"* a Pole *"Poliak."* Dostoevsky does not call them that. He adds a derogatory ending to their names. A Frenchman becomes *"Frantsuzishko,"* a Pole, *"Poliachishko."* The ending "ishko" in the Russian language, as Constance Garnett and David Magarshak will readily tell you, signifies utter contempt. But Miss Garnett glosses over Dostoevsky's rudeness. In her translation "Frantsuzishko" and "Poliachishko" become "little Poles and French people."

"Little Poles and French people" my eye! Properly translated in the equivalent of Dostoevskian vernacular it should be "Little Pollacks" and "Little Frogs."

It was natural for Dostoevsky to add the United States of America to the roster of his pet dislikes. The novel *The Possessed* contains a deliciously insipid outburst against this country. The novel was written in 1871 when the United States was already established as a haven for revolutionaries. Dostoevsky was determined to demolish its reputation as the land of the free and the home

(*Continued on page* 12)



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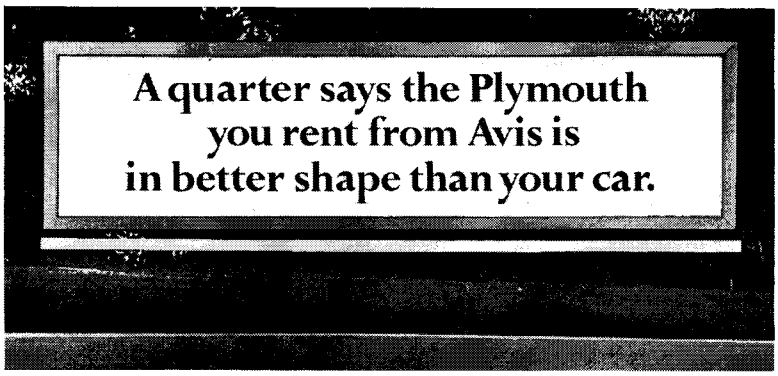


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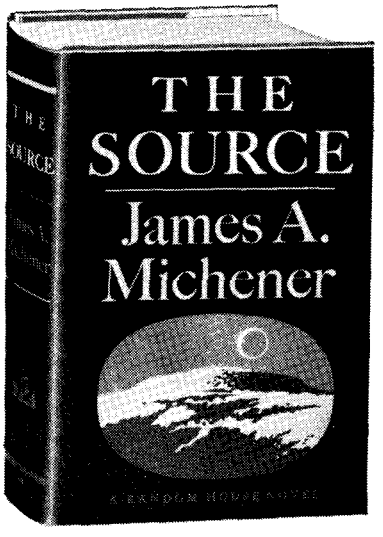


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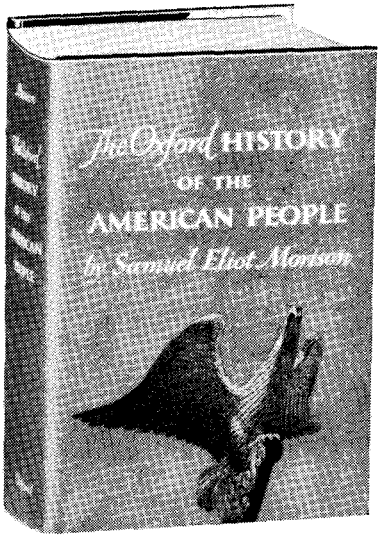


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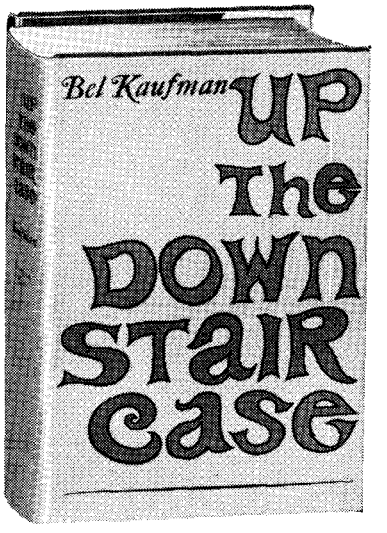


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*Continued from page 6*

of the brave. Shatov, a former revolutionary who had migrated to the USA and then returned to Russia, tells how he and his comrade Kirilov, having lost their jobs, "spent four months lying on the floor of a hut in a little American town."

I have reread this passage several times both in Russian and English. For the life of me I cannot understand how Shatov and Kirilov earned enough money to pay their passage back to Russia by lying on the floor of a hut in a small [American] town for four whole months!

—M. K. Argus.

## That's The Way The Brownie Crumbles

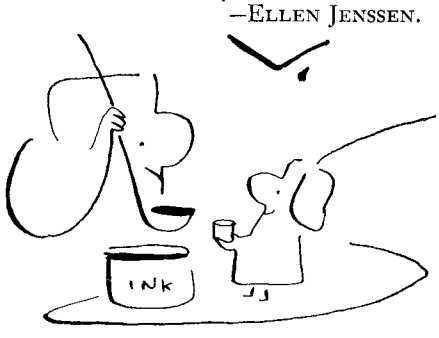
ANXIOUS as ever to prove myself a true nonconformist, I allowed my two girls to join the Brownies. The ceremonies attendant upon their initiation were so determinedly cute that they left me haggard and full of self-doubt and guilt. I wondered if I shouldn't have taken the strait and narrow path that consigns small girls to afternoons of dancing, piano, and religious instruction.

I was not even comforted when nothing more darling than bookmarks, paper baskets, and beadwork appeared after their meetings. I heard about a custom called "fly-up," a reference to the Brownies' ascension into the ranks of Girl (or true) Scouts. It was of a piece with their other custom of holding hands at the close of each session, and making silent wishes.

I thought of my girls gradually being softened to a sentimental jelly which would make them unfit for the tough world we live in. I tried gently to pry them loose and failed. They loved it and I will tell you why. The younger told me that one of the Brownies said to her, "Do you know what I wished? I wished that you were dead." The older girl came home and told me that a friend of hers whispered at the end of the wishing period, "I wished that no other wishes would come true."

Soon after this one of the leaders met me in the supermarket. "Just think," she cooed, "Next year all our little Brownies will be ready to fly up." Why wait, I thought to myself. They're ready now. All we need is forty brooms.

—Ellen Jenssen.



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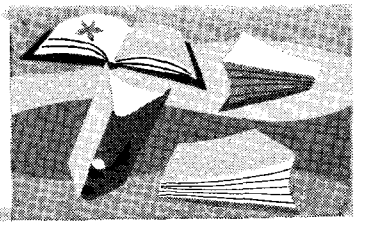
# Trade Winds



**The bookstore business** is booming up and down and on both sides of New York's Fifth Avenue, where at least two shops—one very old and one very new—have found it worthwhile to enlarge their quarters. The new one is the elegant Rizzoli International Bookstore,

which opened a year ago near the corner of Fifty-Sixth Street. When I stopped in there to see Peter Novelli, director (the non-U term is manager), I asked him among other questions if any famous people ever came into this posh establishment. He leaned over the fancy railing of his balcony office and pointed to Ben Shahn, who was that very moment making a call on the house phone. I also learned that many notables have visited the place, from Princess Grace to Governor Rockefeller. So have less known yet perfectly well-heeled customers: one bought the Dali *Divine Comedy* the other day for $2,000. From the *objets d'art* department a lady has ordered 350 hand-wrought Italian gold-plated letter openers at $10 each, for an upcoming charity ball.

Rizzoli's is getting ready to knock through the wall and come out on Fifty-Sixth. This will give them much more room. Already there are books for sale in eight languages, and there will be added Greek, Swedish, and who knows what else. The section carrying European newspapers and periodicals and records from many countries will be expanded. The art gallery will be enlarged, too. Even more intriguing is the proposed Italian-language school, for which several hundred eager adults have already signed up. Another feature of the addition is that there will be room for an espresso machine, and it will produce the most authentic espresso in New York, mainly because the water with which the coffee is made will be imported from Italy.

Let's face it, many visitors are affected as much by the luxury of the decor of Rizzoli's as they are by the amazingly broad display of foreign materials. The front room of this store, which resembles a private library, is dominated by a 400-year-old chandelier from a cathedral in Zagreb. The walls are real walnut, the brass is real brass, the bronze real bronze, the floors are Italian Vicenza marble, and the entrance is framed in white Carrara marble. Along one side are huge floor-to-ceiling mirrors.

Rizzoli Editore, the Milan firm that owns the bookstore, also produces motion pictures, publishes books and magazines, and owns printing plants, forests, mills, factories, and hotels. Its famous bookshop in Rome has been known for a long time as a superbly designed one. Now, the Rizzoli family proclaims proudly, the one in New York is better. It's a good thing they plan to import that Italian water for the coffee machine, for if things get much worse in New York they won't get much out of the faucets.

**The very old** bookstore that is making more room for itself is Brentano's, founded downtown in 1853 and situated for the last thirty years on Fifth Avenue between Forty-Seventh and Forty-Eighth. Right about now Leonard Schwartz, president of the sixteen-store Brentano chain, should be cutting a ribbon or engaged in some such ceremony to mark the opening of the rebuilt store, which now has an entrance on each of the three streets. The traditional one on Fifth Avenue will consist of one of those fancy air doors; you walk right through it.

The changes in Brentano's are really startling. The shop is twice its previous

size, making it the third largest in the nation (after Cokesbury in Dallas and Kroch's and Brentano's in Chicago). There are three levels connected by broad, cantilevered stairways. The basement, which has always seemed to carry lots of paperbacks, is now the largest such department in the city. A Center Court down here extends up to the first floor, and if you go in one direction or another you'll come to the 47th Street area for Fun and Games and books devoted to dogs, cats, water sports, trains, and things like that; or to the 48th Street Shop with its "Galerie Moderne," where

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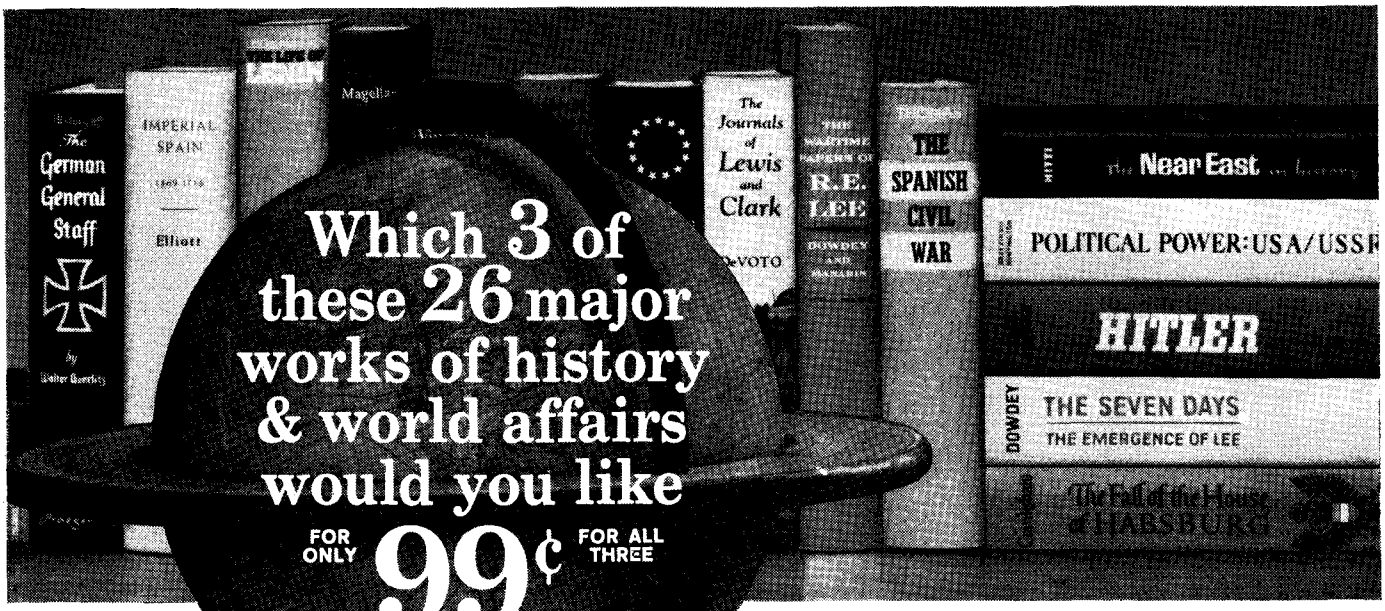


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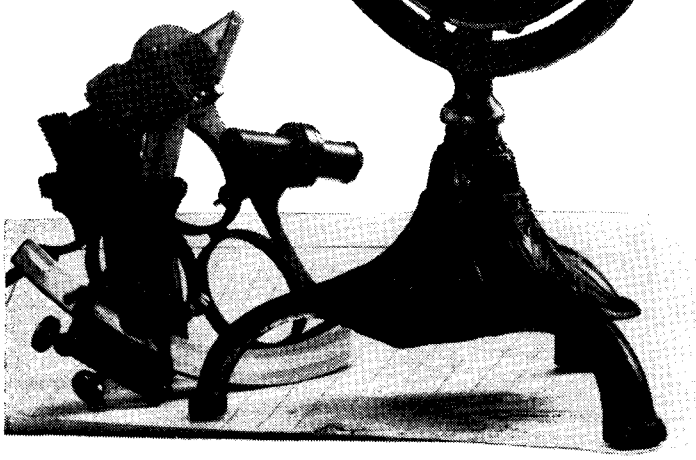

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the art is displayed. The upper level of the Center Court houses the greeting cards, stationery, remainders, and reading area. The books themselves are arranged through this handsome bookstore in a manner that makes it easy to find what you want. And if you can't, among the thousands of volumes shown, your order will be phoned immediately to the publisher and the desired book sent to your home special delivery. (Slight extra charge, naturally.)

When I toured the new Brentano's I had a chance to preview a sculpture exhibition which will open in that fancy Galerie Moderne October 15. There are thirty-nine heads and groupings and other kinds of work that I can't describe very well by one of the country's foremost artists, Rube Goldberg. Mr. Goldberg, who celebrated his eightieth

birthday quite some time ago, decided two years ago to be a sculptor, in order, as he says, "to point to the foibles and idiosyncrasies of people and animals around me with satirical slant." This is the first public showing of his work, and that's exactly what he does.

**Sharps and Flats:** The Gillette Company has explained to me why the umpire turns his back to the field and faces the grandstand when he brushes off home plate. Both major leagues have made it a rule, because it would not be polite to the audience to do it the other way.

► In the classified section of the Wellington (Kansas) *Daily News* appeared this ad: "Help Wanted—Innumerators for new city directory. Must be good spellers, plain writers."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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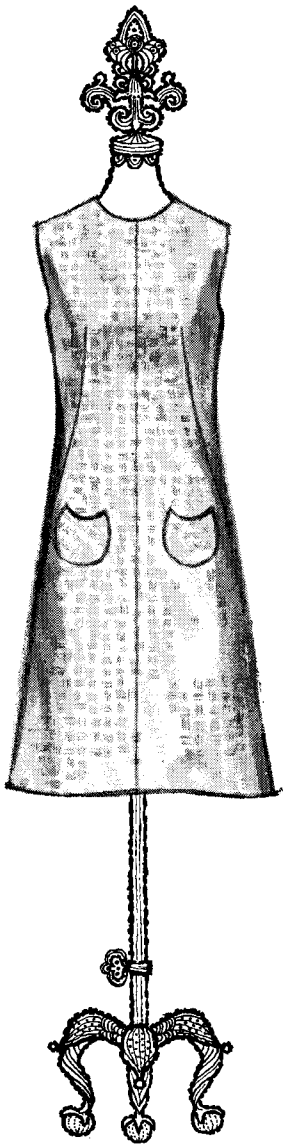

Poetic

Wear the hair loosely, and cultivate a hauntingly faraway look in the eye, à la Emily Dickinson, as if you were suffering from secret sorrows or composing music for the harpsichord. Factually, the jumper is a white-on-white wool basketweave. Darts from bosom to hip give it a graceful Dickinson drape. Sizes 6 to 16.

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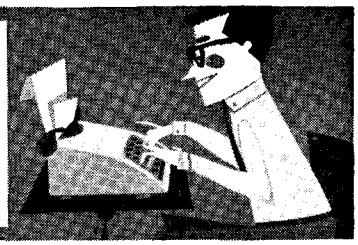
# Top of My Head



## The Eight Days That Made One Weak

WHEN THE welter of weightless television entertainment opened the first week of its new season, the harshly condemnatory reviews by the newspaper critics were in deadly antithesis to the wildly commendatory full-page ads by the networks—and usually on the same page. You know the ads—a week of premieres so great it will take eight days!

But after the first three days the divine newspaper guild, in its infinite mercy, struck the *New York Times* and millions of viewers in the big city were desperately reduced to making up their own minds whether or not they liked the remaining new programs. Of course the network people were not affected by the strike. They won't know whether they like the programs until the ratings come out.

It would be plain silly not to admit that the new season has its minor flaws—especially among the situation comedies. In this category the problem should be quite simple. We can't expect that every week the comedy will be super. But we can expect that the situations will be natural. However, the trend seems to be to combine the two and they come out supernatural. So we have *The Smothers Brothers,* one of whom died and came back as an angel, *My Mother the Car,* in which the hero's mother comes back as a car, and *I Dream of Jeannie,* in which Jeannie comes out of a bottle. Who is to say that all three didn't come out of some bottle?

But even so, the new season has its compensations. *Shindig* has been cut from a full hour to a half-hour. *Hullabaloo* has also been cut to a half-hour. This is a step in the right direction. Today a half-hour, tomorrow the world!

If I seem overly patient and kindly toward this new crop of programs I assure you my motives are ulterior. If all of us discredit too many of these newcomers, we'll just have more nights of *Peyton Place,* which is now up to three. Think of *Peyton Place* five nights a week! Think of bringing back an hour a week of *Gilligan's Island* or even a quarter-hour of the *Cara Williams Show*!

Think of spinoffs of this season's *Gidget* and her ridiculous diary! Think of spinoffs of each kid in *Camp Runamuck* and of each of the 120 girls in the school John Forsythe inherited on that show! Think of that and you know where Marconi is spinning now.

Let the critics quit carping while we're ahead. Let us quietly accept what we are handed lest we be cozened into a season of 1966-67 that will make this one seem the Golden Days of Television. Let our golden rule be "To air is human, to forgive divine." Television, like Robert Moses, has become too easy a mark at which to niggle.

So I thought it was a little snide of a tiny three-inch advertisement to make its appearance nestling quietly and almost unseen among the big networks' colossal ads on the TV page of the *New York Times* the morning following the opening day's bouquet of new shows. It was placed by the Division of Central Education of the New York University. Evidently someone down there was pointing at some of the people whose handiwork had been on display the night before. It read:

"Evening, non-degree classes in television. Television production and direction, writing television scripts, commercials, announcing. Certificates offered in television and film production."

THEY probably expected a lot of dropouts who flunked their opening shows to come clamoring for enrolment. But *pfui*—that only takes care of the nonessentials of television: writing, producing, directing.

But to what decibel does a laugh track have to be turned for its most cacophonic effect? Nothing about that in the course. How do you cope with a network executive when the rating drops two-tenths and he insists the writer work in an appearance in a dramatic courtroom scene of *Soupy Sales*? Or if he asks for a spinoff from *Petticoat Junction* for Edgar Buchanan as *My Father, Mac, the Truck*?

Man, you're not tuned in down there at NYU! School—that's for kids. You don't think your kids are going to do better than the big executives at the networks, do you? . . . I didn't say as well as, I said better than. . . . Oh yeah? Well, just give me one good reason why you think they can. . . . OK, one more. . . . OK, another one. . . . Well, don't just stand there mentioning the names of the new shows. . . .

—GOODMAN ACE.



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# *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

### *Business, Economics*

THE BIG RICH AND THE LITTLE POOR. By Floyd Hunter. Doubleday. $4.50.

FEDERAL BUDGET POLICY. By David J. Ott and Attiat F. Ott. Brookings Institution. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.95.

FINANCING STATE AND LOCAL GOVERNMENTS. By James A. Maxwell. Brookings Institution. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $2.45.

THE JOB HUNTER. By Allen R. Dodd, Jr. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

POLICIES AND METHODS FOR INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT. By Murray D. Bryce. McGraw-Hill. $7.50.

PROBLEMS IN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT. By E. A. G. Robinson. St. Martin's. $12.50.

### *Cinema, Theater*

BEHIND THE SCREEN. By Kenneth Macgowan. Delacorte. $10 to Dec. 25; $12.50 thereafter.

PARABLES FOR THE THEATRE: Two Plays, *The Good Woman of Setzuan* and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. By Bertolt Brecht. Revised English versions by Eric Bentley. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $4.95.

### *Crime, Suspense*

THE BIG CAT. By Christopher Short. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

THE HOUSE AT SATAN'S ELBOW. By John Dickson Carr. Harper & Row. $3.95.

NIGHT OF RECKONING. By Peter Oldway. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

A PENNY FOR THE GUY. By Jan Roffman. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE SIN FILE. By Stephen Ransome. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

THE UNLOVED. By Dolan Birkley. Doubleday. $3.50.

### *Current Affairs*

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. By Russell Baker. Lippincott. $4.50.

THE ART OF SOCIAL CLIMBING. By Jerome Zerbe. Doubleday. $3.95.

DISAPPOINTED GUESTS: Essays by African, Asian and West Indian Students. Edited by Henri Tajfel and John L. Dawson. Oxford Univ. Press. $4.

THE FREE WORLD COLOSSUS: A Critique of American Foreign Policy in the Cold War. By David Horowitz. Hill & Wang. $6.95.

THE GREAT SALAD OIL SWINDLE. By Norman C. Miller. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

POVERTY IN AMERICA: A Book of Readings. Edited by Louis A. Ferman, Joyce L. Kornbluh and Alan Haber. Univ. of Michigan Press. $9.

### *Education*

A HIGH-SCHOOL WORK-STUDY PROGRAM FOR MENTALLY SUBNORMAL STUDENTS. By Oliver P. Kolstoe and Roger M. Frey. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $5.

THE LINGUISTIC SCIENCES AND LANGUAGE TEACHING. By M. A. K. Halliday, Angus McIntosh and Peter Strevens. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.75.

REVOLUTION AT BERKELEY: The Crisis in American Education. Edited by Michael V. Miller and Susan Gilmore. Dial. $4.95.

### *Fiction*

BEND YOUR HEADS ALL. By Rowena Farrar. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

THE CROSSROADS. By Elizabeth Corbett. Appleton-Century. $4.95.

DON JUANEEN. By John Broderick. Obolensky. $3.95.

KICK THE DOG GENTLY. By Ozro F. Grant. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.95.

THE MANDARIN and Other Stories. By Eça de Queiroz. Ohio Univ. Press. $4.

THE MONEY. By Theodore Pratt. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.95.

MY SWEET CHARLIE. By David Westheimer. Doubleday. $4.50.

NIGHT ANGEL STREET. By Bernard Dekle. Charles E. Tuttle. $3.50.

REJUVENATION OF SIEGFRIED IMMERSELBE. By Ignas Seinius. Manyland Books. $5.

ROGUE SHIP. By A. E. Van Vogt. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE STRONGHOLD. By Meyer Levin. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THEY BOTH WERE NAKED. By Philip Wylie. Doubleday. $5.95.

A TREE FULL OF STARS. By Davis Grubb. Scribners. $3.50.

### *History*

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTHERN FRENCH AND CATALAN SOCIETY, 718-1050. By Archibald R. Lewis. Univ. of Texas Press. $8.

THE IRISH REPUBLIC. By Dorothy Macardle. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $10.

ITALY. By Massimo Salvadori. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

POWER'S HUMAN FACE: A Unique American History. By Arthur T. Hadley. Morrow. $5.

SPAIN: The Gentle Anarchy. By Benjamin Welles. Praeger. $7.95.

### *Literary History, Criticism*

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Stanley B. Greenfield. NYU Press. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $2.25.

ENGLISH BOOKS AND READERS 1558-1603: Being a Study in the History of the Book Trade in the Reign of Elizabeth I. By H. S. Bennett. Cambridge Univ. Press. $8.50.

THE HEROIC IMAGE IN FIVE SHAKESPEREAN TRAGEDIES. By Matthew N. Proser. Princeton University Press. $6.

SHAKESPEARE: The Comedies. Edited by Kenneth Muir. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

VISION AND VERSE IN WILLIAM BLAKE. By Alicia Ostriker. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $6.

### *Miscellany*

THE ART OF THE PUPPET. By Bil Baird. Macmillan. $17.50 to January 1; $19.95 thereafter.

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CRUISING UNDER SAIL. Second edition. By Eric C. Hiscock. Oxford Univ. Press. $12.75.

THE ENIGMA OF OUT-OF-BODY TRAVEL. By Susy Smith. Garret Publications. $4.95.

GREAT FAMILY COLLECTIONS. Edited by Douglas Cooper. Macmillan. $19.95 to Jan. 1; $25 thereafter.

MOUNTAINS AND WATER. By Christopher Rand. Oxford Univ. Press. $4.95.

OLD ENGLISH SILVER. By Judith Bannister. Putnam. $8.95.

OUTDOOR PHOTOGRAPHY. By Erwin Bauer. Harper & Row. $3.95.

THE POLITE WORLD: A Guide to English Manners and Deportment from the Thirteenth to the Nineteenth Century. By Joan Wildeblood and Peter Brinson. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.20.

RITUAL OF THE BACABS: A Book of Maya Incantations. Translated and edited by Ralph L. Roys. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $5.95.

THE SENSE OF WONDER. By Rachel Carson. Harper & Row. $4.95 to Dec. 31; $5.95 thereafter.

SWEET WAS THE SONG. Illuminated and text drawn by Ben Shahn. Odyssey. $1.

### *Personal History*

THE LIFE AND WORK OF FORD MADOX FORD. By Frank MacShane. Horizon. $6.50.

ME AND MY BIKE. By Dylan Thomas. McGraw-Hill. $5.

### *Philosophy, Religion*

AMERICAN ZIONISM. By Marnin Feinstein. Herzl. $6.

ASPECTS OF SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION and Other Essays in the Philosophy of Science. By Carl G. Hempel. Free Press. $12.50.

MAN IN ESTRANGEMENT: Paul Tillich and Erich Fromm Compared. By Guyton B. Hammond. Vanderbilt Univ. Press. $5.

ORIENTAL AESTHETICS. By Thomas Munro. Western Reserve Univ. $6.50.

OUTSIDER IN THE VATICAN. By Frederick Franck. Macmillan. $7.50.

REDISCOVERING JUDAISM. Edited by Jacob Wolf. Quadrangle. $6.50.

SPIRITUAL BREAKTHROUGH FOR OUR TIME. By Marcus Bach. Doubleday. $3.95.

TERROR IN THE NAME OF GOD. By Simma Holt. Crown. $5.95.

### *Reference*

GLYDNEHAL'S ENGLISH-NORWEGIAN, NORWEGIAN-ENGLISH POCKET DICTIONARY. By James W. Deitrichson and Orm Everland. McKay. $2.75.

THE NEW ROGET'S THESAURUS IN DICTIONARY FORM. Edited by Norman Lewis. Putnam. Trade edition, $3.50. Library edition, $4.50.

### *Science*

ANTARCTICA. Edited by Trevor Hatherton. Praeger. $18.50.

THE PSYCHEDELIC READER. Edited by Gunther M. Weil, Ralph Metzner and Timothy Leary. University Books. $5.95.

THE SILENT SKY: The Incredible Extinction of the Passenger Pigeon. By Allan W. Eckert. Little, Brown. $4.95.

—Compiled by MIMI FRANKLIN.


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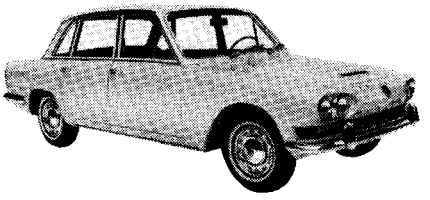

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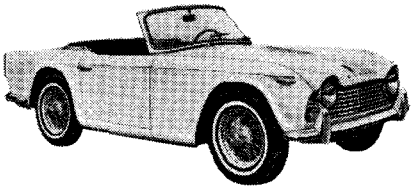

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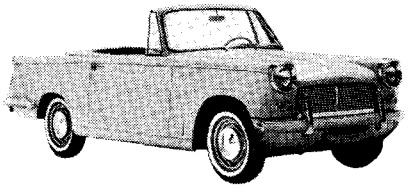

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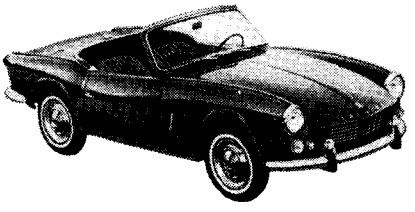

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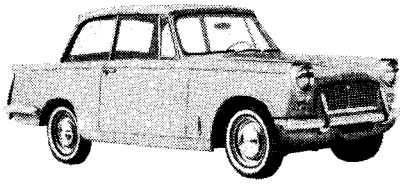

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*Saturday Review*
October 9, 1965

# DO OUR HOMOSEXUALITY LAWS MAKE SENSE?

By ROBERT K. WOETZEL

PUBLIC ATTENTION has been drawn in recent years to the behavior of those homosexuals who give the appearance of flouting everyday norms, and as a result large-scale law enforcement has been instigated to curb their activity. But little or no effort has been made to understand the causes of homosexuality and its effects on individuals. Because the subject is overloaded with social taboos, there has been widespread unwillingness to recognize that some people prefer relationships offered by members of the same sex and that no amount of punishment, whether inflicted by law or social pressures, can change this preference. In other words, the laws against homosexuality seem to be unenforceable.

The late Judge Learned Hand recommended that homosexual relations between consenting adults in private be legalized. The American Law Institute has sanctioned such relations in its Model Penal Code, which is now being considered in state legislatures across the country. The new Kinsey Report, *Sex Offenders*, suggests that sex law be confined to:

1. Cases where force or threat was employed.
2. Cases involving sexual activity between an adult and a child.
3. Cases of sexual activity or solicitation so open as to constitute a public nuisance.

The report also endorses the view of the American Law Institute: "What two or more consenting adults do sexually in private should not be governed by statute law."

The laws that proscribe sexual relations between males in many states are directed against so-called bestiality. But the homosexual does not usually think of himself as less of a human being. Even though he may have strong guilt feelings, guilt does not usually change his inclinations.

The extremist, flamboyant homosexual acts like an outcast, joining the kind of special group that is evident in places like Greenwich Village. The normal or hidden homosexual, however, cannot be so open; he is inclined to engage in sporadic and impermanent relationships. This peculiarly American kind of conduct stems from Puritan or Jansenistic guilt feelings that reinforce his fear of detection. His inability to face his condition causes him to seek his satisfaction surreptitiously. Whatever associations he forms in the homosexual sphere are often poisoned from the beginning by a certain sense of personal failure.

The extremes to which the hidden homosexual will go in finding outlets for his emotions and his loneliness are unimaginable to the ordinary person. The mature homosexual may be inclined to seek companionship in bars or nightclubs. If he is well known in his home town, he may go somewhere else for his sexual satisfaction. The young homosexual, however, is too terrified of the consequences of "being seen"; he tends to seek out strangers. He may hang around lavatories and the back rows of movie houses, hoping to "make contact." The experience of such surreptitious contact tends to corrode self-respect. As a result, a boy may begin to look upon the world with fear and suspicion. He is terrified of being labeled a "queer." Regardless of how much he rationalizes, he feels that he is different, apart. Above all else, he must avoid detection. Gradually he becomes increasingly expert in doing so. He begins to live two lives, one that he shows the public, the other reserved for intimate associations. As he progresses he becomes more used to his state. The adventure of "tracking down a quarry" for the night as he wanders along the rivers of a city and in its public parks stimulates his sexual fantasy. He spends hours pursuing his goal. He is preoccupied with the subject. It would seem that sex was the most important thing in his life.

IT is tragic that, where the homosexual is concerned, social institutions have produced exactly the opposite of the intended results. Laws and social taboos against homosexuality have not only tended to mar the personalities of many homosexuals but have also encouraged criminal behavior. There seems to be no other alternative for many homosexuals than to seek their satisfaction in some anonymous place like a public lavatory where they can explain their presence if challenged.

The arguments usually cited against homosexual activity are that it corrupts the character of a person and that it induces antisocial, criminal behavior. The two arguments are closely related. The first may be based on moral, religious scruples. In the Old Testament the man who wastes his seed rather than procreate with a woman who has been imposed on him by his family is a symbol of moral corruption. In a letter to the Romans, St. Paul inveighs against homosexual behavior. The story of Sodom and Gomorrah is well known. Indeed, the whole subject of homosexuality is surrounded by silence and taboos in our Judeo-Christian civilization. The judge in the trial of Oscar Wilde referred to the "unspeakable crime," and persons suspected of homosexual acts are subject to public ridicule. It is not without reason that law enforcement officers feel that the prosecution of homosexuals usually meets with public approval. Consequently the homosexual, treated like an outcast and criminal, may react

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The author of this article is a staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions and a former professor at New York University and Fordham University. This article grew out of the Center's continuing inquiries into various facets of the American character.



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by going to extremes. He finds he cannot control an impulse that is so deeply embedded in his nature. (The sex urge, as Freud has described it, is as strong as hunger or thirst.) Yet in countries where homosexuals are not persecuted and treated as outcasts, such as Holland and Denmark, statistics on sex crimes indicate that homosexuals do not usually engage in criminal behavior.

The effects of homosexual behavior on law and law enforcement are less far-reaching than the permanent disturbance of the homosexual's personality as a result of social pressures. The homosexual who has become used to furtive associations may be incapable of permanent loyalties. He may be reduced to seeking "outlets" all his life. Some priests and ministers maintain that the homosexual should try to limit his activities. His early formation, however, may make such restraint virtually impossible.

Young homosexuals in our society are condemned to be outcasts subject to criminal pressures. They may be blackmailed or forced to conform to criminals. If they are ordered around by a bartender or enforcer in a "gay bar," they cannot resist. This may be an incentive for some to become completely outcast. If one has nothing to lose, then no one can place pressure.

Most of the gay bars, bath houses, and restaurants frequented by homosexuals are run by organized crime. Homosexuals are considered good spenders, and the underworld considers the pay-off worthwhile. Furthermore, homosexuals can be exploited. On Saturday nights certain establishments catering to homosexuals charge exorbitant cover fees.

Police may tolerate certain bars where homosexuals congregate, even though they are run by organized crime. The police seem to consider the power of organized crime and the increased revenues obtained from gay bars not as important as the opportunity to apprehend homosexuals. The victims of organized crime thus become the target of law enforcement, rather than organized crime itself. A recent issue of *Life* quotes a Los Angeles Police Department manual as stating that homosexuals are trying to establish a "fruit world."

Thus the homosexual world merges with the criminal twilight zone. The homosexual, whether he wants to or not, is forced to consort with outlaw elements. The places he frequents are inhabited by criminals of every variety. It would appear, however, that stricter law enforcement in this sensitive area of personal morals is not the answer. The attempt to impose a standard of morality that is inimicable to the nature of the homosexual has enlarged rather than curbed the problem. A few years ago a committee established by the late Bernard Cardinal Griffin, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, England, to study the subject of law in relation to prostitution and homosexuality reached the conclusion that ". . . attempts by the state to enlarge its authority and invade the individual conscience, however high-minded, always fail and frequently do positive harm." But where the homosexual infringes on another person's rights—for example, when the element of consent is lacking in a relationship, or a minor is involved—it is the role of law to intervene. Where there is no transgression of rights, the social consequences of his own behavior are quite enough for the homosexual to cope with.

WHERE can the homosexual turn if he is exposed? The Mattachine Society, which disseminates information about homosexuality in the United States, indicates that law enforcement officers are usually not content with fining or imprisoning a homosexual. Very often they will contact his employer or landlord in order to have him ousted from his position and home. Such persecution seems almost unbelievable, but unless a homosexual is a gifted entertainer or artist he can hardly expect to survive a scandal.

American homosexuals are known to drink large quantities of liquor in order to lose their inhibitions. By contrast, the European homosexual seems to be much better integrated. He is able to find sexual satisfaction without having to get drunk first. In America, homosexuals may sit or stand for hours in gay bars, consuming large amounts of alcohol and waiting to make contact. An hour before closing time, a last-minute rush heightens alcohol consumption. If the homosexual has not been able to find a mate for the evening, he may, under the influence of alcohol, go to extreme lengths in order to get sexual satisfaction. In New Orleans at Mardi Gras time homosexuals "let loose." They consume immense amounts of liquor before they give themselves to the thrills of indiscriminate sex. And when muggings are reported, more often than not there is a sexual aspect to the incident.

In European cities like Amsterdam, where homosexuality is legalized, extremes of alcoholism and homosexual promiscuity under alcoholic influence are not so common. The American ethic, the social restraints imposed on homosexuals in the United States, and the homosexual's inability to cope with psychological and moral problems in American society—all these are responsible for this alcoholic aspect of American homosexuality. From the standpoint of social order, the problem seems almost insoluble. Majority pressures, law enforcement, and the tragic reactions of homosexuals make this a major area of confrontation between society and the individual. The lack of recognition of his dignity as a human being causes the homosexual to rebel in alcohol and sex. The society considers him beneath contempt, and he reacts to confirm it.

It is a peculiarity of the American way of looking at things that alcohol and alcoholic intoxication seems to justify certain extremes. As has been pointed out, the younger homosexual often finds satisfaction in momentary releases, and he denies to himself that he is homosexual. Many older homosexuals who resort to alcohol in order to lose

*"Yes, son, this is what happens to a country when the eggheads take over."*


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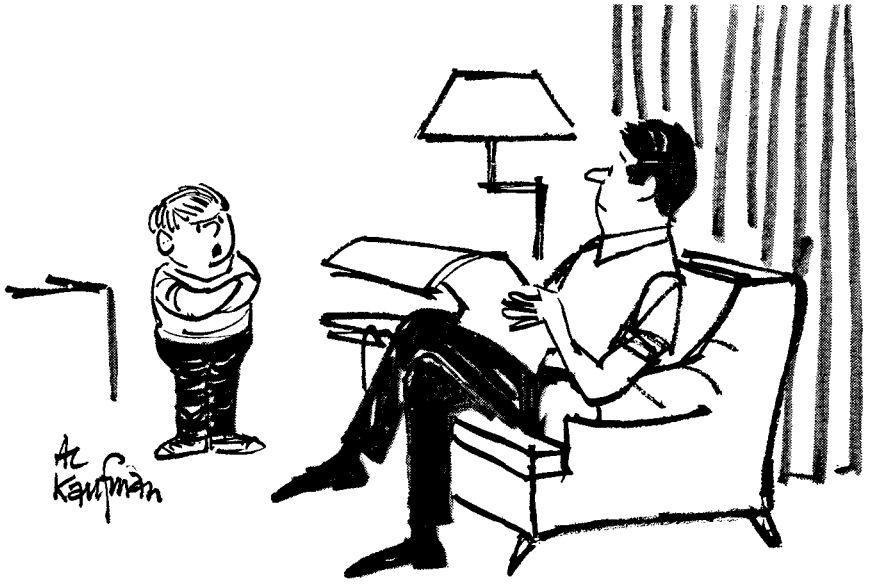
their inhibitions follow a similar pattern. They will rationalize, telling themselves that the homosexual activity was only an incidental episode.

Why is it that European homosexuals are able to adjust so much better to their condition? In countries where homosexual relations between consenting adults are legal, no subterfuges are required. The homosexual can approach a mate without fearing drastic consequences. Alcohol is not necessary in order to dull his fears. He does not have to be suspicious of running into some kind of a trap. Vice squad detectives do not sit at bars and wait to be approached in order to be able to arrest him for soliciting. Like any heterosexually inclined young man, the homosexual youth may go to a club or meeting place and dance and talk with partners of his choice. The American homosexual is in a peculiar position by comparison.

It is sometimes maintained that many homosexuals are drug addicts. The new Kinsey Report concludes that "unlike alcohol, drugs are a minor factor in the commission of sex offenses." Homosexuals are not the main customers of organized crime's narcotics peddlers, but they add to the total revenues of the underworld. Marijuana is not generally regarded as a narcotic. Both homosexuals and heterosexuals take marijuana without becoming narcotics addicts. It seems to stimulate social relationships rather than lead to withdrawal. Some "pot parties" are frequented by both homosexuals and heterosexuals; this is particularly true if the homosexuals are "beat." Perhaps both heterosexually beat persons and homosexual beats feel that they are outcasts and that they therefore have something in common.

THE major difficulty confronting homosexuals in their struggle for recognition is their lack of solidarity. Nor is there any action by citizens in their behalf. By their actions homosexuals confirm social prejudices, and social prejudices cause reactions in turn. It would be oversimplifying to state, as many homosexuals do, that the influence of women in American society is the main cause for anti-homosexual prejudices. It is true that many women are extremely hostile toward homosexuality and homosexuals (the problem is apparently difficult for women to understand). It would seem more reasonable, however, to assume that women in the United States have influenced moral standards to an important degree, and to that extent the anti-homosexual moral standards in American society are at least partially attributable to feminine attitudes.

Whatever the cause, however, homosexuality has not been accepted by Western society. Judeo-Christian civilization has traditionally condemned it.




*"Well, if I'm supposed to act like a little man, why can't I smoke a little cigar?"*

In other cultures, however, such as ancient Greece or the Arab world today, homosexual relationships have been countenanced. There have, indeed, been many outstanding homosexuals in history. Prince Eugene, who repulsed the Turks at Vienna and thereby saved Christendom, was reputed to be a homosexual. Francis Bacon was another. Frederick the Great of Prussia seems to have been strongly disposed in that direction. And among the ancient Greeks, Alexander the Great had a reputation for being homosexual. In the arts and sciences, the homosexual interests of Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci have been noted.

It is often assumed that homosexuals or homosexually inclined persons are likely to choose the arts as a profession. While artistic endeavors may attract some homosexuals, and there may be more tolerance for homosexuals in the arts than in other professions, studies like those of the late Dr. Kinsey indicate that homosexuals can be found in all professions. They can be laborers, farmers, soldiers, statesmen, writers, philosophers, ballet dancers, commercial artists, or window decorators. But the normal type of homosexual discussed here is usually not found in the arts. He is often a teacher, diplomat, or civil servant, or is in some other profession not usually identified with effeminate homosexuals. The tension that this fact imposes on his psyche is often aggravated because his colleagues and superiors may be hostile toward homosexuality.

Normal homosexuals are usually fearful of losing their jobs. Often they try to compensate for their lacks by advancing their careers, and they may benefit each other to the detriment of their non-homosexual colleagues.

Homosexuals are sometimes regarded as potential security risks. In *The New Meaning of Treason* Rebecca West indicates that traitors like Vassal, who claim that they have been blackmailed for homosexual activities, were actually "pampered." They enjoyed the attentions lavished on them; their treachery was not the result of their homosexuality but rather of their avariciousness and vice. The *Nation*, in an editorial on the Jenkins case, indicated that homosexuals or those implicated in homosexual acts need not be security risks. The FBI cleared Jenkins of all suspicion.

IF homosexuals were accepted in society, the reason for blackmail would disappear. Of course, a change of social attitudes takes time; it might be argued, therefore, that until such a change is realized, homosexuals should be excluded from sensitive positions. This would not be just, however, in view of the fact that homosexuals are not *ipso facto* security risks. Anthony Burgess, a homosexual who defected to the Soviet Union from England, was a convinced Marxist. Ideology may be more relevant to a person's loyalty than sexual preference.

In the final analysis, personal morality cannot be legislated or enforced by the authorities. The laws and moral standards of a society are as good as the people who make them. If these laws and standards are consistently violated by millions of Americans and if criminals are able to exploit personal preferences, then the very basis of the society is in danger since the values people profess are neither complied with nor respected.

In the case of the homosexual, his personal morality is a question for his own conscience. Like everyone else, he is subject to criticism. But the use of coercion to force his conformity, except where it involves the transgression of another's rights, should be abandoned.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# WHERE HAVE ALL THE YOUNG WRITERS GONE?

***A Report on the 1965 Student Magazine Contest***

By SHERMAN B. CHICKERING

COLLEGE professors and literary critics wonder what has happened to student creative writing. Back in the Twenties and Thirties many of the great writers of today were publishing in college literary magazines. In the Forties and Fifties college literary efforts showed great technical promise and thematic relevance. In the Sixties, however, student writing has lost much of its promise and most of its relevance. Where have all the young writers gone?

Writers of earlier generations found their themes in various cataclysms of depression, war, and, of late, social disintegration. Today's young writers have no cataclysm to chronicle, no ready-made themes to deploy. They are members of what one observer calls the Ground Zero Generation. To them, everything seems to be in little pieces; all the atoms are split. There's nothing left to do but integrate. So the integration movement, whether artistic or social, takes the place of a cataclysm. Instead of disintegration, the young would-be writers have integration, in the broadest sense of the word, as an artistic *modus vivendi*. And integration, unlike a cataclysm, cannot be seen from the bleachers. That's why the young writer goes off to his Selma, or his Berkeley, or his Newport festival to live out a story and spin out a theme. Behind him he leaves an impoverished literary magazine.

The third annual contest for student literary magazines sponsored by *SR* and the U.S. National Student Association washed up a considerable amount of dereliction for appraisal. Though the thrust of the Sixties is present, it amounts to little beside the wealth of leftovers from the Fifties. The contest judges, despite their seniority, did manage to honor some of the few entries which caught the spirit of the Sixties. Nevertheless, the top award in both fiction and overall magazine performance went to the hardy perennial, Bennington College's *Silo*, which suffers a most acute case of hangover from the days of Franny and Zooey.

*Silo*'s winning story, "Dinah," was chosen by Leslie Fiedler because of the "ease with which it handles its complicated fable, its coolness and control which never slips over into slickness." The story, by Karen Jackel, is a 75-page novelette that tiptoes, like a swimmer testing for crabs, through the fractured and frequently improbable sensations of a banal young bride named Dinah. Dinah, and the people she meets, are brittle creatures. As Professor Jesse Rehder, judge of over-all magazine performance, calls them, "constricted people in a glass world." A Salinger world. Rehder goes on to find "a stringent, practical demand for sharp imagery" in *Silo*'s poetry. Indeed, *Silo*'s poetry and prose show facility in diction and the manipulation of imagery. As a whole the magazine emits a cool, controlled glow much as if it were a Southern California think factory issuing periodic encyclicals.

The world of *Silo*, as of "Dinah," is the highly competent world of the Fifties where creative writing served pre-eminently as an instrument for the exorcising of neuroses. It contrasts sharply with the world mirrored by other winning entries. Four of them in particular suggest where it is the young would-be writers have all vanished to.

The first honorable mention story is "A View from the Spanish Steps," by Gorman Beauchamp (from the University of Houston's *Harvest*). The principal character, Cal, sits on the Spanish Steps in Rome "waiting for Godot." He is being picked up by a male American Negro expatriate, and there begins an exploration of not the race issue, but alienation. Near the end of the story, Cal and the Negro, Charlie, are barhopping and alienation meets its match for the evening: "Charlie looked across at Cal . . . and held out his glass. . . . 'This is Godot, California. And this.' He put his other hand on his belly. 'And this.' He ran his hand down his belly and rested it on his groin. 'That's Godot, man.'" The story is perhaps overly programmatic, but it is beguilingly direct, relaxed, and geared to authentic dialogue. It seems to say, "We're out after the grail, man." And since the author himself is clearly out there looking, he may not be back to write another story for a long, long time.

THE other two honorable mentions went to "The Story of the Birds," by James Riley (*The Portland State Review*), and "Here I Raise My Ebenezer," by Bonnie Jo Henderson (*Aurora*, of Agnes Scott College).

The nonfiction winner at a glance seems to share with most of its fellow entries a common origin—the classroom. "J. P. Sartre, A. Camus, and L'Homme Revolte," by Alan Milchman, appeared in the *November Review* of Brooklyn College, and looks ponderous. Instead, it is a carefully reasoned argument taking Camus to task for not facing squarely


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the dilemma posed by killing in a revolutionary cause. "Sartre, with his total commitment to political and social action, is in fact making history. In withdrawing from effectual political activity, Camus insured the fact that history will proceed in a direction not of his own choosing." The same argument can be perceived today drifting up from the Black Belt, or steaming up off the pamphlets of the Berkeley people.

Honorable mention in nonfiction went to "A Little Essay on Economic Necessity," by Robert D. Fischer in the *Portland State Review*. The judge was Professor Steven Marcus of Columbia University.

First honorable mention magazine is a repeater (1963), the *Riata* of the University of Texas. As usual, the Texans remain relatively untouched by the excesses of "in" styling; *Riata* editors seem to refer occasionally to the tumbleweed tales of J. Frank Dobie and the cool, clear watercolors of Tom Lea. More susceptible to "in" styling, however, is the second honorable mention, the *New Student Review* of the State University of New York at Buffalo. And in this respect it is as "in" as "out." The *New Student Review* is sensationally Sixties. Its typography is scratchy, layout splotchy, balance toppled by reprints and faculty contributions. The *Review's* editor, Harriet Heitlinger, says "none of us have ever put out a magazine before. But we had something to say, and were lucky to find some good material." And *what* material. The stated theme of the magazine, good old "Alienation," comes down to earth in poetry that crawls up your spine and in photography that opens you up where you live—if you happen to be a student currently livestocking a multiversity.

The *New Student Review* hardly outalienates the winning poem chosen by poet John Hollander. "The Pigeon Roof," by Robert Dawson, appeared in the Harvard *Advocate* and undoubtedly scratched out many a faculty eyeball. The imagery makes the reader feel as if he's lying on his back being walked on and pecked at by numerous pigeons. The implications of the prone position and the emergency-ward metaphors are tantalizing, especially when strung out from a trilogy of opening gambits: "Of science . . . Of art . . . Of history." Dawson reaches out beyond alienation to where the five senses run headlong into the brain.

Honorable mention went to "Ferrotype," by Robert Petty in the *Wabash Review*.

The five senses. Godot is here. History is made. Alienation is *our* problem. These are the meanings that sound trite to any ears but those of the integration generation. The young writers who work these meanings are marching with the activists in fantasy, if not in fact. And there are few of them who do not march first and write later. It is not surprising that few of them find their way into student literary magazines: They are too busy making the meanings stick.

But overt activism is only half of the answer. The other half lies in the transformation of artistic expression itself. The new substance requires a new form. Conventional art forms such as creative writing are not, by and large, art forms that are appropriate to the college generation. Every generation, every class, every society seems to have its emblematic art forms. The modern mammonite has pop art spread around his penthouse; the academic has his Sanskrit poetry or Samoan figurines. The integration generation, too, has its particular art forms, of which the folk song, jazz, and the film are the most prominent.

THE distinguishing feature of these contemporary art forms is that they variously involve both audience and creator directly in the making, and sometimes the remaking, of the artistic experience. In fact, to the degree these art forms involve audience participation and improvisation they are excluded from college curricula—film the least, then folk singing and jazz. Of all the forms, only the film boasts any real place in the curriculum and then only, one suspects, because it can be readily domesticated (students on their own do not make prefabricated Hollywood-type films.) On campuses polled by Phil Werdell of the U.S. National Student Association, film and television together are part of the curriculum on 31 per cent of the campuses, folklore and singing on 19 per cent, and jazz on 12 per cent.

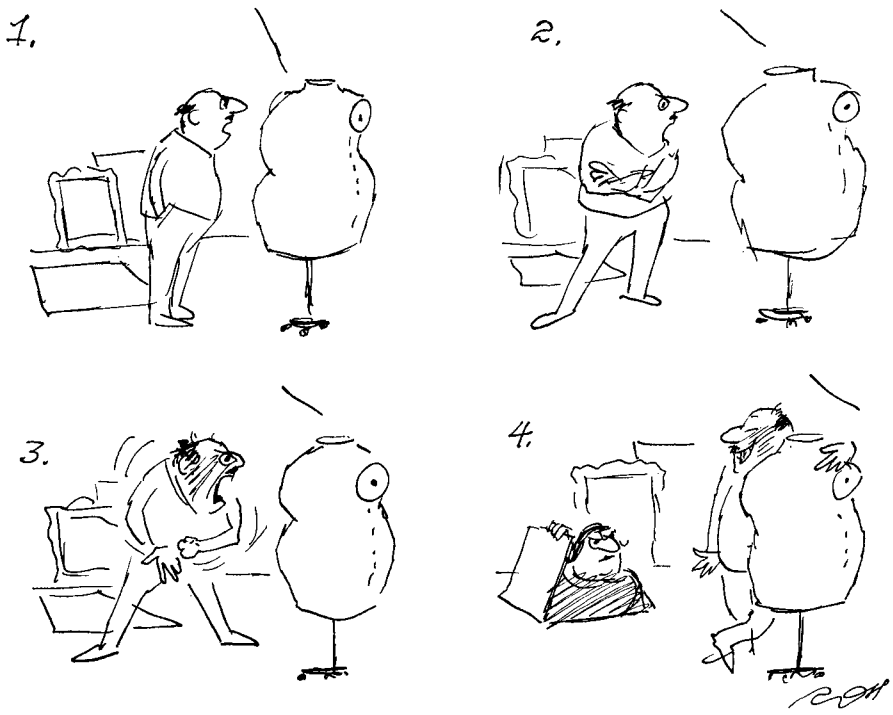
The conventional arts on campus have become, says President Perkins of Cornell, a "spectator sport." There is always some Big Cultural Event going on every month or two during the academic year. As with the laying on of a spiritual emphasis week at a church-supported college, administrators continue to lay down a smoke screen of culture, hoping thereby to asphyxiate student apathy. What they don't seem to realize is that The Arts are not what's happening, baby. *Cinéma verité* shot from the hip is what's happening; so is jazz off the cuff, and off the record; and so are folk songs made up as you march along.

The only arts truly possible for the integration generation are the action arts. They go along with the fine arts of making nonviolent demonstration, of cutting clothes to fit the mood, and of taking a chance on love. The action arts are the ones that are beginning to put a little lyricism into American life. "We Shall Overcome" is not a song, it's a ritual, and ritual spells stagnation for the detached genres of the past.

Leslie Fiedler wonders where the young men are who really have something to say. "I was impressed by the high degree of technical competence shown in almost all the contest entries, depressed by how little experimentation or risk was to be found anywhere. It is a matter, I suppose, of the times."

It was a matter of the Fifties that experimentation and risk be absent from literary magazines; it is a matter of the Sixties that experimentation and risk be elsewhere expressed.

You can't see it from the bleachers any more.



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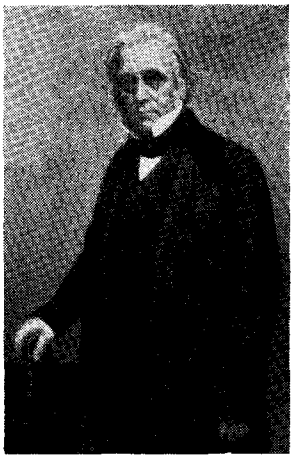
# The Magnificent Middlebrow

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN



—Bettmann Archive.

**Macaulay—more often right than wrong.**

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, raised to the peerage two years before his death, is a historian and essayist whose audience was wider in the Victorian heyday of his powers than it is today. This is apt to be the fate of thinkers who reflect too faithfully the spirit of their time. Macaulay is the very incarnation of the views and ideals of the increasingly confident and assertive British Victorian middle class, somewhat complacently convinced that their age is the best of times, their country the best of countries, that the key to perpetual material progress has been found, that the British ascendancy in India and Ireland is for the best, that Protestantism leads to higher rewards, in this world and the next, than Catholicism.

As one may learn merely by reading the memorial inscriptions to Wilberforce and other distinguished figures of the time in Westminster Abbey, this was a self-confident age and Macaulay was nothing if not self-confident, very sure of his judgments, inclined to see political and social issues, of the past and the present, in strong shades of white and black. He would have been an incomparably successful syndicated columnist or radio commentator, had those occupations existed in the first half of the nineteenth century, telling his audience very much what they wished to hear in impressively polished and eloquent language, assuring them that they were on the right track, with occasional suggestions for improvement.

As it was, endowed with phenomenal memory (he once declared that if every copy of *Paradise Lost* or *The Pilgrim's Progress* were lost he could reproduce these works from recollection), a fluent, vivid, and colorful style, and prodigious working energy, he achieved success in every task to which he applied himself. He was a magnificent middlebrow, opening up by his lucid, facile, readable works vistas of history and biography without making undue demands by posing difficult speculative problems.

It was said that almost every literate settler in Australia kept on his shelf three books: the Bible, Shakespeare, and Macaulay's *Essays*. His *History of England* was a spectacular success: 140,000 copies were sold in Great Britain alone and the work was widely read in the United States and translated into the principal languages. The 20,000-pound check (then many times the value of such a sum today) was a landmark in the annals of British publishing.

Apart from his prolific writing, Macaulay served as a high administrator in India, a fact that influenced his appraisals of the two early British empire-builders, Robert Clive and Warren Hastings, and sat in Parliament, where his learning and eloquence made a strong impression. A good specimen is his devastating attack on Sir Robert Peel on the subject of his devious twistings on the administration of Ireland:

"There you sit, doing penance for the disingenuousness of years. Show us how, if you are honest in 1845, you can have been honest in 1841. Explain to us why, after having goaded Ireland to madness for the purpose of ingratiating yourselves with the English, you are now setting England on fire for the purpose of ingratiating yourselves with the Irish. Give us some reason which shall prove that the policy you are following, as Ministers, is entitled to support, and which shall not equally prove you to have been the most factious and unprincipled Opposition that ever this country saw."

MACAULAY himself, in his diary, recalled "how white poor Peel looked while I was speaking." And Peel was not the only victim, living or dead, of his sledgehammer style of invective. With his downright convictions, his tendency to read moral issues into differences of opinion and values, he is unsparing in controversy, and the Anglo-Saxon battle-ax, rather than the rapier, is his favorite weapon. "I have beaten Croker black and blue," he wrote on one occasion, exulting in his feat of turning a review of an edition of Boswell into an attack on a political opponent. Anyone in search of a vocabulary of invective could do worse than run through Macaulay's *History* and other writings, of which the following excerpts furnish good examples:

"We are tempted to forget the vices of Laud's heart in the imbecility of his intellect."

(Of Marlborough) "The loss of half a guinea would have done more to spoil his appetite and disturb his conscience than all the terrors of an evil conscience."

(Of George Fox, founder of Quakerism) "An intellect in the most unhappy of all states, that is to say, too much disordered for liberty and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam."

"If his word was doubted, he was willing to repeat his assertion on oath. The public, however, which had formed a very correct notion of his character, thought that his word was worth as much as his oath, and that his oath was worth nothing."

"The majority of the House more justly regarded him [Titus Oates] as the falsest, the most malignant and most impudent being that had ever disgraced the human form."

"Whether James designed, as his enemies suspected, to commit murder or only, as his friends affirmed, to commit extortion by threatening to commit murder, cannot now be ascertained."

"Perth, who stood high in the favor of his late master [James II], both as an apostate from the Protestant religion and as the author of the last improvement on the thumbscrew. . . ."

If Samuel Johnson boasted that, in a magazine which he edited, he saw to it that "the Whig dogs should not have the best of it," Macaulay is conspicuously lacking in charity toward those who upheld the cause of the unhappy Stuart dynasty, finally banished from British political life with the accession of William and Mary in 1688. Indeed, he was a sturdy fighter on two fronts, against upholders of the divine right of kings and against advocates of such measures as all-out democracy as universal suffrage.

To paraphrase Daniel Webster, Macaulay's slogan might well have been: liberty and property, one and inseparable, now and forever. When England was stirred up by the agitation of the Chartists, Macaulay nailed the conservative part of his creed firmly to the mast:

"My firm conviction it that, in our country, universal suffrage is incompat-



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ible, not with this or that form of government, but with all forms of government, and with everything for the sake of which forms of government exist; that it is incompatible with property, and that it is consequently incompatible with civilization."

And to an American correspondent of Jeffersonian sympathies Macaulay predicted that America's day of reckoning would come when there was no more free land. Then, he foresaw, "The day will come when in the state of New York a multitude of people, none of whom has more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of legislature will be chosen? . . . There is nothing to stop you. Your Constitution is all sail and no anchor. As I said before, when a society has entered on this downward progress, either civilization or liberty must perish . . . . Your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions."

If Macaulay were alive today he might point to American crime statistics and the dangers of riding New York's subways or walking in New York's parks as proof that he was not altogether mistaken in referring to "Huns and Vandals." But in general his Cassandra prophecies about the effects of universal suffrage are wide of the mark. Private property still flourishes in an England where the principle of one man, one vote has long been admitted. And, contrary to his forecast, radical social welfare measures have gone farther in England than in the United States.

Here one may see one of the weaknesses of the brilliant Whig writer and orator: lack of prescience about the future. In his contemporary de Tocqueville who, like Macaulay, might be classified as either a liberal conservative or a conservative liberal, one finds a score of forecasts about the future that come much closer to hitting the mark than Macaulay's alternative of a flourishing middle-class society with a property qualification for voting or a dreary breakdown of civilization as enfranchised proletarians run riot and despoil the propertied.

Lounging, languid Lord Melbourne, the elderly mentor of the young Queen Victoria, impaled Macaulay on a sharp-pointed epigram: "I wish I were as sure of any one thing as Macaulay is of everything." And the dean of British historical scholars, G. P. Gooch, while paying high tribute to Macaulay's gifts and merits, designating him as "the most brilliant and popular of English historians," strikes the following critical notes:

"He honestly believed that Whig principles were the alpha and omega of political wisdom. To the end of his days he was the man of 1832. . . . He was too convinced of the finality of the outlook of his time—'the most enlightened generation of the most enlightened people than ever existed'—to penetrate the mind of other ages. . . . He had no sympathy with the passionate discontent of the disinherited or the yearnings of the mystic, and he frankly despised the speculations of philosophers from Plato downwards. He was neither a thinker nor a prophet, but a humane and cultured Philistine."

Macaulay's formula for continued economic progress, put forward in 1830, would seem oversimplified, even to most conservative economists, today. All that is necessary, he wrote, is to leave "capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment, by maintaining peace, by defending property and by observing strict economy in every department of the state. Let the government do this and the people will assuredly do the rest."

But before anyone dismisses Macaulay as a museum relic, an archaic political and economic thinker, it would be well to take down the *History of England* or the *Essays* and let the magic of his amazing pictorial descriptive power work its effect. Partisan he may be, exaggerated, superficial in spots, but never for a moment dull. No historian in any language, perhaps, has been so successful in breathing life into characters of earlier centuries, in catching the essential traits of great men and the surrounding atmosphere of great events. Not that he consciously fictionized or invented imaginary conversations or resorted to other tricks of authors who turn out works which are a sort of hybrid of fiction, history, and biography. He shows, in his own words, that he took his obligations as historian very seriously.

"I will first set myself to get, by reading and traveling, a full acquaintance with William III's reign. I must visit Holland, Belgium, Scotland, France. The Dutch and French archives must be ransacked. I must see Londonderry, the Boyne, Aughrim, Limerick, Kinsale, Namur again, Landen, Steinkirk. I must turn over hundreds, thousands of pamphlets."

The result was genuine history, authentic in the main outlines. Some estimates of events and personalities may be debatable, but the whole is told with such spirit as to carry along the reader with the excitement and suspense of a first-rate historical novel. Macaulay had hoped to bring the *History* from the reigns of the later Stuarts, Charles II and James II, to "events within the memory of living men." But he wrote on a lavish and diffuse scale and was able to bring the work only to the death of its hero, William III, in 1701.

The work is conceived almost in epic style, following the pattern of a triumph of good over evil, of William, champion of the Protestant cause, of parliamentary government, of the liberties of England and Europe against the overweening ambition of Louis XIV, over James II, the dull-witted tyrant who tossed away the tremendous reserve of loyalty on the part of the nobility and gentry in a short-sighted effort to push his Catholic co-religionists into posts that they were not allowed to hold under the laws of the time. James's crowning stupidity was bringing to trial seven distinguished Anglical prelates, including the highly conservative Archbishop of Canterbury, Sancroft, for refusing to order the reading of a Declaration of Indulgence that they considered illegal.

THE bishops were acquitted to a tremendous accompaniment of popular enthusiasm and Macaulay rises to heights in describing the national unity between Anglicans and Dissenters, Whigs and Tories, Cavaliers and Puritans in hailing this setback to royal absolutism. The affair of the bishops and the birth to James of a son, holding out the prospect of a Catholic succession, prompted the invitation to Prince William of Orange, husband of James's daughter Mary, to come to England.

Bereft of all support in England, James and his Queen, Mary of Modena, fled to France. And the account of how the courtly Louis XIV, always at his best in acts of royal chivalry, set out in state to receive the exiled Queen shows Macaulay at his sparkling best, in colorful description:

"Before his gorgeous coach went the Swiss halberdiers. On each side of it and behind it rode the body guards with cymbals clashing and trumpets pealing. After the King, in a hundred carriages each drawn by six horses, came the most splendid aristocracy of Europe, all feathers, ribands, jewels and embroidery."

How different, and how much more arresting, than the style of the run-of-the-mill narrator who would have contented himself with reporting the flight of James and his wife to France. It is this instinct for the touch of pictorial detail, the revealing anecdote, that vastly enhances Macaulay's appeal, while it also limited the period of time which he could hope to cover. In its present incomplete form the *History* runs to over 2,000 pages.

It is now more than fifty years since I first read Macaulay's *History*. I have often returned to it. But had there been no rereading I suspect I would have remembered his characterization of a Russian diplomatic mission that visited London in the seventeenth century:

"The ambassador and the grandees

(*Continued on page* 35)



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# Saturday Review

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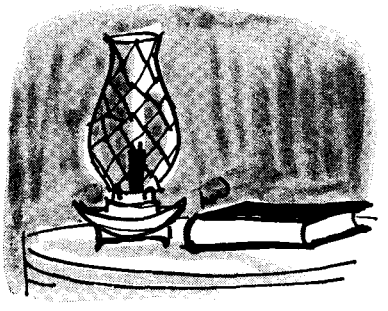
## *SR*'s Readers and Cam Ne

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO in this space we wrote about Cam Ne, a village in South Vietnam where 150 homes were burned to the ground by U.S. armed forces in reprisal for a single burst of sniper fire. The editors suggested that funds be raised for rebuilding the homes. The response of the readers has been prompt and full; it is now certain that the project will be carried out. Arrangements have been made with CARE to attend to the rebuilding.

Several readers out of the hundreds who have written, however, have objected to the project. One of them asks if we are presuming to interfere with the right of American fighting men to defend themselves in war. The answer is that the action taken at Cam Ne was not defensive but punitive. The homes were burned because the villagers failed to keep the snipers out. The purpose, apparently, was to put the South Vietnamese on notice that the harboring of snipers would come at high price. But even this purpose contradicts our announced purpose in going into Vietnam. That purpose was to protect and liberate the people of South Vietnam from the terrorizing and invading Vietcong. Why, then, are we punishing South Vietnamese for their failure to keep Vietcong snipers from using their homes as gun mounts? Moreover, even if we justify punishing the occupants of the homes from which the snipers operated, how do we justify punishing a wholesale number for the actions of a few? The obvious intention was to create an object lesson. But object lessons such as these should not sit easily on the American conscience. They represent the kind of enterprises that were all too familiar during the Second World War, when Czech cities were razed as retaliation for sabotage or attacks on Nazi officials, or when Finnish citizens were rounded up and indiscriminately killed by Russians in reprisal for individual acts of resistance. If the war in Vietnam is not really a civil war but a war against an invader, this would seem to be contradicted by Cam Ne, where we took action against the South Vietnamese, not just the North Vietnamese or the Vietcong.

Another reader has written to say that *SR*'s position is over-refined. War, he says, is a dirty business and only simpletons or bleeding hearts believe it can be fought without some people being hurt who shouldn't be hurt. The answer is that it is precisely during war that it becomes necessary to hold to distinctions, wherever distinctions are possible, in order to keep from losing the very values we say we are fighting to save. War can't always be kept within limits, but it is a serious error to suppose that war totally removes all obligations in matters involving justice, sanity, or compassion. It is ironic that at about the same time CBS news was broadcasting the story of our reprisal against Cam Ne, the news came from Washington of the President's appeal to all nations to hold to humane standards in warfare. The President's statement was right; our action in Cam Ne was wrong.



Another reader expresses the view that it is unpatriotic in time of war to call attention to those acts that reflect unfavorably on one's country.

THE issue here, we suppose, is how one defines patriotism. A substantial number of Americans, among them Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, have taken the view that it is not particularly patriotic in a free society to support actions by government, even in wartime, that run counter to common justice and common sense. They have believed that a free citizen serves a free society best by insisting that his government do those things he can be proud of, rather than committing his pride regardless of circumstances.

In any event, if it reflects unfavorably on the United States government when a broadcasting network or a magazine passes along, or comments on, or acts on the news that a village called Cam Ne was destroyed as an act of reprisal, then it would reflect even more unfavorably on the society as a whole if its people remained quiet and unperturbed in the face of events such as Cam Ne. Are newspapers disloyal if they print documented stories about the fact that our bombers have mistakenly hit installations in South Vietnam, killing civilians? Are they disloyal if they report the news that our bombers several times have hit designated non-militarized areas, again with a loss of civilian life? Or that they have even bombed Cambodia by error? We think not.

If the answer to this is that it is practically impossible to carry out precision bombing, especially in a terrain so unfamiliar to Americans, we would agree. But we would also point out that this is a fact that should have been taken into account in the decision to bomb from the air in the first place. In any case, if innocent people have been killed as the result of bombing errors, the fact should not be concealed.

Still on the subject of national pride, we are genuinely proud of our government for the frank and forthright accounts of the United States Information Agency in its reports to the world on Cam Ne. And we are especially pleased that the wide response of *SR* readers in mounting a program for the rehabilitation of Cam Ne was featured in the USIA broadcasts. —N.C.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## When 007 Miscalculated

In his article "My Japanese Days with 007" [*SR*, Sept. 18] Richard Hughes states that the late Ian Fleming ". . . checked the number of *tatami* bedrooms in the ancient Shimbara bordello . . . , and worked out how many *ronin* could have eaten in the great, ground-floor kitchen . . ., while their *daimyo* lords feasted, roistered, and wenched in the echoing shadows upstairs."

Unfortunately, *ronin* (literally, wavemen, men adrift) were *samurai* who had lost their lords (*daimyo*) and thus, masterless, became free-lance warriors. The most famous literary reference to them is the classic, semihistorical tragedy *Forty-Seven Ronin*, by Chikamatsu, which, supposedly, impressed Theodore Roosevelt with the virtues of old Japan and influenced him in engineering the Portsmouth Treaty.

At any rate, it seems to me that a man who can occupy his time in Kyoto doing nothing better than counting the beds in an illustrious brothel has a rather distorted set of values. But, *de mortuis, nihil nisi bonum*.

James Unger.

Glencoe, Ill.

*"Now don't get arrested."*

## The New Korea

I was extremely pleased to read Horace Sutton's column "Come to Carefree Korea" [*SR*, July 13].

In the thirteen years since the Korean War, the public information media in America have dispensed a great deal of information about Korea, most of it describing miserable poverty, political turmoil, and inflated economy. The American public, led by this type of negative information, has naturally formed a visual image of Korea filled with nothing but war and its by-products.

Mr. Sutton has brought a bright dimension to the American picture of Korea. It was indeed heartwarming for me to find his portrayal of the new Korea full of promising features.

I'm sure all Koreans are grateful to Mr. Sutton and *SR*.

Eugene C. Kim.

Bellingham, Wash.

## For the Record

In his brief preface to a scene, "Man and God in Dialogue," from Nikos Kazantzakis's play *Sodom and Gomorrah* [*SR*, Aug. 28], John Ciardi writes that the play will have its world premiere this November at Columbia University. He has been misinformed. The play was given its world premiere by the National theater in Mannheim, Germany, on December 1, 1954, and then given again a few years later in Tel Aviv. It was first produced in the United States as a Staged Concert Reading, in my translation, at Schönberg Hall, the University of California at Los Angeles, on August 19, 1959, and was again mounted, in my translation, at the Jan Hus Playhouse in New York City on November 12, 1963, by Lillian Bari and Jeanne Bennett. Mr. Ciardi also writes that Kazantzakis was excommunicated by the Greek Orthodox Church, a common error. Excommunication was attempted, but never carried out. The credit line under the pen-and-ink drawing accompanying my review of Kazantzakis's *Report to Greco* [*SR*, Aug. 14] read "Sketch by John Condino." To this should have been added the words "of photographs taken by Kimon Friar."

Kimon Friar.

Athens, Greece

## Open-Door Policy

In Jerome Beatty Jr.'s Trade Winds column for September 11, the following appeared:

> This summer Jeanne Kenyon took a course in the Education Department at the University of Oregon. Next to her classroom was a door opening into a large room containing movie projectors, charts, and other paraphernalia. On the door hung two signs. "Welcome to the Education Lab!" said one. The other read, "Staff: Please Keep This Door Locked."

I would like to report that most of the facts are correct, but explain that the reporter didn't get them all. This is what happened:

The signs did appear as you reported. However, the one sign which read "Staff: Please Keep This Door Locked" was out of context. It originally had read "Staff: Please Keep This Door Locked *When Room Is Not in Use*." The underlined portion was hand-lettered and added to the part your informant quoted. During the summer, when this room was not being used as an Educational Media Laboratory, it had been removed or been lost. It would have been helpful if the reporter had investigated a bit further, because this room was *not* kept locked during the daylight hours when classes were in session. Further, it was staffed at night by a graduate student to provide a quiet study place for sudents.

Please understand that this isn't a gripe, but a reminder that even short items require careful scrutiny. This has provided a bit of negative advertising that is unfortunate and unjustified.

T. C. Anderson,
Assistant Professor of Education,
University of Oregon.

Eugene, Ore.

## Gratified Director

The article on the Frick Collection [*SR*, Sept. 4] was an excellent one—so good, in fact, that I am having copies sent to all of our trustees. I just wanted you and the author, Katharine Kuh, to know how much we appreciate this tribute.

Harry D. M. Grier,
Director,
The Frick Collection.

New York, N.Y.

## Rebuilding Cam Ne (Cont'd.)

Your editorial on Cam Ne [*SR*, Sept. 4] is a moving critique. If the Cam Ne Fund can demonstrate to the Vietnamese people that our motives are truly their peace and security, it will have performed a great service.

Jeffrey D. Blum.

Baltimore, Md.

Enclosed find my small contribution to the Cam Ne Fund. . . . I believe infinite



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value can come from a rebuilding effort such as *SR* proposes, if we are to call ourselves a world of humanity rather than just individual nations.

I commend *SR* for this, as for its other efforts in behalf of the world spirit, of brotherhood, and of the goals toward which free and thoughtful men everywhere must strive.

TERRENCE CULLINAN,
First Lieutenant,
U.S. Army.

Springfield, Va.

THANK YOU FOR helping to keep alive concern and respect for individuals. Too often the individual is forgotten; he no longer seems to matter in this complex world. We are in great danger of becoming callous, of thinking in terms of ideologies and statistics instead of paying attention to people. All too often we look upon injustice with detachment instead of with indignation or deep concern as we should. Thank you for dramatizing this issue and helping to keep keen our moral sensitivity.

LARRY FOSTER.

Corvallis, Ore.

IT IS ENCOURAGING in these dark and confusing times to find that someone still cares about humanity *per se*, regardless of political leanings, race, or whatever other categories are imposed upon human beings. Listening to daily news reports, one begins to believe that it is quite a normal and correct thing for homes and communities to be bombed and burned.

Thank you for the opportunity to do something in partial reparation for the wrong done by some fellow countrymen. This indicates to this new subscriber what an extraordinary institution *SR* is.

JAMES J. FICHTER.

St. Louis, Mo.

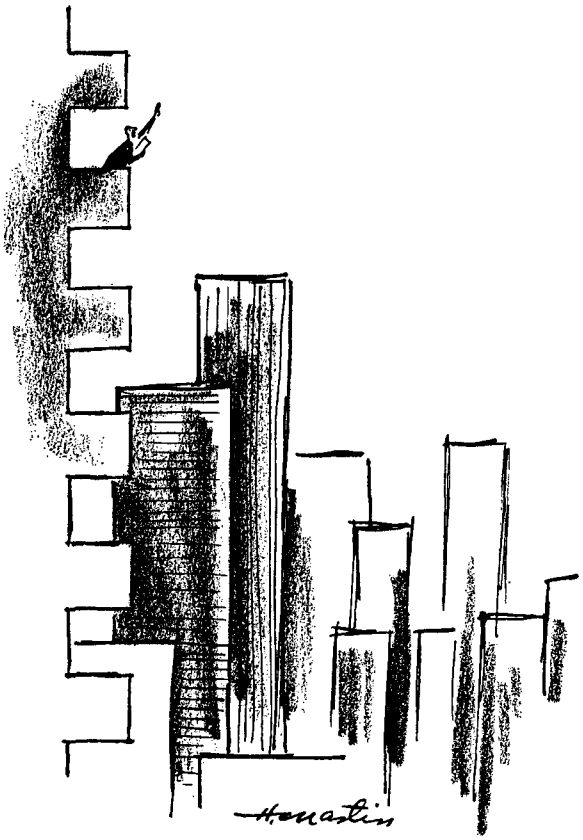
I WISH I HAD a million dollars to give the Cam Ne Fund.

HERBERT S. DAMON.

North Conway, N.H.

EDITOR'S NOTE: As this issue went to press, $13,867.16 had been contributed by *SR* readers to the fund to help rebuild the village of Cam Ne in South Vietnam. A preliminary list of contributors appeared in the issue of September 25. Among other contributors are: First Lt. Terrence Cullinan, Springfield, Va.; Elwyn C. Pollock, Morongo Valley, Calif.; Mrs. John W. Root, South Yarmouth, Mass.; Mrs. Gene B. Wilson, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. Norman Soref, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Leta B. Deery, Carmel Valley, Calif.; the Rev. L. F. Worley, Milford, Conn.; Helen Y. Hough, Washington, D.C.; Elizabeth T. Dresser, San Diego, Calif.; David Jenkins, Berkeley, Calif.; Carole M. Terrell, Westmoreland, Calif.; Kent Crockett, Cupertino, Calif.; Margaret Littmann, Oak Park, Mich.; Mrs. Tobias Stern, Scarsdale, N.Y.; Mrs. Lawrence. H. Burton, Jr., Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.; Bernard B. Perry, Bloomington, Ind.; Mrs. Margaret W. Diemer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Walter C. Boenheim, Columbus, O.; Esther M. Carlton, Bartlesville, Okla.; Mrs. Alfred E. Heller, Grass Valley, Calif.; Elinor Mandelson, Piedmont, Calif.; Mrs. Thomas A. Jones, Princeton, N.J.; Claire H. Brenner, New York, N.Y.; Helen W. Gauss, Colorado Springs, Col.; Mabel Davidson, Dallas, Tex.; Paul Herlinger, Tacoma, Wash.; Maj. Michael J. Mendelsohn, Colorado Springs, Col.; Aurora Mattson, St. Paul, Minn.; Ella Lee Cowgill, La Jolla, Calif.; Marie O'Donahoe, New York, N.Y.; Paul A. Lay, San Antonio, Tex.; Joseph W. Eaton, Kirkland, Ariz.; Mrs. Ben Nichols, Nichols, Iowa; Thomas R. Parker, Armonk, N.Y.; John A. Osgood, New York, N.Y.; Larry Foster, Corvallis, Ore.; Mrs. Donald L. Wilson, Darien, Conn.; Edgar C. Peara, Springfield, Vt.; Mrs. Earl F. Myers, South Pasadena, Calif.; Trudie G. Courtney, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.; Grenda Green, East Cleveland, O.; Wallace F. Stettler, Springfield, Pa.; S. A. Lopin, New York, N.Y.; Mrs. Amelia H. Danelius, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Mrs. Lucile W. H. Koshland, Burlingame, Calif.; Mrs. Kenneth B. Jaffray, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Daniel F. Comstock, Jr., Brookline, Mass.; E. Max Weiss, Pawtucket, R.I.; Netty Bing, Kew Gardens, N.Y.; Mrs. Earl F. Drake, Los Angeles, Calif.; Dr. John K. Erbaugh, Narberth, Pa.; Mrs. John D. W. Fetter, Ithaca, N.Y.; Lazarus Ross, Brooklyn, N.Y.; David M. Smith, Long Island, N.Y.; Jon Lormer, Hollywood, Calif.; Mrs. Esther J. Langworthy, Schenectady, N.Y.; Sandra Collins, Milwaukee, Wis.; I. Graifer, Chatsworth, Calif.; Mrs. Jane E. Bjorklund, Monoma, Wis.; George T. Akin, Glendora, Calif.; Susan M. Yerman, East Meadow, N.Y.; Ruth V. Adams, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Paul Gluckman, Los Angeles, Calif.; Jewell D. Sutherland, Alton, Ill.; Frances Draper, Washington, D.C.; Paul Akin, Glendale, Calif.; Scott Brown, Lexington, Ky.; Helen A. Everett, Arcata, Calif.; David L. Perlman, Silver Spring, Md.; Mrs. Helen R. Price, Portola Valley, Calif.; Mrs. E. Tinsley Ray, Darien, Conn.; Suzy Friedland, Roslyn, N.Y.; Dorothy C. Hartney, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. Lawrence W. Schoppee, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. Gustav C. Wuerth, Edgartown, Mass.; Judith A. Ratzell, Laurinburg, N.C.; Emily Levin, Berkeley, Calif.; John E. Gessford, Menlo Park, Calif.; Susan B. Longsworth, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. M. R. Hagerty, Jr., Phoenix, Ariz.; Hanna Bergas, Mountain View, Calif.; Mrs. Laurence Selling, Portland, Ore.; Khrys Willison, Whittier, Calif.; Mrs. Alfred A. Fraser, III, Pennington, N.J.; Raymond B. Walker, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Brooks Clift, Jackson Heights, N.Y.; Dr. Margaret M. Paschkis, Fort Washington, Pa.; Mrs. Merle Bolmeier, Billings, Mont.; Iris Davis, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Warren Hoagland, New Canaan, Conn.; Mrs. Harry B. Berman, Sepulveda, Calif.; Mrs. J. J. Wells, Linden, Mich.; Mrs. Thomas Walsh, Chicago, Ill.; Genevieve S. Robertson, Rye, N.Y.; Kenneth Burns, Champaign, Ill.; Robert Goener, Corte Madera, Calif.; Mrs. Phillip M. Allen, Charlottesville, Va.; Louise Laura Fein, Belleville, Ill.; Janet L. Hannaford, Springfield, O.; Mrs. Pauline S. Summers, Woodstock, N.Y.; the Rev. and Mrs. Paul R. Reynolds, Pleasant Hill, Tenn.; Virginia Howard, Marion, O.; Mrs. Alfred O. Schroeder, Southampton, Pa.; Mrs. Helen S. Eaton, Duxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth M. Holloway, Eugene, Ore.; Mr. and Mrs. Justin Reinhardt, Portland, Ore.; Edith M. Norton, Kingman, Kan.; Takeo Ito, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. William P. Cox, Santa Clara, Calif.; Pauline H. Muhleman, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Elmer Spurrier, Baltimore, Md.;

(*Continued on page 78*)



*"And now, a brief message for all mankind."*



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## Quarrelsome Festival

THE THIRD New York Film Festival, held again at Lincoln Center last month, was the best-attended so far, but certainly the most erratic when it came to the choices of films displayed on the screen in Philharmonic Hall. Evidently there are now large numbers of culturally hungry people who count on Lincoln Center itself as a guarantor of the artistic worthiness of the events there, for the bulk of the films shown were either dull, exasperating museum pieces or, in a few cases, close to amateurish in their execution. My own quarrel would be with Richard Roud, the London-based program director whose choices and judgments seem highly arguable. In the program guide furnished the audiences that for some performances reached as high as 2,800, he stated about *Alphaville*, for instance: it "is not only Godard's most successful film but one of the most important films by anyone in the past two years." This is close to being arrant nonsense, for *Alphaville*, after beginning intriguingly as a comic strip-type look into a mechanistic future, thereafter strayed along a number of rather dull and improvised paths and ended up with a less than shattering message.

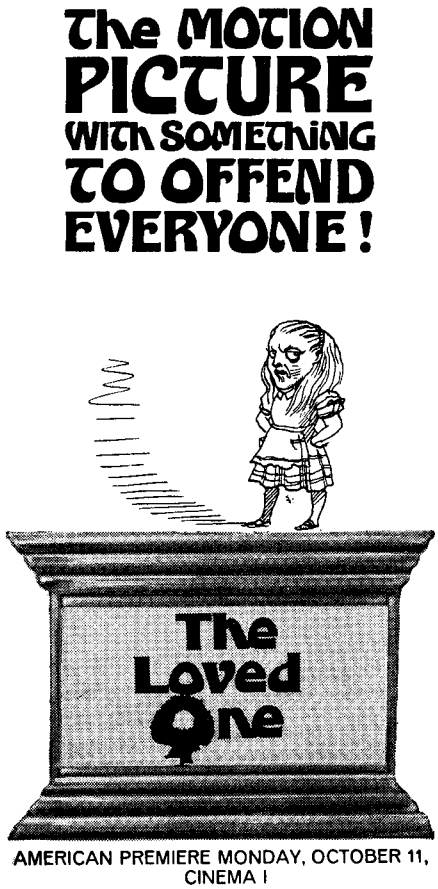
Roud also said about Luchino Visconti's *Sandra* that it was "a distinguished addition to the canon . . . his most satisfying film . . . combining as it does the dramatic strength of *Rocco* with the visual splendor of *The Leopard*." As a description the statement is misleading, and as a critical judgment it is absurd, for *Sandra* was a cold and contrived and all too predictable study of incest, and one of the most disappointing of all Visconti's films. Roud went on to term Dreyer's *Gertrud* "with *Ordet*, his finest film," and Kurosawa's *Red Beard* as "clearly one of his most important works." Eyebrow raising is very much in order, for *Gertrud*, stiff, stylized, and interesting enough as a personal statement by the elderly director, has by no means the power of Dreyer's earlier works, and *Red Beard*, while composed with pictorial boldness by Kurosawa, sops over with a sentimentality that even Dickens at his worst would not have indulged in.

It is perfectly clear, then, that Roud's public reasons for his choices can't be trusted, and this is saddening because it casts doubt over all the selections. Yet there were some films that *were* appropriate for festival survey, such as the Swedish *Raven's End*, Satyajit Ray's *Charulata* (slow, but beautifully made), the Czech *The Shop on High Street* (conventional but affecting, and an audience-pleaser), and specialized stylistic items like *Thomas the Imposter*, with its lovely performance by Emmanuelle Riva, and *The Koumiko Mystery*, an unusual documentary about Japan. Films of this kind, doubtful as are their prospects for commercial showing, make festival auditions eminently worthwhile. But then Roud insists on overloading the program with two incoherent efforts by the unripe Polish director and actor, Jerzy Skolimowski, with a pretentious West German failure, *Unreconciled*, with a poor French omnibus film, *Six in Paris*, and with an unfortunate American choice, *Mickey One*. One searches in vain for Roud's standards, one wonders what he is up to. Perhaps, then, he is educating us as he brings back the Bette Davis *Of Human Bondage*, von Stroheim's *The Wedding March*, and Buster Keaton's *Seven Chances*. Or perhaps he assumes we are so film-happy that we're delighted at the chance to spend six and a half hours watching the 1915 French serial, *Les Vampires*, with the titles missing! Thirty minutes of it would have made a nice pastiche.

OF course, a program director has a different job. For one thing, he can't obtain all the films he wants. I was anxious, for example, to see the first part of the much-talked-about Soviet *War and Peace*, shown at the Moscow festival. Why was that marvelous documentary, *Tokyo Olympiad*, missing? Did he ask MGM for *The Loved One*, *The Hill*, or *The Cincinnati Kid*? For MGM is just about ready to spring a virtual festival of its own upon us, a remarkable comeback for the company that has a new and aware president, Robert H. O'Brien, at its head. Mr. Roud might be reminded that it was the commercial film, so-called, made for large audiences, that created cinematic art in the first place, and that studios sponsored such films as *Of Human Bondage* and *The Wedding March*, which he now thinks worthy of such high regard.

The festival was, however, provided with excitement from another quarter. A series of panel discussions, arranged and moderated by Arthur Knight, was held at the new auditorium of the Library-Museum of the Performing Arts. Directors, critics, professors, and philosophers made statements, argued, and debated an extraordinary number of points of view about film. The audiences were given the opportunity to join in the discussions, and at times the atmosphere grew heated. Pauline Kael accused, Paul Goodman disdained, Jean-Luc Godard explained, and members of the audience complained. Some sixty panel members in all appeared and at times seemed to compete for authority, proving above all that the film form is maintaining its hold and fascination for large numbers of intelligent people. And, also, these panels, held in conjunction with a film festival, demonstrated the cross-fertilization potentialities of a cultural center that can provide appropriate facilities for concurrent activities. In that sense this year's festival was a clear-cut victory for the enlightened program ideas of the Lincoln Center directors. Too bad Mr. Roud's ideas for programing were not equally fertile.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

AMERICAN PREMIERE MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, CINEMA I

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## The Trap of Talent

WILLIAM HANLEY is a talented writer whose capacity for compassion and honest insight keeps betraying him as a playwright. Just as in last season's *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground* he poked beneath the surfaces of three ill-matched characters to discover private fears and guilts that temporarily united them, so in this season's *Mrs. Dally* he has threaded his way through "the talk people use to keep from really talking" to manufacture an endless sequence of the making and breaking of harmonious contact.

In the first half of the evening we are introduced to forty-two-year-old Mrs. Dally, who has just seduced a good-looking but not very bright Italian youth. In their postprandial conversation the wrong things keep being said, and then ironed out, until the act ends with each ostensibly the better for the attempts at discussion. There is the suggestion that the experience is supposed to demonstrate that being alive and having love affairs is like playing the child's game of "pass-it-on," but this interesting image seems tacked on, not inherent in the action.

The second part of the play takes place a few months later, and in it we see Mrs. Dally and her husband, who is neither very good-looking nor very bright, saying the wrong thing to each other and then patching up their differences until they end up a little more resigned to making the best of each other than they were before.

As Mrs. Dally, Arlene Francis gives a convincing and honest performance quite different from anything she has heretofore attempted. And it is intended as a compliment when we say that here and there she reminds us of Shirley Booth. Robert Forster fulfils the primary requirements of the insensitive lover's role, but both he and Miss Francis appear a trifle too comfortable in a situation that is supposed to be extraordinary for them. Mrs. Dally's oafish husband, who, fortunately for his wife, but unfortunately for the audience, doesn't show up until the second act, is also well played by Ralph Meeker, who manages to find some effective moments of impending self-awareness between many of extroverted coarseness.

Director Joseph Anthony must be given credit for nurturing these positive acting values. And we suppose it is equally admirable of Mr. Hanley to insist upon making no more strongly dramatic resolution of his characters' problems than happens in life. Yet all this honesty has the paradoxical effect of making the play appear unimportant, contrived, and aimless.

The off-off-Broadway theater has nurtured in coffeehouses, churches, and art galleries the work of a number of unestablished young playwrights. One of these is twenty-seven-year-old Lanford ("Lance") Wilson, whose *Balm in Gilead and Other Plays* has just been published by Hill and Wang, and whose newest play, *The Sand Castle or There Is a Tavern in the Town or Harry Can Dance*, has just been unveiled at the La Mama Experimental Theatre Club at 122 Second Avenue in Manhattan.

In the latter play we are invited to join a San Diego family merrily suffering from fantasies. That these fantasies are obviously unreal and unproductive makes them none the less compelling to those afflicted. The mother, an extremely intelligent widow, toys with the idea of yielding to the advances of a young bus driver. And one of her sons has become psychotically attached to a girl married to someone else and now pregnant. As someone says, "When she's gonna have a baby, I should think it would turn you off a little."

It becomes clear that these people are doing everything they can to remain turned on with their illusions, but cruelly the family-sustaining force operates to burst the fantasies. While this is serious drama, Mr. Wilson seems determined to keep it all as comic as he can, and never to underline the play's significant events.

Certainly, in its present state, too much of the play has been left unexpressed, but one can see in Mr. Wilson's story the seed of a longer play with a shorter title. And one can also see in this play, as in his published ones, proof of talent that would benefit from stronger commitment and stronger disciplines than is the fashion in most of this erratic and deliberately self-indulgent theater movement. —HENRY HEWES.

## To a Girl Who's Been Abroad Too Long

(Now Working at the Masada Excavations, Israel)

**By Larry Rubin**

UNDER the Negev sky, a brilliance as
Of suns, and tools that blaze like lances slit
The earth. She passes combs and pottery
To coins with Nebuchadnezzar's head, and finds
The jewels Herodias wore at her daughter's final
Dance. Beyond the veil of dust, a bracelet
On the wrist bone of a princess who found a basket
Floating with a boy. This girl I asked
To dig for arrowheads and Minié balls
Pierces sunken walls to probe for worlds
As old as seas inscribed in scrolls. Her chamber
Vibrates in a ruby light, while kings
Retire to their tortured beds. Pharaoh's
Dreams unroll her dawns, and she remains.
O Ruth! What tunnels would you fly, if digging
Ever deeper, you came upon my bones?



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## Macaulay

*Continued from page 29*

who accompanied him were so gorgeous that all London crowded to stare at them and so filthy that nobody dared to touch them. They came to the court balls dropping pearls and vermin."

Or the same vivid, balanced contrast in regard to Peter the Great, first Russian sovereign to visit England, where he left the villa assigned for his residence in such a state of damage that Parliament appropriated a considerable indemnity for the benefit of the outraged owner:

"To the end of his life, while disciplining armies, founding schools, framing codes, organizing tribunals, building cities in deserts, joining distant seas by artificial rivers, he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty; and, when he was entertained by other sovereigns, never failed to leave on their tapestried walls and velvet state beds unequivocal proof that a savage had been there."

THE climax of Macaulay's epic struggle between William and James, between Right and Wrong, as he presents it, was reached in Ireland, where James temporarily re-established his power with the support of the Catholic majority of the population. If one were to select the finest of many notable narrative passages, the defense of Londonderry, main stronghold of the Ulster Protestants, against a besieging army much superior in numbers and against the still fiercer threat of famine and disease would seem to deserve the palm. And there is a Homeric quality about his listing of the units of various nationalities which met at the decisive battle of the Boyne River. On William's side were English, Protestant Irish, French Huguenots, Dutch, and some German units. On that of James were the Celtic Irish, bolstered by regular French troops.

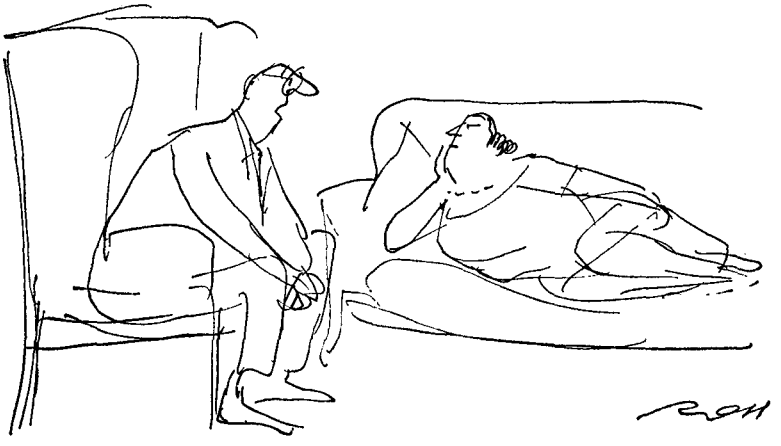
The epic reaches a triumphant crescendo as Macaulay writes lyrically of "William, foremost in the charge, James foremost in the flight" and recalls the later remark of the Irish patriot Sarsfield: "Change kings with us, and we will fight you again."

And Macaulay is by no means all high drama, bold adventure, clashes of important personalities and causes. His own parliamentary experience helps him to understand the debates and votes and feuds of the seventeenth-century parliaments. Philosophical reflection is not his strong point. Yet it would be hard to improve on this generalization about the British legislative temper and method, inspired by the passing of the Toleration Act under William III:

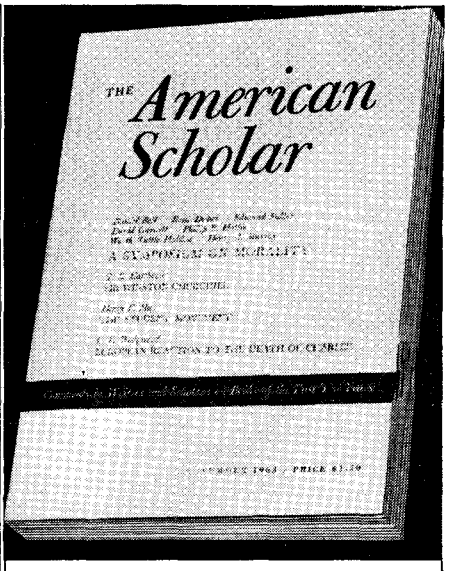
"To think nothing of symmetry and much of convenience; never to remove an anomaly merely because it is an anomaly; never to innovate except when some grievance is felt; never to innovate except to get rid of the grievance; never to lay down any proposition of wider extent that the particular case for which it is necessary to provide; these are the rules which have, from the age of John to the age of Victoria, generally guided the deliberations of our two hundred and fifty parliaments."

These lines are worthy of Burke. And there is truth as well as patriotism in his boast that, because Britain enjoyed liberty in the midst of despotism, it enjoyed order in the midst of anarchy. (When the continent was rent by the revolutionary movements of 1848).

It is difficult to take leave of such a buoyant personality and brilliant writer in a deprecatory mood. After all, Macaulay did hate cruelty and injustice, and if his judgments were sometimes flamboyant and exaggerated they were right more often than they were wrong. There is good factual ground for his indignation against "the wicked King and the wicked Judge" (James II and Jeffreys). And, of all serious historians, he is probably the most gifted storyteller, the natural bridge between the men and events of the past and the audience of the present. A middlebrow? Perhaps. But how magnificent!



*"It's true you've made me happy. But, did making me happy, make you happy?"*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## One Man's Miami

IT IS always reassuring in a will-o'-the-wispish world to come home again to the old places. Nothing had really changed very much in Miami when I fluttered to earth there the other day somewhat in advance of the season and full of such exotica as *Quenelles de Turbot à l'Américaine*.

I'm not exactly sure why I paid $99.12 for the 1,100-mile excursion when the flight to Hawaii from San Francisco or Los Angeles, a matter of about 2,600 miles, costs $150. I will leave that one to the puzzlement of the public and the Civil Aeronautics Board, pausing long enough on the subject to express my thanks, at least, that this old straphanging shuttle-bus route between New York and Florida can now be flown in style if someone should want it.

The landscape all looked about the same except that the freeway system seems to improve with every passing year. Indeed, the crossing from Miami International Airport to the Miami Beach hotels has been so perfected and expedited that all the sport is gone: one no longer has to allow time in case one is caught by the trains that used to cut through the right-of-way in the back reaches of Miami.

The soaring skyline of downtown Miami rose with great authority in the hazy distance. The Great Wall of hotels in Miami Beach rose like some incredible battlement to repulse hostile forces from the sea. The old Carl Fischer buildings, put up by the man who invented Miami Beach, still stand as a sort of *démodé* monument to the dreams and the designs of the Twenties. All that startled me, really, was a giant billboard exhorting all who passed to save the nation by joining the Birch Society.

I booked into the Doral, a great palace of marble and glass, and when the bellboy asked me, before running his litany of directions for gadgets available in my room, whether I had stayed there before, I was hard put to remember. It may be small solace to the architects and the builders, but the truth is that Miami Beach has created such a glut of stupefying luxury that it is difficult for the frequent visitor to recall just what palaces he has slept in. I mean in no way to diminish the sheer opulence of the place. Out my glass window I could see the bodies laid out like a mass barbecue on the palettes below. In Miami Beach the ocean is obsolete. Few sportsmen had ventured into the coffee-colored sea, but the pool was full. One mahogany-hued male lay limp on an inflated mattress while a long-tressed blonde stood Bikini-deep in the shallow end, gently pulling him back and forth across the pool.

The more ambitious could journey out to Doral's Country Club to play golf at one of three courses, play tennis on the all-weather courts, stay at the hotel and waterski or Scuba dive. Somewhere in the catacombs there were facilities for a massage, a workout, a sauna, a whirlpool bath, a Swiss shower, a steam bath, or a high colonic. I decided to settle for a haircut and a shampoo, an afternoon's interlude administered by an English barber at a cost of $5 plus tip. Services come high in the swanklands of Miami Beach, but food, oddly enough, is cheap. Maybe someone in the California groves can explain why the glass of orange juice that costs 40 cents in the best Miami Beach hotels costs 80 cents when squeezed in a Beverly Hills drugstore.

If there is anything new readily apparent in the flatlands of Florida it is the considerable protuberance of M. Jacques Gleason, who now arrives seasonally in the Southland, rather like the horses at Hialeah, except sooner, to take up residence, gainful employment, and sport. M. Gleason, whose golf stance now figures in full-page advertisements for the State of Florida, whose likeness graces hotel flyers, and whose name shines from marquees all over town, traces his presence in the city to an item that appeared in the column prepared by Earl Wilson. One day over a year ago, in the course of dispensing world news to the uninformed, Mr. Wilson ran a line announcing that Jackie Gleason, then resident in a huge armory in Peekskill, New York, would like to play golf 365 days a year, a trick possible in Peekskill only with the aid of snow sweepers, ice cutters, anti-freeze, and flannel underwear. The line was espied by a zealot named Hank Meyer, who labors on behalf of Miami Beach. Meyer was soon in touch with Gleason, inviting him to do his shows within the confines of the sunlit fiefdom he represents,

Jackie Gleason in Miami—The crowds line up at dawn.



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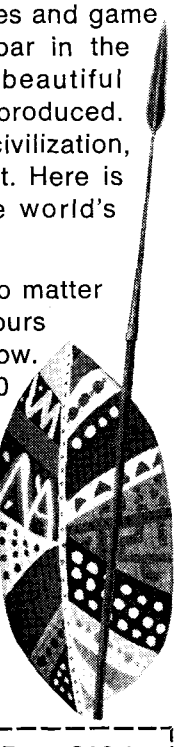

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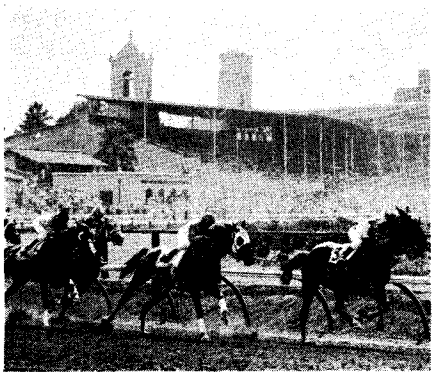

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where, by happy coincidence, golf is played 365 days a year. The cost of sending the show back to New York by cable would be too expensive, but it would be possible on tape. In an epic phrase rivaling the immortal catchwords uttered at Bastogne and by Perry on Lake Erie, Gleason said, "Pal, it's beautiful. Let's do it."

After ten weeks of negotiations among Gleason, Miami Beach, and CBS, it was all set. Gleason would come south in September and begin a series of telecasts until the show went off for the summer. He would sell his house in New York and he would play golf in Florida 365 days a year. And then it happened. The cameras available in Miami Beach were inadequate. The deal was off. Bulletins from Gleason headquarters described him as "feeling awful." Meyer, however, was not ready to let go. "How much would it take to buy the equipment you need?" he asked. Back came the awesome answer: between $500,000 and $600,000. Said Meyer, "I want twenty-four hours to raise the money." He went to Mitchell Wolfson, a Floridian born in Key West and now living in Miami Beach. Wolfson heads Wometco Enterprises, Inc., a giant combine listed on the New York Stock Exchange, which deals exclusively in leisure-time businesses: theaters, television and radio stations, soft-drink bottling companies, vending machines. They also own the Seaquarium, a local porpoise playground and aquarium, and Flipper, the television porpoise.

Wolfson reasoned that a purchase of the equipment would prove profitable if Gleason would come. He was sure that if he stayed for one year the venture would be so successful Gleason would return. Wometco agreed to participate and Gleason agreed to come. Everything was beautiful again.

When Gleason came south for his second season there was the usual send-off party by Toots Shor in New York. Miami papers printed special editions, which were distributed in Manhattan. The fourteen-car train pulled out of New York with 100-odd musicians, technical and management staff, the June Taylor dancers, assorted columnists, and professional imbibers. With a rasp of its whistle, which had been tuned to sound like "Away We Go!" it rumbled south, stopping for mayors, bands, and committees. The temperature was in the 90s the August day it chugged into Miami, but there were 4,000 people on hand, three bands, and a waiting motorcade of vintage cars. Thousands more lined the curbs. Cars filled the causeways. Two veterans rumbled out of a pool hall and came to attention with their cue sticks. Gleason's name gleamed from movie and hotel marquees the length of the beach. Next to bagels, he was the biggest thing in town. The show landed in the top ten last year for the first time, and Miami Beach, whether because of Gleason or some less obvious reason, had the greatest winter and the greatest summer season in its history.

The Miami Beach Auditorium, spruced up for the seasonal thirty-eight-week accouchement of The Great One, blares his name in lights all season long. Cars stop all season long so visitors can take each other's picture in front of it. Attendance at the actual taping of his show has become the most social and sought-after event of the week. Crowds begin lining up at dawn each Monday morning. Requests come in at the rate of nearly 5,000 a week and the hall holds only 1,200. Lately tickets have been scalped at $15 a pair.

For one of Gleason's recent Saturday-night seances I joined Meyer and Mitchell Wolfson for a pre-telecast dinner at Chandler's, a popular restaurant in Miami Beach. Like most of the better restaurants, Chandler's was hurrying its Saturday-evening patrons much the way Sardi's in New York has long mothered its patrons through a pre-theater dinner. The hall was jammed with 1,200 people in the process of being warmed up. Backstage, Gleason was resplendent in gray trousers, a huge yellow vest cov-

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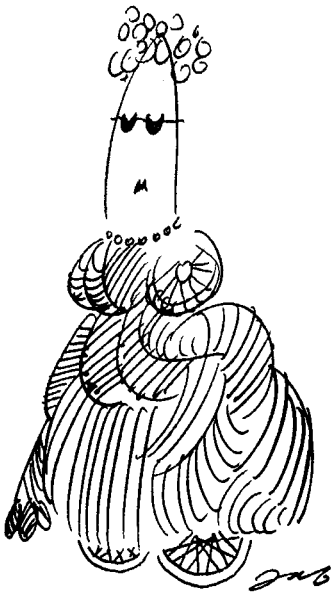

ering his formidable front, a bottle of Dom Perignon nesting among the ice floes in a cooler. He poured occasionally and produced an elaborate swizzle stick. He put on his jacket, emblazoned with a vermilion carnation, and strode to the wings to wait for the cue. We returned to our seats in the audience and waited. Then came a roll of drums fit for an emperor and a voice said, "From Miami Beach, the *Jackie Gleason Show.*" I couldn't quite hear him for all the noise, but I assume Meyer was purring. The June Taylor dancers exploded like a Rockette troupe and performed an intricate routine learned new each week. And then there was Gleason, amid shouts, whistles, and cheers. When it had all died down, or nearly so, he delivered his line, "How sweet it is," a slogan currently being employed in Florida's ads.

At show's end he appeared for a last fleeting minute in a huge floor-length bathrobe, and then he was off, and the event of the week was done. By the time I got backstage again he had switched robes. Now he was in a mouse-gray knockabout number. His head curled in his hands, he was sipping Dom Perignon, smoking hard, and watching the playback of the opening comedy sequences. He never smiled. Later I joined him at Mike Gordon's Fish House on the 79th Street Causeway. "The greatest clams you got I want," he told the waitress. "Steamed clams that the world has never known. What's the worst sauce you got? I'll have it." And then we talked for two hours about everything but the show. We talked of Paris, where he spent five months making a picture ("They hate us. They all hate us. I went to all the joints you're supposed to go to, but then after awhile I didn't know what to do after seven o'clock"). He talked of his new house—ten rooms with four bedrooms, a dining room, and a fun room with bar, a club pool table, and a piano,

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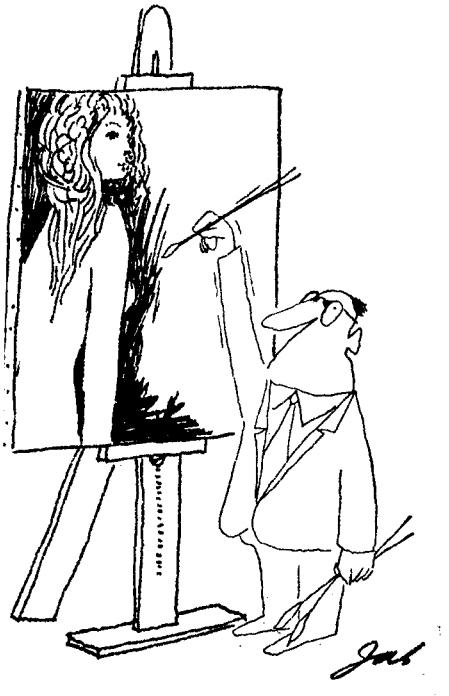
all opening on a four-hole putting green on the back lawn. His secretary who decorated it says, "It's traditional, with some Empire, some Regency, some Chinese, and some Spanish."

The curious come, of course, not excluding the cleric who was collared on the lawn the other day peering in the windows. "It's all right, I'm a priest," he said, pulling out his credentials. Most important for Gleason, the house is on Country Club Estates, across the hedges from the golf course. He plays thirty-five or forty holes a day, wheels around on a golf cart equipped with a telephone. "Pal, will you hold it a minute?" he asks a caller. "I'm just about to par number four."

As the town's number one tourist attraction he tools about the city in a specially built Mercedes-Benz somewhere between a de luxe Greyhound Bus and a limousine. He goes to Joe's Stone Crab, a venerable establishment along the water, to Chandler's, and to Gatti, an old Italian restaurant on 14th Street and West Avenue, but other than Saturday nights he is not generally on public view. Still, his impact on Miami Beach has been enormous. Meyer sees a direct ratio between Gleason's promotional push and business on the Beach. In his dressing room after the show recently some of his staff were huddled over a Kiplinger letter that described in broad detail the amazing summer just experienced in what has always been a hard-to-sell season along the Beach. The Kiplinger pundits looked for reasons, came up with such possibilities as more money to spend, more vacation time, more flights, and summer package tours, etc. Jack Philbin, Gleason's manager read it all. "How do you like that?" he said. "Not a mention."

—Horace Sutton.

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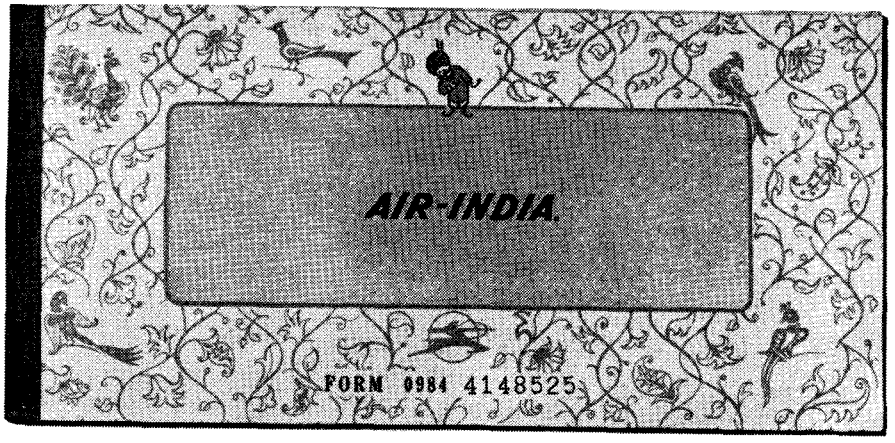


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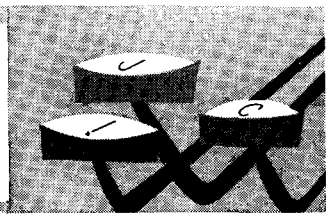
# Manner of Speaking



**Poetry and Personal Definition:** Poets are forever being given odd introspective assignments. Sir Philip Sidney's command to his confused spirit was simply, "Look in thy heart and write." Today the new exhortation seems to be from the critic and it is more likely to read, "Look into your psyche and explain yourself." It has become an article of the True Faith that the introspection of poets will finally reveal a mystery called The Creative Source.

I have myself toiled in that abbey. In 1950 I published an anthology titled *Mid-Century American Poets*, a collection designed to introduce the work of fifteen poets of the Forties, and as the editor-abbot I spent months in exhorting the poets to prayer and meditation that each might produce a prose "Statement of Intent" as a preface to his poems.

Now William Martz of Ripon College, a good man and a gentle abbot, is preparing an anthology to be called *The Distinctive Voice* and he is after me, in some sort of return of justice, to introspect (or to introspeculate) on "the poetic voice." He says:

> I am including in the head notes for each poet his comment (if he'll give it to me, which most have done or promised) on what he thinks, as of 1965, the voice of the poet is, or what he aims to be as a poetic voice. The question is admittedly vague. The accent is on personal definition.

As it happens, I like vague personal questions and pray only that no man will ask precise ones about my character. Within that character, whatever it is, and with the accent on personal definition, I do have some strong feelings about the nature of the poetic voice, and I think my feelings run counter to what most teachers are telling the young, and what most poets are practicing.

It was, I believe, André Malraux in, I believe, *Museum Without Walls* who observed that Van Gogh had carried personal style to the point at which he could paint (as he did) a simple chair with such individuality that he made of it as much a signature as an object represented. I am moved to generalize further that one mark of every artist we call "modern" may be found in his impulse to achieve not "style" but "a style." By "style" I mean the way the medium is used to forward what used to be called "the subject" and is now generally called "the esthetic experience." By "a style" I mean the way the medium is used to forward the author's individuality. Nor need it be understood that one of these impulses can exist in a work of art without the other: I am after a matter of emphasis. "Style" is, at root, representational (whether of outward appearances or of inner-response-to), whereas "a style" is signatory.

So in poetry with "voice" and "a voice." Many contemporary poets, it seems to me, are a bit drunken in their compulsion to emphasize the signatory way of writing, and even a number of good poets are self-limited by that compulsion. Robert Lowell, for example, is a good poet. Yet any given line of his is more likely to sound like Robert Lowell speaking than like a line reaching out to the nature of the thing spoken. Consider the following:

> *A brackish reach of shoal off Madaket—*
> Here the jack hammer jabs into the ocean
> Bringing the landed promise and the faith
> Once more where braced pig iron dragons grip
> And crush the crab these Quaker sailors lost.

The lines are Lowell's but only as a pastiche from five different poems jammed together by a few syntactical violences intended to give the passage a spurious unity. A dirty trick, and for it I owe Lowell an apology and offer it honestly. I mean no malice. I mean only to show that such a pastiche has, in addition to the spurious unity I have imposed upon it, the true unity of "a voice," the lines being always signatory to themselves.

Such a signatory voice is not necessarily bad and every good writer will inevitably identify himself by using some of his own habituated tonalities. Yet it is worth asking if contemporary taste has not gone too far in enshrining "a voice" at the expense of "voice." For when the impulse is first to achieve a unique way of speaking and then to find the world, the danger is that not enough world will be found.

For myself, and even at the risk of not believing everything I say, I still dream that "style" is potentially a better instrument than "a style." Since I am invited to personal definition, let me confess that I do not know enough about who I am to settle for "a style." Or perhaps I am merely formless and want them all—one for bird, one for bee, and one for Hell and the roaring sea. Let me dream that a willing reader might perhaps cull from the sum of my failures a few poems, each in its own voice, and with no two voices co-signatory, but with each formed to the subject-experience rather than to one habituated way of speaking.

I am dreaming, that is, of an act of language so entirely responsive to the poetic experience that my habituated way of speaking will be shattered and leave only the essential language called into being by the esthetic experience itself. The dream is, finally, that the poem may seem to declare not "X spoke these words" but rather "man spoke these words of himself."

Impossible? Probably so. Yet small steps may go toward unreachable distance. My dream will in any case identify my pleasure in some observations made by William Dickey in reviewing my *Person to Person* in *The Hudson Review*, Winter 1964-65.

> The quality that I find most notable in Mr. Ciardi is that of observation: he sees things with an intensity and accuracy that no conventional language can wholly contain. The effect of a convention is to smooth out the differences between things; it expects, having established a form of language, that all objects will be equally amenable to its ministrations. But Mr. Ciardi's objects break these bounds; his sight is defined by the object itself, and he accepts and uses the object's own recalcitrance toward language that will soften it. "Hunchback bees in pirate pants," for example, is a phrase wholly determined by what its object looks like, rather than by a kind of language that is felt to be appropriate to the discussion of objects in general. Mr. Ciardi is often sententious or sentimental in his attitudes toward things he discusses, but these attitudes never prevent him from seeing what is before him. This ability to see is neither easy nor usual, and it represents one of the most important ways in which the floating world of poetic language can be given a persistent human relevance, a persistent reference back to the solidities of existence.

Since the passage, in isolation, sounds highly laudatory, and since I am after definition rather than self-advertisement, let me underline Mr. Dickey's notes on my faults (which the reader can see for himself) and let me point out (as the reader cannot see for himself) that Mr. Dickey was writing a round-up review and that he moved from my book to others he liked better. I was not the star of his show, but I shall settle happily if the ideas he identifies can be so taken. As Archibald MacLeish might have said, though he didn't, "A poem should not say but be."

—John Ciardi.



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## A Devil of a *Faust* Opens the Met

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA started giving *Faust* the night it opened in 1883, and it has been at it ever since, most recently on the night of September 27, which opened the final season in its old home. What happened to distinguish one from another of the preceding 349 performances could fill a sizable book, but the 350th and latest is in some ways the greatest of all. This is not because of a star tenor, or a new soprano, or an old bass, but because it has what no prior Metropolitan *Faust* enjoyed—the taste, wit, and invention of Jean-Louis Barrault as director, working harmoniously with compatriots Jacques Dupont as designer and Georges Prêtre as conductor of this Frenchest of operas.

On the basis of his *Faust*, with its continuous flow of action, shrewd touches of humor, lusty sense of spectacle, and, withal, a spiritual involvement, Barrault belongs with the fistful of outstanding directors Rudolf Bing has enlisted during the decade and a half of his administration. To speak of a fistful is really to make a Germanic pun on this *Faust* (fist), for the hand began with Margaret Webster, continued with Alfred Lunt, eventually added Cyril Ritchard and Franco Zeffirelli, and now has been clenched triumphantly by Barrault.

What Barrault brings to such an enterprise is not merely knowledge, imagination, and a superior sense of the theatrically appropriate, but—even more—the ability to convey them to his performers. That is, he can not only tell them what to do, but also show them how to do it. This makes the art of opera direction something akin to choreography, in that the average singer, like the average dancer, has the technical means to give a performance, but needs desperately someone to show him how to make use of them. Thus each person on stage, from the smallest super to the biggest principal, has become infused with Barrault's sense of purpose and reflects it in gesture, posture, and action.

As a true devotee of the Gounod-Barbier-Carré embroidery on the fringes of Goethe's mighty epic, Barrault has perceived Méphistophélès as the central figure of the design, standing between Faust and Marguerite as surely as he has brought them together. As Barrault conceives him and as Cesare Siepi is brilliantly portraying him, Méphistophélès is a singularly French kind of devil who, as Faust sings of his longings for youth in the prologue, hums along sardonically (as though to say "Don't we all?"), makes a mocking sign of the cross in the Garden Scene, playfully smacks Marthe Schwerlein on the bottom, and otherwise takes the kind of liberties that a sophisticated (fallen) angel would know about. He also acts as a suave host for Faust at a gargantuan kind of *Walpurgisnacht* which the Danish choreographer Flemming Flindt has made into a luxurious revel, half Diaghilev, half Folies-Bergère. But when his power of evil is tested, he cringes and rages as anyone (even a devil) who knows he has met his match must. Given the sonorous sounds Siepi is producing, the total is the kind of Mephistophelian figure one had read about in the tales of such French-trained singers as Edouard de Reszke, Plançon, and Journet, but never expected to see again, because they don't hardly make them that way any more. What he has done with Faust (Nicolai Gedda) and Marguerite (Gabriella Tucci) is on a lesser scale of individuality, but equally important as part of a completely visualized, magically realized whole.

No less striking in its own way, and as much involved with the dramatic total as the singing and dancing are a part of the musical effect, is the scenic conception of Jacques Dupont. It takes in qualities of visual appeal rarely surpassed on the Metropolitan's stage.

His (and Barrault's) plan builds everything on a huge disc, or central platform, of playing space. It is raked sharply, so that the back is perhaps six feet off the floor. It can be mounted from the front, sides, or rear, thus giving the illusion of elevated levels, though the Met has none. It serves equally well for the brown study Dupont has made of Faust's laboratory, for the gay Kermesse surmounted by a huge hogshead, for a garden scene dense with a willowy kind of "foliage," and for the church. By using drapes and set pieces that are flown rather than moved, Dupont has been able to achieve a series of swift transformations that contribute much to the pace of the performance. At the end, a simple cross to which Marguerite confidingly clings conveys its own sense of redemption, without the need for "Heavenly Gates" or any suggestion of them. For those who insist on symbolism, it may be found in the disc itself. From the thickness of it, and the rough, bark-like ridges etched on its sides, it could be construed as a lateral slice of a huge tree—the tree of life perhaps?

Finally and in direct ratio of importance to Barrault and Dupont, is the third French influence of conductor Georges Prêtre, moving ahead in a logical way from the superbly tasteful and stylistic *Samson et Dalila* he delivered at his Metropolitan debut a year ago. It may, perhaps, not have the ruddy tint of mellow beauty Pierre Monteux imparted to the sound of the Met's last new *Faust* in 1953, but it has more sap, spring, and tread of youth. Prêtre's sense of texture is apparent on every side, not only in the finesse he has imposed on the orchestral performance, but also in the adroit blend of voices—chorus as well as principals (Robert Merrill as Valentin and Marcia Baldwin as Siebel in addition to the strong central trio).

To open a season around which memories cluster like a wreath, *Faust* was a perfectly suitable, sentimental choice for a sentimental occasion. Thanks to Barrault, Dupont, and Prêtre, it is being done with a touch of the contemporary spirit, in its clean, uncluttered, and sometimes satiric style, which makes a link from the past through the present to the promise of a still uncharted future. One could hardly ask for anything more, and might willingly settle for considerably less. Fortunately, this *Faust* is all as good as Gounod, worthy of the enduring work in whose name it was created.

A FEW days earlier, the New York Opera opened the last season in *its* home on Fifty-fifth Street in a manner as true to its fashion as the Metropolitan's *Faust*. This was the American premiere of Prokofiev's *The Flaming Angel*. A work that has been in existence for nearly forty years, it has only recently had its first stage performances abroad. Considering the stature of the composer, this tells its own story of the semi-failure—or semi-success, as you will—of Prokofiev's effort to comprehend the tale of a medieval maid who believes she was possessed by a flaming angel, and dies at the stake.

Up to the last scene, which achieves this work's tonal as well as dramatic climax in the appearance of Renata before the Inquisition, much the best music is that which is heard when the curtain is down, in the interludes between scenes. This was not a matter of Prokofievyan perversity, but rather of conductor Julius Rudel's perspicacity in utilizing, for scene changes, parts of the symphony (No. 3) Prokofiev made of *Flaming Angel* materials when he could not get the work staged. Much of the vocal line delivered by Eileen Schauler as Renata and Sherrill Milnes as Ruprecht, who takes her on for pleasure and lives to regret it, is awkward and anti-vocal, imposed on the constantly active orchestral background rather than emanating from it. Neither had the bigness of voice or style to deal effectively with it. In any case, whatever there is in the score was ill served by the skimpy, unillusive "production" by Will Steven Armstrong.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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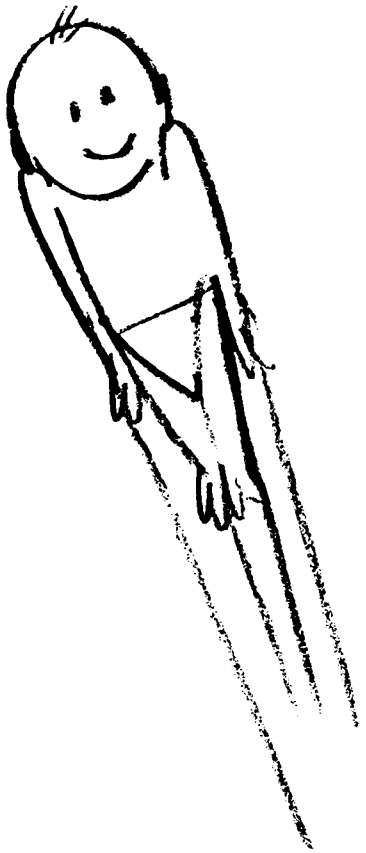

# Boom Goes Baby! Bang Goes the Old Rulebook!

When a population explodes, some old ways of doing business are bound to be blown away. And a good thing, too, for it strips a company for future action and opportunities in other fields.

Just keeping up with the Joneses and their needs today is tough enough for any progressive company. But it's only the beginning: today's U.S. population of some 195,000,000 is expected to almost double in the next 35 years.

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There's a big job ahead in this big country. And ITT will help get it done.

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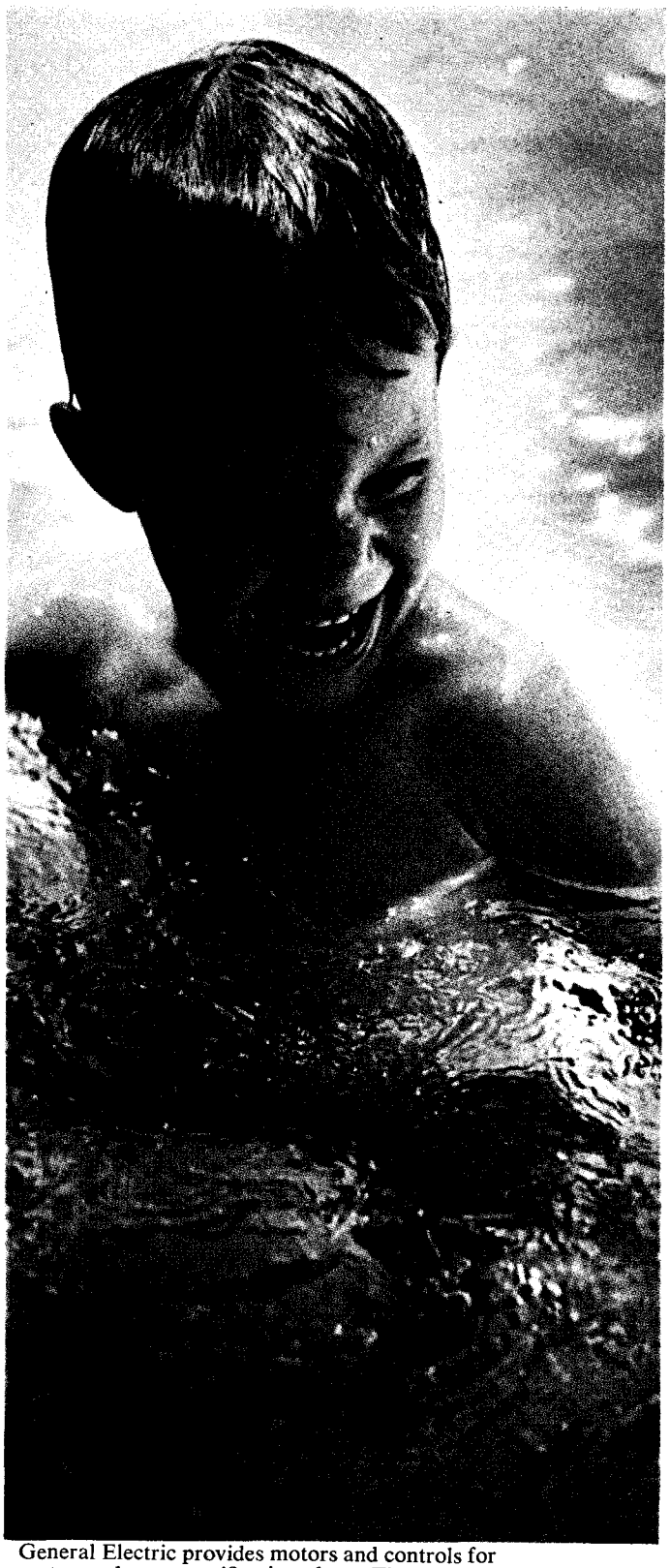
# Who cares if water is clean...or traffic is snarled...or streets



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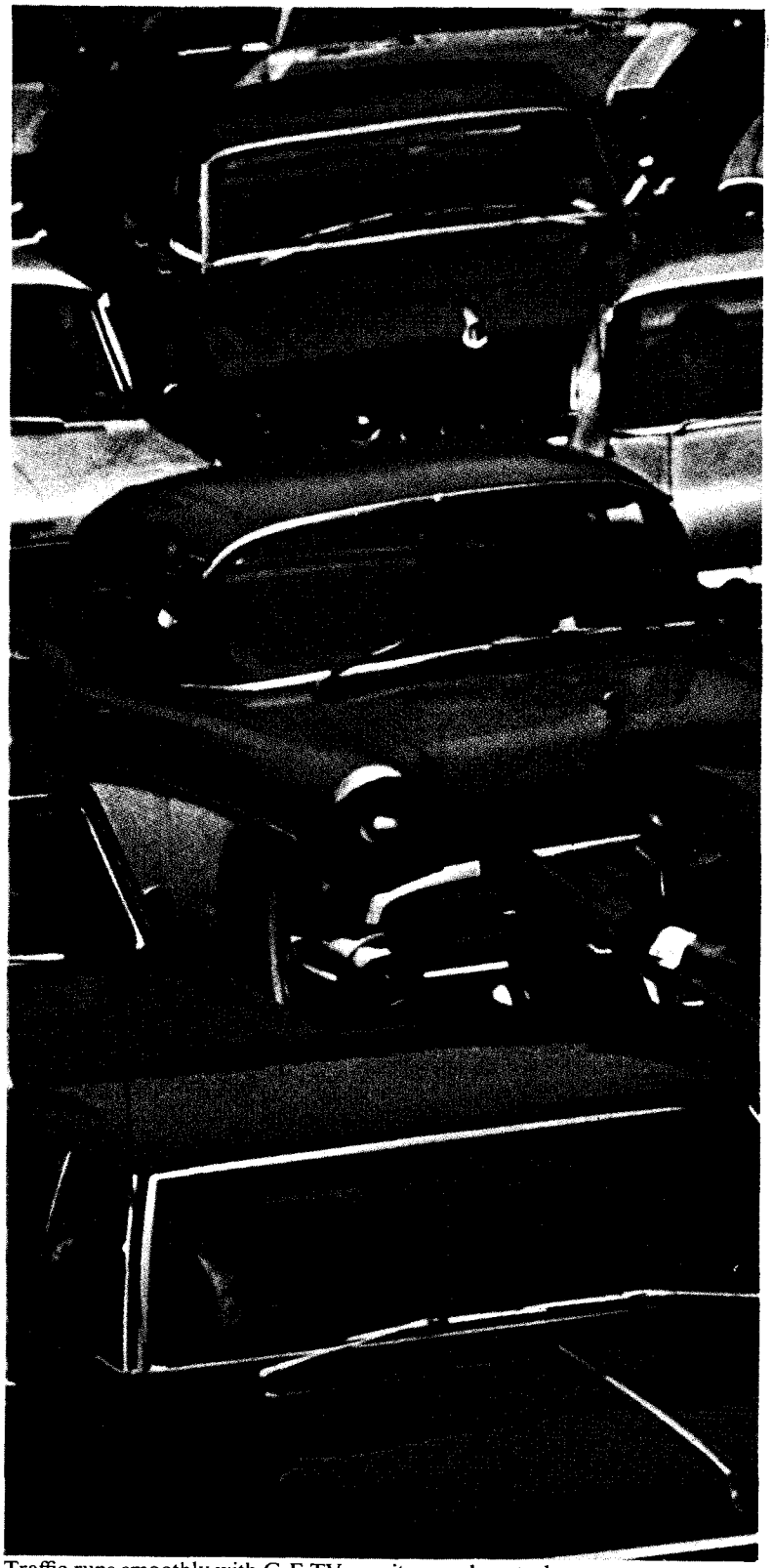

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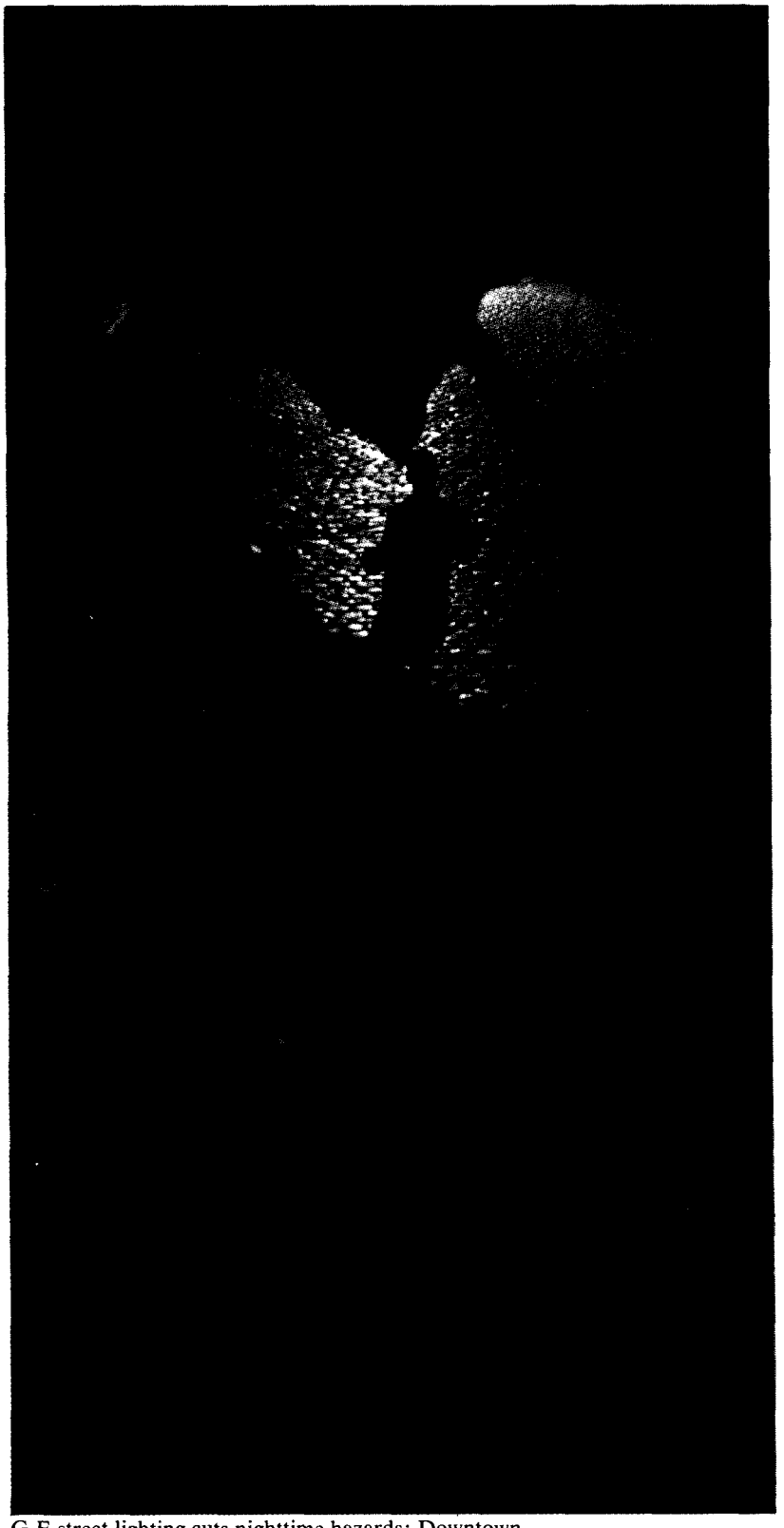
## are safe at night?



G-E street lighting cuts nighttime hazards: Downtown St. Louis, burglaries cut 35%. N. Y. C. areas, crime cut 71%. Indianapolis, night traffic accidents down 54%.

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* THIRTEENTH ANNUAL

# World Travel Photo Contest

**TWO GRAND PRIZES**

***for color winner:*** **A TRIP TO LONDON**

***for black-and-white winner:*** **A TRIP TO HAWAII**

**PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES**

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 1, 1966, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 1st issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

**Norris Harkness**—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.

**Ivan Dmitri**—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*

**Leopold Godowsky**—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

**Margaret R. Weiss,** Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1965.

**SR's 1964 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS**

**Helen G. Russell** of Gorham, Maine, professor of mathematics at Wellesley College, 1964 winner of the grand prize for color. Miss Russell won a round-trip to Hong Kong for her picture of a child in a sampan.

**F. B. Grunzweig,** public information officer of the U.N. Secretariat, 1964 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Grunzweig's photograph, taken in Kennedy Airport, won him a round-trip flight to Paris.

*Saturday Review*

380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

### *Contest Rules*

**1.** The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

**2.** Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1964, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

**3. Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints **8 x 10 unmounted.**

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

**4. Color photographs**

a. Color pictures may be submitted as either slides *or* prints. Do not send slides and prints of the same picture.

b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.

c. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.

**5.** Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

**6.** To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1965, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

**7.** Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. **The decision of the judges will be final.**

**8.** Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 1, 1966. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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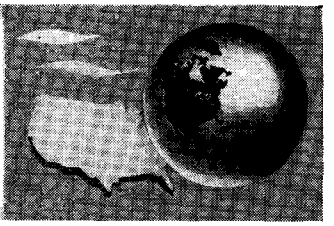
# As Others See Us



## LONDON:

### *America's Strength*

THEODORE SORENSEN writes that he and Dean Rusk summed up the reactions of America's allies at the beginning of the Cuba crisis by agreeing that if the United States took a strong action the allies would turn against her, and if she took a weak action they would turn away from her. In fact, America's allies are most likely to turn against or away if she takes strong action which fails.

In this country political opinion about the U.S. is divided into four groups. They are those who:

1. Accept dependence on American strength and success as a fact, and say so.
2. Accept dependence on American strength and success as a fact, and keep quiet about it.
3. Do not accept dependence on American strength, and occasionally denounce it.
4. Do not realize dependence on American strength.

In a country such as Britain, where vague anti-Americanism is fairly popular, not too many place themselves in the first group. Hence to some extent the kind of doubts felt by Mr. Sorensen and Mr. Rusk. Indeed, whenever the U.S. is in difficulties, some in group two like it to be thought that they may be in group three; though whenever the U.S. succeeds they, or others, in group two publicly join those of us in group one.

However, the first and second groups combined easily outnumber the third and fourth groups. Only if the credibility of America's strength were called into question would this situation change fundamentally.—*Labor M. P. Christopher Rowland in a letter to the editor of The Observer.*

## TORONTO:

### *Tangled Trade*

TRADE MINISTER MITCHELL SHARP has had some welcome second thoughts about the behavior of American subsidiary plants in Canada.

When three American-owned milling companies here refused to mill Canadian wheat for Cuba on the grounds that U.S. law prevented them from "trading with the enemy," Mr. Sharp saw no objection to their attitude. It would not affect employment in this country, he said, because the $30,000,000 flour order had been diverted to Canadian milling firms.

Now it appears the trade minister has got his priorities straightened out and decided the first loyalty of American branch plants in this country is to Canadian and not American law.

In a speech to the Canadian Centenary Council Mr. Sharp said: "[American subsidiaries] must make special efforts to resist the inevitable pressures from the head offices to act solely as creatures of the U.S. parent. Their prime responsibility must be to the Canadian community."

The trade minister's conversion to a policy of maximum economic independence for Canada will be even more encouraging if it is translated into an effective protest in Washington against application of the Trading with the Enemy Act to American-owned firms in this country.

This Act, passed in 1917, makes it an offense for an American company to trade with countries which Washington decides are the "enemy." In the present state of the world, this includes both Communist China and Cuba. The U.S. Congress has decided this law is extraterritorial and may be applied to subsidiaries of American firms in other countries.

It is Canadian policy, for both national and international reasons, to trade with both these countries. American branch plants here are in direct violation of Parliament when they refuse to accept Canadian Wheat Board milling contracts because of an Act of Congress. . . .

[But] it will take more than Mr. Sharp's plea for a "special effort" on the part of U.S. subsidiaries to change this situation and remove a threat to Canada's political independence.

It will require a change in American law to remove any penalties against U.S. parent firms as a result of the export policies of their Canadian subsidiaries. If the U.S. Congress balks at such amendment, then Canada has no alternative but to pass legislation to insure that American branch plants behave as good Canadian citizens. —*Daily Star.*

## ST. JOHN'S

### *The Uses of Power*

ANOTHER 20,000 American troops have been landed in South Vietnam to bring to 125,000 the United States forces now operating in that war-torn country. The

**Canadian view: The President and the Generals.**



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new arrivals, it has been said, have had special training in the kind of guerrilla warfare favored by the Vietcong. But what is most important is that the size of the U.S. forces is a very emphatic demonstration of the determination of the American government to realize its objectives in Vietnam.

The chief aim is to bring about a cease-fire and transfer the whole problem to the conference table. It has called for the use of both the stick and the carrot. While a constant offensive pressure is maintained on the Vietcong and the bombardment of military and economic targets in North Vietnam continues, these are methods designed to convince the Communists that they would be very well advised to seek a settlement by negotiation.

The growing strength of the U.S. forces is possibly the most effective means of bringing about a truce and procuring an ultimate settlement by negotiation. —*Daily News.*

## FRANKFURT:

### *Asian Puzzle*

FRANCO-AMERICAN relations are so full of problems that any contact between their top officials becomes sensational news. After every meeting it is said that the discussions were held in a friendly atmosphere and that although no secret was made of their differences of opinion, their unalterable friendship still prevailed. Such was also the case when Under Secretary of State Ball visited the Elysée Palace. In reality the exchange of ideas there was nothing more than giving lip service for a solidarity which is not binding for either party. As usual there were no signs of cooperation.

Nevertheless, discussions of this kind, even if they are unable to overcome the obstacles that arise in nearly all international questions, contribute to their clarification. The deeply rooted resentment which de Gaulle's France has directed against American policy in Asia has placed the former colonial power in a position that is founded on the myth of moral superiority. General de Gaulle was not just satisfied with the idea that the U.S. had taken the wrong road in Vietnam; he was convinced that he knew the correct solution to the problems in that area.

Had this been the case his hour should have come a long time ago. It is a fact, however, that even if General de Gaulle is sure he knows the solution, he does not know how this solution can be effected. . . .

General de Gaulle is not faced with the question of whether or not he should mediate, and even if the U.S. has paid tribute to the general's need for prestige it does not intend to accommodate him. Host and guest both agreed that the implacable attitude of the Communist side leaves no prospect for negotiations even though the U.S. has paved the way for negotiations by its willingness to return to the Geneva agreements. France will no longer be able to put the blame, the failures, and the responsibility on just one side. France will have to continue to investigate the possibilities for using her political influence in Peking and in Hanoi.

—*Frankfurter Rundschau.*

**After Santo Domingo:** The Foreign Relations Committee . . . has issued no report on its inquiry into American intervention in the Dominican Republic; the committee was too divided to do so. But now that the republic has a provisional government, however shaky, Senator Fulbright has taken the Administration severely to task for its "grievous error"—an error which he attributed not to the President but to the advice which he received. The alleged danger to American lives, Mr. Fulbright said, was more a pretext than a reason for sending in troops on such a massive scale. The real reason was an exaggerated fear of Communists, who were already bound to be present and to try to exploit any movement for greater social justice in Latin America. The United States, Senator Fulbright said, was not an enemy of social revolution but it would now be hard to persuade Latin Americans of this.

The Administration makes no admission of error or of faulty advice but its actions speak for it. General Wessin, the bugbear of the left, has been hustled, protesting, out of the Dominican Republic to a consulship in Miami which he refuses to accept. Ambassador Bennett, who called for American troops, has been thanked warmly but he is not to remain in Santo Domingo. The $20,000,000 already offered for reconstruction is no more than the beginning of help to make life better for the Dominican people. A month ago, moreover, on the fourth anniversary of the Alliance for Progress, President Johnson, in a speech that unfortunately attracted little notice, pledged America to support economic and social reform in Latin America in words strongly reminiscent of John Kennedy; the President's aim was to quiet fears that the United States, by intervening in the Dominican Republic, had come to put its chief reliance on military solutions.

—*London Economist.*

## BUDAPEST:

### *Strength in Numbers*

I AM NOT the only one who was astonished to read the news about the attack of 30,000 hooligans at a resort near Cleveland, Ohio. If anyone ever had doubts about the increasing dimensions of the crime wave in America, he has now received evidence that staggers the imagination. Even one or two hooligans can be unpleasant; 30,000 of them attacking at the same time must be unbearable!

How could they organize 30,000 youngsters and train them in the techniques of hooliganism? How could they equip, feed, and move them? We who grew up in the traditional techniques of ordinary scuffles look with astonishment at such an accomplishment. Seemingly, hooliganism, too, has lost its individual character and yielded the floor to collectivism. Those reading about these events in the American papers today will hardly be surprised to read news items such as the following in the future:

> Sixteen thousand robbers robbed Mr. Herbert Smith's apartment last night. They took jewelry, money, and clothes. The police immediately sent out 16,000 warrants with personal specifications.
>
> Sixty thousand gangsters attacked Miss Mary Brand, cleaning lady in Oakland, in an attempt to take her handbag. She yelled for help and the gangsters hurriedly left the scene.
>
> A counterfeiting gang was uncovered in Philadelphia. Thirty thousand of the gang's members are already in the hands of the police, and another 70,000 police are closing in.
>
> Seventeen thousand matrimonial swindlers cheated Miss Margaret Jenkins, 54, out of substantial sums.

Naturally crimes of such dimensions are causing lots of difficulties. For example, if Mr. Robert Sniff is vainly yelling for police help in a dark alley of Chicago, it is only because 3,000,000 policemen are chasing a jaywalker at the same time.

—*Feleki László in Ludas Matyi.*



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# Books



LITERARY HORIZONS

## No Limit on Literary License

IN DEFIANCE of the theory that writers ought not to write about writers, Pamela Hansford Johnson has composed a trilogy of novels about various aspects, for the most part discreditable, of the literary life. The third volume, *Cork Street, Next to the Hatter's* (Scribners, $4.95), is largely concerned with the problem of fashionable indecency, although other contemporary foibles are touched upon. The scene is London, chiefly a bookstore whose address gives the novel its title.

The central character is Tom Hariot, "lecturer in structural linguistics at King's College, London." Taken to see an advance guard play about the antics of "three psychopathic siblings," Tom is seized with his great idea. "Do you think," he asks a friend, "it would be possible to write a play so nauseating that it could not, in any circumstances, be allowed on any stage?" The friend is doubtful, but Tom has become a crusader. The line must be drawn somewhere, he believes, and he wants people to think about where to draw it, instead of talking a lot of nonsense about the dangers of censorship. So he goes to work.

Tom is a new character for Miss Johnson, but surrounding him are various persons we have met in earlier volumes of the trilogy. In *The Unspeakable Skipton* (*SR*, Jan. 24, 1959), whose title character is egotistical in the extreme, arrogant, malicious, and untrustworthy, but nevertheless a writer of some distinction, we are introduced to Dorothy Merlin, a poet of large pretensions, and to Cosmo Hines, her husband, who profitably operates the bookstore on Cork Street. With them in Bruges, where Skipton exists in proud penury, are a dilettante named Matthew Pryar and a lecherous photographer named Duncan Moss. Pryar reappears in *Night and Silence Who Is Here?* (*SR*, July 20, 1963) as the beneficiary of an American fellowship, and since his subject is the poetry of Dorothy Merlin, she also figures in that volume. In the present book Pryar and his rich American wife turn up in London in time to take part in the affair of Tom's play.

There is a minor but amusing secondary plot. Pringle Milton, eighteen-year-old author of a novel called *The Sick Ones*, comes to Cosmo Hines's bookstore, looking, of course, to see if he stocks her book, and there meets Duncan Moss. She is a homely girl but has remarkable eyes, and Moss immediately sees possibilities for her. To her distress she becomes famous as a model, not as a novelist, and, in the meantime, falls hopelessly in love with Tom Hariot.

Finishing his play, Tom shows it to a friend, who says, "It is quite filthy and quite unactable. Not even a San Francisco fringe theater would touch this one." But Dorothy Merlin, speaking, as she hopes, for the advance guard, asks, "Can none of you see that it is entirely, unequivocally, a *masterpiece*?" Dorothy's feeling for the fashionably phony is reliable. An up-and-coming director of an experimental theater club tells Tom, "We can have a riot with this play. It's not only talented, it's bloody magnificent." And when Tom, determined to prove his thesis, refuses to allow a word to be changed, the director gives in. "I have made my bed," Tom says to Pringle, "and I must lie on it, verminous though it may be."

THE account of the first night, though discreet, is hilarious. Needless to say, if there is a limit to what public opinion will stand, as Tom has argued, he has not found it. He cries out to the audience, "I have put into this stuff, quite deliberately, every form of indecency, cruelty, blasphemy and plain inanity that I could devise." But it is to no avail. All he has managed to accomplish is to get himself into trouble with the administration of his college.

In so far as Miss Johnson is making fun of a certain sort of faddist, she is amusing. Literary fashion is no more admirable than any other sort of fashion, and the self-appointed leaders of the advance guard are often both snobs and ignoramuses. At the moment, as Miss Johnson points out, dirt is in style, and all sorts of vapid, dull, lifeless works are written in its name. But the issue, as she does not seem to recognize, is literary, not moral. If a play should not be regarded as good just because it is dirty, neither is dirtiness a reason for calling it bad. Poor Tom's attempt to discover a kind of absolute zero, a point on the scale below which the theater cannot descend, is futile on the face of it. Standards vary from time to time and from place to place, and are determined by a multitude of factors. In drama, even more than in the novel, we are passing through a prolonged reaction to an even more prolonged period of repression. All sorts of absurdities occur, and it is well that these should be held up to ridicule. At a performance this summer of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* I was made miserable by

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a chorus of not youthful women behind me who broke into howls of laughter every time Big Daddy said, "God damn." I should have taken pleasure in throttling them, but I think their offensiveness was attributable to naïveté and perhaps an unaccustomed cocktail or two, not to moral depravity.

Of the three novels, the first, *The Admirable Skipton*, is much the best, not because it raises any profound moral or literary issue but because Skipton is such a magnificent character. By comparison the other two are diffuse and a little pallid. They have their entertaining episodes, but they make no such impression as *Skipton*.

THE character who appears in all three books, Dorothy Merlin, is a real horror. If Skipton is anything but admirable, at least he has a touch of genius, while Dorothy is pure, unqualified, unpardonable fake. Even her husband, who has borne so much, eventually cannot put up with her. "It was a long time since he had felt impelled to put the finishing touches to the ruin of the writer Skipton, simply because Skipton had insulted Dorothy in the high style, the grand manner. If Skipton were alive today and having a go at Dorothy, Cosmo would have leaned happily back in the dress circle, fingers tip to tip, completely nonpartisan." When, at the end of the book, he receives word of his wife's fatal illness, he has no difficulty in remaining calm. Dorothy is so outrageous that she almost spoils the satiric effect of the trilogy; she becomes an example not of literary silliness but of an ego grown as destructive as a cancer.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

**FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1157**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1157 will be found in the next issue.*

OJP BHCP VPOUPPC TKHOHTHMA XCR HCRQTPAPCOM OE JXOP HM CEO XBUXZM TBPXK XCR CPXO.

AEKKHM B. PKCMO

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1156***

*Reverence:—The spiritual attitude of a man to a God and a dog to a man.*
—AMBROSE BIERCE.

# LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

### Topsy-turvy

I APPRECIATE the honor of your reproduction of my *The Red Skirt* (Whitney Museum of American Art, NYC) in *SR*, Sept. 11, but I do wish the reproduction had been right-side up. Since there is a tendency to repeat published errors, would you be kind enough to print a reproduction right-side up?

ROBERT MOTHERWELL.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR *is embarrassed not to have known which end was up.*

### Masadah and Qumran

MY OLD FRIEND Theodor Gaster, in his review of my book on the Dead Sea Scrolls [*SR*, Sept. 4], has of course adhered to his old views: but it is somewhat unfair of him to support them by the old exploded arguments. That Qumran and Masadah were inaccessible the one from the other has been utterly disproved by the fact that legal documents written at Masadah have now been found in the Qumran deposits. (Water communication by the way was not impossible.) I do not suggest that all the Scrolls were written within a space of a few years, but only that a certain scroll unmistakably referring to the period 66-73 was written at that time. The basic fact is that the only liturgical fragment found at Masadah follows the preposterous Qumran liturgy, and *in default of evidence to the contrary* it must be accepted that the denizens of Masadah and those of Qumran belonged to the same religious sect—*i.e.*, were Zealots.

CECIL ROTH.
Jerusalem, Israel

### Cowardly

YOUR REVIEWS of the books *A Gift of Prophecy* and *Croiset the Clairvoyant* read as though they were written by a committee. They are bland and inoffensive. The reviews would have been a lot more dashing if they had stated either that the books were contrary to common sense and to modern science, and that anyone who allowed himself to be influenced by them was ignorant and soft in the head, or else that the books were so well documented that anyone who was not completely convinced was denying proven fact and was a hopeless victim of an obsolete, materialistic outlook.

I, for one, am not afraid to take a definite stand, namely that *SR* is a coward.

HARRIS H. BALL.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

### Attack on Church Steps

NANCY PLUMMER FAXON [Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, Sept. 18] apparently considers it hypocritical to attempt to integrate a church unless you, personally, care to worship within. The best answer to this pronouncement is to be found in the words of a high-school student, Miss Wilma Jones, who discussed this objection in an essay in *The Activist*, a publication of the Tuskegee Institute Advancement League. "I agree with the way one encyclopedia defines a church. 'A Church is a public place of worship or belonging to the Lord and Master.' Whenever a door is locked to me because I am a Negro, then I am considered a sub-human being and not worthy of entering. I will not accept this because I consider myself equal to any human being." I happen to agree with Miss Jones, and if the Negro community attempts to integrate a church, and if they ask for help, I am with them.

Might I add that Miss Jones and other members of TIAL have displayed a great deal of courage in putting their beliefs into action, a courage a good number of Northern country-club Christians might well emulate. I was with this group on July 18th when eighteen of them were attacked on the steps of a Methodist church by a gang of thirty assorted thugs armed with guns, hatchets, ball bats, open knives, and bottles. Three of the TIAL group were injured; but Miss Jones and the rest of the group behaved with dignity and decency. The church motto for the week, by the way, posted outside the house of worship, was: "God holds us responsible for the use of our leisure time."

CHARLES SHAPIRO.
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

### Misfits

AFTER MY FIFTH REREADING of Granville Hicks's LITERARY HORIZONS [*SR*, Aug. 21], I find I must take issue with his contention that the misfits of today's fiction are admirable because modern culture isn't worth adjusting to. Mr. Hicks, if adjustment is so disgraceful, why aren't you out on a beach making whoopee instead of writing for *Saturday Review*? Adjustment to our culture implies acceptance of its mandate that one take a responsible position in our society, as you are doing in that small village where your autobiography says you're working wonders. The only other serious choice one has is to abandon altogether the values of our society and to drift.

Surely withdrawing from our culture is not a course you recommend? Is failure to be touted as the modern goal? The protagonists of several new novels I have read


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recently have been men running from job, wife, and children to a supposed "discovery of their true selves." To my mind, at least, they've wound up more confused than self-discovered.

And what do you mean, anyway, when you talk of "modern culture"? Television? Movies? People? A man is a man and he lives as he must—but he lives in a dream world if he thinks that life is made up of corrupt officialdom fighting for the soul of innocent man. Life is flesh-and-blood people, and the battle is waged in the heart of man himself. . . .

The goal of any intelligent man is to live his life in as productive, satisfying, and meaningful a way as he can arrange it. To say that the "successful" man lives an empty life, and to imply that the "misfit" lives a fuller one, is false reasoning: failure, by its very nature, can never be a positive good. Agreed, the man who is completely happy in today's world, with its injustice and hypocrisy, is not deep enough to be worthy of respect; but the misfit you call admirable is not disciplined enough to be worthy of it either. . . .

I am not saying that "every day in every way we're getting better and better." I am saying that while there is evil in this world, there is also good . . . and that these values, good and evil, *do* exist. . . .

ELLEN LEVINE.

Riverdale, N.Y.

I DIDN'T SAY that "the misfits of today's fiction are admirable because modern culture isn't worth adjusting to." I said that most serious novelists today find misfits more interesting than the well-adjusted, and that this is a significant commentary on our culture.

Not many misfits in contemporary fiction make whoopee on a beach. The misfits I have in mind are such characters as Dreiser's Clyde Griffiths, O'Neill's Edmund Tyrone, Hemingway's Frederick Henry, Bellow's Moses Herzog, Malamud's Si Levin, Morris's Gordon Boyd, Baldwin's Rufus Scott, Updike's Rabbit Engstrom, and so forth and so on.

The misfit in contemporary fiction is a phenomenon that no amount of well-intentioned exhortation can dispose of.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Grafton, N.Y.

### Try the Vendors

I GREATLY APPRECIATE your lists of recommended books, and would often like to order one or more. You seem to assume that all your readers . . . can easily find the addresses of publishers. Unfortunately, many of us live out of reach of this information, and the publisher's name is insufficient information to send in an order. . . .

MRS. EDGAR WERTHEIM.

Seal Beach, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Most public libraries have copies of* Literary Market Place, *which contains the addresses of publishers. Many, however, prefer that readers order books through their local bookstores or those in nearby towns. Booksellers in the United States and Canada are listed by state and city in* The American Book Trade Directory *—also available in libraries.*

# A Free Man with a Free Mind

***Kennedy,*** *by Theodore C. Sorensen (Harper & Row. 783 pp. $10), draws upon the idea man's eleven-year, "dawn to exhaustion" association with JFK for its delineation of the late President. Biographer and historian Margaret L. Coit, a member of the faculty of Fairleigh Dickinson University, became acquainted with Mr. Kennedy in 1952.*

By MARGARET L. COIT

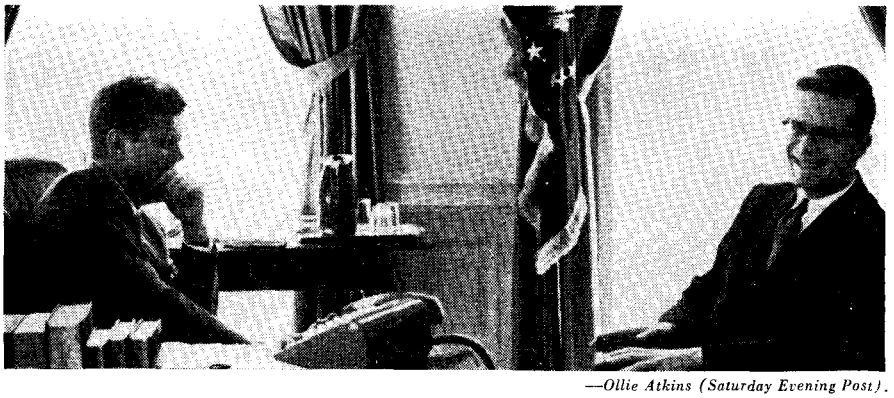
ONE OF the lost hopes of John F. Kennedy was to write his memoirs of his years in office. He was aware that his would not be the final word, that Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., for instance, "would be writing a solid book." Yet, as his aide of eleven years, Theodore Sorensen, points out: "Few American Presidents who made so much history possessed his sense of history." No honor more delighted him than his Pulitzer Prize; nothing angered him more than the unfounded charge that *Profiles in Courage* was ghost-written.

Only he could have given us a full understanding of the trials of being a President in the Atomic Age, or of the loneliness that not even the most devoted of wives or dedicated of brothers could share. Always, he realized he was President, not only of the living, but of those yet unborn; he saw politics as the noblest of professions, and truly believed that "one man can make a difference." During his Presidential years, he was preparing for his book, turning data over to Sorensen with the admonition: "I just wanted to make sure you got that down for the book we're going to write." And Sorensen would reply: "the book you're going to write, Mr. President."

This, Sorensen admits, is his substitute for that other book, tragically lost in the greater tragedy. It is a worthy substitute—sound, solid, honest. Sorensen does not interpret; he does not psychoanalyze. He presents the facts, as lodged in his memory and stacked in his files. The book is low-key, understated, like its subject; during Sorensen's years as chief idea-man and speech writer the Kennedy style truly became "our style."

Like the speeches, the drama of the book is in the events themselves, not in their presentation. The accounts of the Cuban missile and Big Steel confrontations are spine-tingling, although the edge has been taken off by magazine serialization. Sorensen scorns to travel ground already well-trodden; for him the tragedy at Dallas was not "how his death happened" but what it stopped, how "the world had suddenly changed."

LIKE his Chief, Sorensen grinds no axes; the book is warm with his and Kennedy's admiration for the team and the Cabinet, "a Ministry of Talent"; for Dean Rusk ("at no time did the President regret having selected him") and for Lyndon B. Johnson, who really wanted to be on the ticket with Kennedy—but in a different position! Sorensen gives a fair picture of Nixon, whom he sees as "much more able and likable" than generally thought. He is unstinted in his praise for Robert Kennedy. Sorensen pictures Kennedy's fascination with de Gaulle, both for the General's role in the past and his concept of the future. He also shows us the President's meas-



*—Ollie Atkins (Saturday Evening Post).*

**JFK and Theodore C. Sorensen—"the Kennedy style became 'our style.'"**



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ure of the shrewd and tough Khrushchev, the former pitting his own determination against the Russian leader's belligerency. However, although Sorensen had access to the intriguing Kennedy-Khrushchev correspondence, out of deference to future high-level communications he does not quote the earthy Russian leader.

While it is patently unfair to contrast a book in totality with magazine condensations, this can be said: Sorensen's version of events differs from other accounts, not so much in detail as in emphasis. It is to be doubted that Kennedy would really have set up any alternative, but Sorensen frankly admits that the President was "discouraged with the State Department." He is equally candid about other matters: Kennedy's overstressed relationship with his father, his years of ill health and pain, his siege on crutches in the White House in 1961. Occasionally the book sags under the weight of its detail. And though it also suffers somewhat from Sorensen's decision not to name names of participants in policy discussions, taken in all, it is a reservoir of facts for future biographers and historians.

Sorensen never, however, presumes that he or anyone else knew "all the thoughts" of so elusive and complex a man as Jack Kennedy. Superficially, he would seem to have been the last to have penetrated the Presidential reserve, so wide was the gap between the two men —one a graduate of Harvard, the other of the University of Nebraska; one a Catholic, the other Unitarian; one the son of a multimillionaire conservative Democrat, the other of a Midwestern liberal Republican. Yet, we have the guileless assertion of Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln that Sorensen was "like a younger brother," and, second only to Robert Kennedy, "there was no one the President trusted more."

Sorensen learned from Kennedy and grew with him, played touch football with him, watched him and Jacqueline walking hand in hand during respites from the Cuban crisis, knew his surface irritability and "infinite patience." (Only once is Kennedy shown as angered at an individual: "He cursed himself for ever believing [Ross] Barnett.") Between Kennedy and Sorensen there were "few secrets and no illusions." Their affinity was a matter of temperament; both were objective, restrained. Above all, Sorensen's eleven-year "dawn-to-exhaustion" association with Kennedy gives him a vantage point over all other biographers, so far. He had a unique opportunity to evaluate what seemed to be JFK's greatest quality: his capacity for growth.

SORENSEN, for instance, describes him as "the oldest kind of liberal, the free man with the free mind," free of myth and prejudice and fear. He was committed; "he cared deeply and personally about education, human rights, better health, cleaner cities and greater dignity for the aged." His cool mind was matched to a warm heart, but he scorned to display his feelings by dramatics and ranting, and thus was frequently dismissed as uncommitted and cold. He saw Negroes as people and voters, no different from others; he hated no one and tried to root hatred out of public life. But his rationality only made the hate groups angrier, something that explains the antipathy he evoked in the South, for nothing is more irritating than someone keeping his head when everyone else is losing theirs.

To Sorensen, courage was the keynote of Kennedy's entire public life. He has a vignette of the young Senator waiting, crutches in one hand and a speech of censure in the other, when suddenly the issue of Joseph McCarthy was sent back into committee and Kennedy into a hospital. When the final vote was called, Kennedy was at death's door, and the responsibility for recording him or not recording him on the censure vote fell to Sorensen. "But I had been trained in the discipline of due process and civil liberties. An absent juror, who had not been present for the trial or even heard the indictment (which in this case was amended in the course of debate), should not have his predetermined position recorded. In all conscience I could not ask the Secretary of the Senate to pair or record Kennedy for censure."

As a campaigner, Kennedy defended the Catholic Church in Texas, and civil rights in Mississippi; later he admitted, "This issue could cost me the election, but we are not turning back." As President, he refused to accept Eisenhower's assurances that the military structure was adequate, and that if you could win a big war, you could surely win a little one. Fighting a two-front battle with Congress and the Pentagon, he narrowed the missile gap, ordered training for guerrilla warfare, and double-checked civilian control, command, and communications.

REALIZING that no one could "win" a nuclear war and that massive retaliation was "no longer credible," Kennedy sought new solutions, and ways of living with problems without solutions. With Congress mathematically stacked against him, he learned to by-pass it, to do by Executive Order what Congress denied him. World affairs challenged his greatest talents, and here most of his best work had to be done in secret. His climactic moment came at the end of the Cuban confrontation: JFK entered the Cabinet Room, and all instinctively stood up. He had earned his place in history.

To Sorensen, Kennedy was "an extraordinary man, an extraordinary politician, and an extraordinary President," who may well loom even larger in the long perspective of history. He had helped bring about a new era in race relations, in Soviet relations, in space, and in the concept of federal aid for education. He had reached for the moon. More important than the Kennedy "style" was the tone he gave his era, the atmosphere for the later and more dramatic achievements of the Great Society. "History," writes Sorensen, "will remember John Kennedy for what he started as well as for what he completed."

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# In Love with the Renaissance

***Conversations with Berenson,*** *by Umberto Morra, translated from the Italian by Florence Hammond (Houghton Mifflin. 305 pp. $5.95), credits the Renaissance art historian with political and social attitudes that are at odds with his previous expressions. Arthur Darack is book and art editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

By ARTHUR DARACK

THE LEADING Renaissance art scholar of the early part of our century, Bernard Berenson has been the subject of a flood of books ever since he was discovered alive in his hideout from the Nazis near the famous Florentine villa, *I Tatti*. Surely, he is worth studying. Yet how much weight should be attached to this book of conversations with him? How much of it is Berenson; how much Umberto Morra—even though the latter's credentials are certified by Berenson:

> Morra, working with his pincers the way one does to pull the last little piece of meat from the claw of a lobster, has by now extracted from us all the information possible about our entire life, and must now know it down to the least detail, as we know it ourselves.

Nevertheless, Morra's book is not-quite Berenson. The root attitudes and ideas, their contradictions and paradoxes, his familiar prejudices and persuasions, and something of the man's scope are here—in part. But one questions certain of the political and social postures compared with Berenson's own writing, for example in his wartime diary.

The key to Berenson was his worship of the art of the Italian Renaissance; he believed in its masterpieces as holy writ. "If we are honest and clearsighted, we have to admit that there is no comment one can make on the new products of the day. Likewise one can never be sure of the 'duration' of the work of art, except at a definite and fairly considerable distance. . . ." That distance he reckoned as the time between us and the Renaissance. In his own books Berenson is best when he is describing individual painters and their works. He stressed "tactile values" in painting and, of course, is famous for his "attributions"—the authenticating of doubtful works, the denial of earlier attributions. He made a fortune at it, working for the Gardner collections, and later for Duveen.

Sometimes Morra reports an illuminating description of an artist: "Goya is a rapid, nervous draftsman, but he is not a great draftsman. He is an artist riddled with Mannerism. . . . He is not a realist but a brutalist; he has no more contact with reality than his emulators, except to the extent that he violates it."

Morra ascribes to Berenson the fashionable anti-American attitude of the times: Americans are barbarians because we did not have a Renaissance. Trained in the traditions of Pater (for attitude), Winckelmann and Burckhardt (for method), Berenson had, as a boy of ten, been brought to this country from the Lithuanian Jewish "pale." At Harvard he was a brilliant student, as interested in literature and music as in painting and languages. There is something inexpressibly comic about his assertion that New England's "terrible climate" will not support civilization; the air up there does not permit Boston to breathe. Berenson overcame this atmospheric handicap admirably.

Berenson was noted for his wit in conversation. Morra quotes, among others, this epigram: "Boast is always a cry of despair, except when in the young it is a cry of hope." Sometimes he sounds like an early Dwight Macdonald excoriating popular culture: "I predict an age of deformed and vulgar esthetic. . . ." He talks about some of the great men whom he knew. Proust he describes as ". . . dirty, untidy, with a voice like a peacock—a bad imitation of Montesquiou. His conversations were like his letters, interminable explanations of why he could not stay longer, or could not be seen more often (walking back and forth in Place Vendôme). He was eaten alive by snobbery."

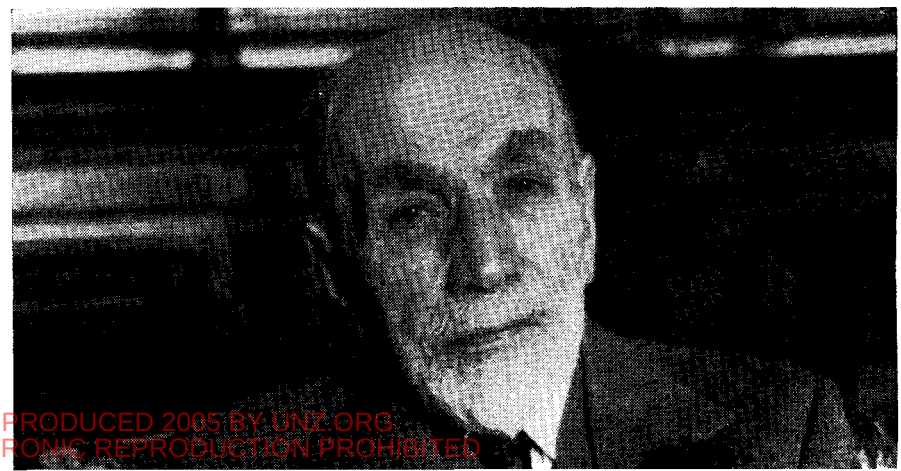
Morra pictures Berenson as talking often about philosophy, which he disdained, and about politics, in which he was a royalist: he went about holding his nose at most of the history of our century. Indeed, much of the book is taken up with politics, but Morra saddles Berenson with attitudes that do not wholly ring true, considering Berenson's own expressions elsewhere. He seems here, for example, to prefer the Fascists and the Nazis to Soviet Russia. While he was by no means in sympathy with Communism, Berenson detested the Fascists and Nazis, and regarded the USSR with the perspective of the historian. In this book he thinks it will take Russia several centuries to meet his approval, and it is unlikely that American culture will develop more rapidly.

Suppose these are Berenson's real views? Perhaps our century should be put in a kind of historical ghetto, sealed off and contained. Our age has contributed the worst scientific mark against humanity, the nuclear bomb, and the worst moral blot, Hitler's murder factories and murder squads. But if he believed that, Berenson surely was wrong in crediting the Renaissance with moral superiority. It had every intention to do what Hitler, Stalin, and modern technology achieved. It merely lacked technology.

Containment is a poor solution to anything. It implies that your opponent is not good enough to associate with you; and tensions, hates, and fears are the only possible reactions in an argument in which agreement seems difficult and remote. Berenson seems to think that the centuries following the Renaissance were not good enough to associate with him. In this he will be proven false; his works will continue to be read (though he complains elsewhere that his books on the Italian painters are now ignored), and all the reminiscences, letters, diaries, biographies, and conversations in which he figures will cause him to associate with us whether he would like it or not.

**Bernard Berenson: "I predict an age of deformed and vulgar esthetic . . ."**

*—Pix.*





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# Private Eye on the FBI

***The Doorbell Rang: A Nero Wolfe Novel,*** *by Rex Stout (Viking. 186 pp. $3.50), is the author's forty-first recital of the adventures of the weightiest member (282 pounds) of the private-eye fraternity, who here meets "his toughest opponent ever." John T. Winterich is a contributing editor of Saturday Review.*

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

HAS A comment on a mystery-murder-detective novel ever begun by quoting the final 160 words of the text? One thinks not. So here we go on the great adventure (the narrator is Archie Goodwin, the great man's fidus Achates, dogsbody, and thorn in the abundant flesh; the "he" is Nero Wolfe himself):

> The doorbell rang. I got up and went to the hall and saw a character on the stoop I had never seen before, but I had seen plenty of pictures of him. I stepped back in and said, "Well, well. The *big* fish."
>
> He frowned at me, then got it, and did something he never does. He left his chair and came. We stood side by side, looking. The caller put a finger to the button, and the doorbell rang.
>
> "No appointment," I said. "Shall I take him to the front room to wait a while?"
>
> "No. I have nothing for him. Let him get a sore finger." He turned and went back in to his desk.
>
> I stepped in. "He probably came all the way from Washington just to see you. Quite an honor."
>
> "Pfui. Come and finish this."
>
> I returned to my chair. "As I was saying, I may have to tell her privately . . ."
>
> The doorbell rang.

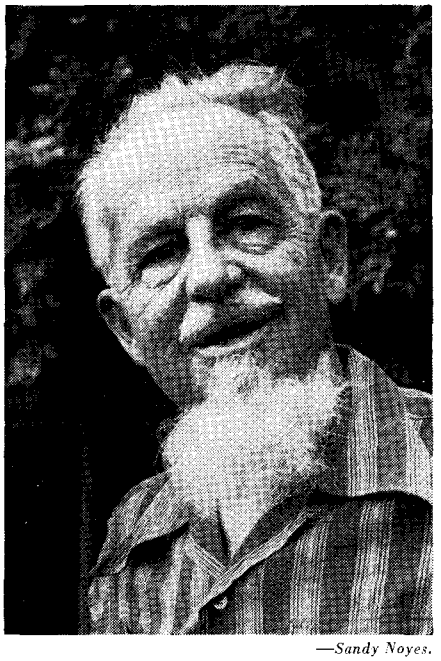
Let us go back to the beginning of the story. Rachel Bruner, a wealthy, middle-aged New York widow, greatly impressed by Fred Cook's book *The FBI Nobody Knows,* has distributed 10,000 copies of it far and wide. For doing this, she tells Wolfe and Goodwin, she has been and is still being "tailed" (she throws the word between quotes); her telephones have been tapped; the hundred-plus employees of her late husband's corporation have been questioned, as have numerous associates and friends. She is convinced that a single agency is responsible for these indignities. She hands Wolfe a check for $100,000 as a retainer and asks him to look into things.

The sedentary sage and his ambulant aide get to work. There is a murder, and in the course of the investigation Inspector Cramer of Manhattan's Homicide South appears—a somewhat chastened, occasionally even courteous Inspector Cramer. Inspector Cramer is, of course, the perpetual bumbler, or semibumbler, of the Wolfe saga. He is a reincarnation of Sherlock Holmes's *bête noire,* Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard, and there may be some significance in the fact that the names Cramer and Lestrade have identical vowels. Early in Wolfe's career some Baker Street Irregular discovered that the names Nero Wolfe and Sherlock Holmes also have identical vowels and in the right places. The Cramer-Lestrade parallel ends with the vowels. Archie Goodwin, as every Wolfeite knows, is not Dr. John S. Watson's opposite number save for the fact that each is the teller of the tales in which the great man, either great man, scores. Archie Goodwin is himself a licensed private detective who is frequently in some fear of losing his license; Watson has only a medical certificate, which he is in danger of losing only through obsolescence.

Inspector Cramer tells Archie Goodwin that the murder victim "had been collecting material for an article on the FBI for *Tick-Tock* magazine, and not a sign of it, nothing, was there in the apartment." Further, that same night "three FBI men left the house at sixty-three Arbor Street and went around the corner to a car and drove off." The license number was noted. Cramer admits that from here onward the going will be tough. "I've seen plenty of murderers I could name," he continues, "but so what, if I couldn't prove it. But this one, that goddam outfit, I'd give a year's pay to hook them and make it stick. This isn't their town, it's mine. Ours. The New York Police Department. They've had us gritting our teeth for years."

No more of the story will be revealed here.

When Rex Stout reached his seventy-fifth birthday, on December 1, 1961, the Viking Press, who have been his publishers since 1946, made him a gracious obeisance: they ran two-column tributes in the metropolitan dailies which reproduced his portrait and wished him many happy returns. He is easily the doyen of mystery writers in English and probably in any language, though Erle Stanley Gardner, two and a half years younger, is a close runner-up, and his output far exceeds Stout's.



—*Sandy Noyes.*

**Rex Stout— a plot in twenty minutes.**

Rex Stout has written fourteen non-Wolfe novels. Three of these extolled the attainments of a peeper named Tecumseh Fox; seven have been straight-out novels. The first Nero Wolfe story was *Fer-de-Lance* (and we all know what *that* is!), published in 1934, when Stout was forty-seven years old. This may have made him the senior starter in the national or even world mystery field, certainly for a writer who concentrated on mysteries thereafter. Again Gardner is probably runner-up; he unveiled Perry Mason in 1933 at the age of forty-four. At the other end of the spectrum (again probably) is Phoebe Atwood Taylor, who gave the world her first Asey Mayo Cape Cod bloodletting at a precocious twenty-two (Norton is now reissuing her stories for a later generation).

The Wolfe-Goodwin formula is simple and effective. The granitic Wolfe does the headwork, the peripatetic Goodwin (England has named a sands for him) the legwork, and the rough stuff when required. Wolfe rarely goes abroad, using the term in its narrowest sense of outdoors, though once he went abroad with a big A, all the way to Montenegro. The late Bernard De Voto, former editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and for several years conductor of the Easy Chair in *Harper's Magazine,* went exhaustively into Wolfe's background in one of his papers, "Alias Nero Wolfe" (*Harper's,* July 1954). De Voto noted that the spelling "Monte-negro" is the Venetian variant of the Italian name "Monte Nero," and he added: "The inescapable conclusion is that 'Nero Wolfe'



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is a pseudonym." Of at least moderate importance if true, doubtless; but names need not concern us here.

More pertinent to our present purposes is De Voto's mention, in this same paper, of the fact that Wolfe had had previous contacts (one might almost say huddles) with the FBI. "Before the Second World War," De Voto wrote, "Wolfe did confidential work for the State Department, and during the war was consulted professionally by the FBI on at least two occasions and by G-2 repeatedly." But that was in the good old days.

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**The Author:** Rex Stout, whom the McCormick newspapers used to refer to as "the goat-bearded mystery writer," was born in Indiana in 1886 and "moved to Kansas at the age of one because I was fed up with Indiana politics." Today he lives in a house he built thirty-five years ago on a hill that is both in New York and Connecticut. "The house was built all in Connecticut because I didn't want Hamilton Fish—so what did I get? Clare Boothe Luce!"

The Stout house is a concrete, fourteen-room, U-shaped affair built around an inner court. "To a certain extent it was modeled after that of a bey's in Algiers. We didn't put in a eunuch well since there are no eunuchs in this country. While it was going up I was referred to as the man who was building the monkey house. I think I am accepted today. I may not be considered wonderful but I'm tolerated.

"I write for thirty-nine days consecutively each year. When I'm writing I don't even stop to water my house plants; I have 300 of them so you can see it's quite a chore. I figure on six weeks for a book but I shave it down. I only do one book a year now. My record to date is fifty-one books in thirty-six years. There was a period of ten years when people wanted books about characters other than Nero Wolfe. I never do more than one Nero Wolfe a year." (Note: When Mr. Stout is not involved in his thirty-nine days, he is very busy on the Board of Directors of Freedom House; as the president—since 1951—of the Author's League of America, and as chairman—since 1949—of the Writers' Board for World Government.)

"It takes me twenty minutes to plot a book. I need a focus. It can be anything. I once decided that Wolfe should go to the flower show and have a murder take place there. That's all I need. Hell, I'm seventy-eight and I've been around.

"I didn't think of *The Doorbell Rang* as an attack on the FBI while I was writing it. I hadn't the faintest idea of attacking. Have you ever read a Sherlock Holmes story? Did you consider it an attack on Scotland Yard? Now I'm beginning to think that the book may lead people to stand up and speak out against the FBI.

"It is conceivable to me that the FBI might tail me or tap my phone because of this book. I think it is wonderful. I've written so often about ditching tails. I'd like to try to do it.

"In a democratic country, J. Edgar Hoover is a completely impossible person to be in a position of authority. Do you know that he has decreed that no fictional FBI agent may be portrayed in a movie or on television without the FBI's approval of the actor? I understand why Hoover has done that, but what is surprising is that people have let him get away with it. The fact that Hoover even attempts such control makes him an impossible person in authority in a democratic country.

"I've been asked if I know what kind of man he is. I think I know from actions of his that have been made public. I got my first idea from the newspapers years ago when I read that he frequently went to the races with Senator McCarthy. I was astonished that a man—Hoover—whose function is to preserve and uphold the law would take as a social companion a man who was so obviously a threat to the very basis of democracy.

"I would like to see an FBI managed and directed in such a manner that the citizens who hire them can contemplate them and talk about them even to the point of severe criticism, as they do all other police organizations in this country.

"I've written a lot of stories in which the New York police and the D.A. of Westchester County have done questionable things but it's never kicked up the dust like this one. I may stick with the FBI for a few more years if it makes people buy books. The FBI certainly has asked for it."

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

# The Prodigal Son-in-Law

***Yoshe Kalb**, by I. J. Singer, translated from the Yiddish by Maurice Samuel (Harper & Row. 246 pp. $4.95), tells of a Polish rabbi's son-in-law who runs away to wander the roads as a beggar. Emile Capouya is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THE PUBLISHER is reissuing the novels of I. J. Singer, author of *The Brothers Ashkenazi*, and *Yoshe Kalb* is the first of the series to appear. By way of introduction this edition of the novel has an interesting memoir by Isaac Bashevis Singer, the author's brother, himself an at least equally distinguished writer. The very first paragraph of that introduction presents a problem that is solved for the reader only by the novel that follows. The problem is so typical of the moral and artistic crisis of the age that it is well worth discussing, together with the resolution in a work of art that the author attempted and achieved. Mr. Singer writes:

> In the late Twenties my brother, I. J. Singer, created a sensation in Jewish literary circles by sending a letter to several Yiddish newspapers in Warsaw announcing that he no longer thought of himself as a Yiddish writer. The reaction was one of great astonishment. How could an author renounce a literature as if it were some club from which he could resign? Furthermore, what had brought the young and talented I. J. Singer to the point where he felt the need to separate himself from the tradition of Yiddish literature? In his letter he had gone so far as to say that writing in Yiddish was "humiliating."

How bitterly familiar, that longing to resign, to escape the accidents of this conditional life that humiliate our manhood. The Flamenco singer cries, "I should like to renounce this world, ah, utterly!" For her, renunciation may mean the cloister, entering into a discipline that protects the spirit. But, short of death, the writer must speak. Mr. Singer goes on to say that the author of *Yoshe Kalb* could not turn to Hebrew, since in

—*Carl Van Vechten.*

**I. J. Singer—"ironic high spirits."**



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those days it was scarcely a living language. He thought of perfecting his German, but the similarities between that language and Yiddish, which make it easy to begin the study of one on the basis of the other, ultimately present pitfalls for the writer, the craftsman of letters for whom the approximate is always wrong.

> Then suddenly he decided that German was not the right language for him and that he should study French instead. The idea that my brother should keep from writing until he knew French well enough to write in it seemed to me grotesque. He knew only a few words of French. I am convinced that even if he studied twenty years he would never master the language. Besides, his French tutor did not know the language himself.

These backings and fillings, recounted with sympathetic irony, are amusing until we remember that what is at stake is a man's calling, his sense of himself, his usefulness to his fellow men. What I. J. Singer was trying to escape was not the grammar and syntax of Yiddish, but the milieu in which the language was spoken, a culture that he had come to regard as narrow, decadent, stultifying—in his own word, humiliating.

That is how, in our day, the sensitive Western artist—I have no data for the East—whatever his speech and nation, is likely to assess the position. How did Singer resolve his dilemma? Typically, again, by immersing himself in the destructive element.

He began to recreate in a novel a legend that was based on recent tradition, the story of Yoshe Kalb—Yoshe Mooncalf, or, as Mr. Maurice Samuel renders it here, in a translation that is generally spirited and agreeable, Yoshe the Loon.

Nahum, the shy, frail son of a scholar, is married when scarcely adolescent to the daughter of a rabbi in Austrian Poland. The rabbi, of course, wields temporal as well as spiritual power, in keeping with the theocratic Jewish tradition. Gross, imposing, ignorant, successful, he rules the rabbinical court as a tyrant and makes a good thing of it financially. His daughter, Nahum's bride, is naturally gentle and patient, but at bottom as coarse and unreflecting as her father. Then the rabbi brings home a young wife, his third. Malkah is the daughter of a woman who ran away with a lover; she is wild herself, and incapable of entertaining suitable sentiments of reverence for her husband on the score of age, wealth, or power. She torments Nahum into falling in love with her, and they carry on an intermittent and desperate liaison. Malkah dies in childbirth. On that very day, Nahum steals away from the rabbinical court, and wanders the roads as a beggar.

From that time on he is known as Yoshe, Yoshe the Loon. Eventually he is pressed into service as the caretaker of a synagogue in a distant town. An epidemic strikes the town; an idiot girl is found to be with child; Yoshe is accused of being her seducer, and he is forcibly married to her in order to exorcize the evil and halt the plague.

The story is one of mistaken ideals, of purity and youth imposed upon and corrupted, of superstition, intolerance, and worldly striving gilded with piety. But it is told with great exuberance, and a kind of ironic high spirits. If I. J. Singer did not spare his countrymen, nor mankind at large, neither did he wholly give them up as unredeemable. That is the difference between Singer and the serious writers working in our own horrendous and listless times. The salt, the leaven, the light have lost their virtue; their power cannot be recovered for art until we have recovered it in our lives.

# Bound to the Fate of Her Father

***Electra,** by Gladys Schmitt (Harcourt, Brace & World. 313 pp. $4.95), retells the ancient tale of Agamemnon's daughter that inspired works by Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Robert Payne's many books include "Ancient Greece."*

By ROBERT PAYNE

For half a century the Greeks have been rewriting their ancient classics, but rarely successfully, for the weight of the past is too heavy and they break under the strain. The interminable epic which Kazantzakis called *The Odyssey, A Modern Sequel* is not so much a sequel as a vast tearing asunder of the original legends to find a form more digestible to his own Nietzschean temper. Seferis and Cavafy have fared better, perhaps because they are more humble; they caught the authentic notes of the Alexandrian decadence. An Alexandrian Greek would read them with pleasure; the Germanic overtones of Kazantzakis would remain incomprehensible. It is not very difficult in our own age to recapture the Alexandrian world-weariness. What is difficult and perhaps impossible is to recapture the brazen strength and fury of the age of Pericles, the hard and clearcut edges, the stern splendor.

The game is scarcely worth the playing, or so one believes until a writer comes along who dares to do the impossible. Not that Gladys Schmitt's *Electra* is completely successful. She has evidently saturated herself in the world of Aeschylus and Sophocles, and knows her way about ancient Greece. She knows every nook and cranny of the fortress palace at Mycenae, and she sees it very much as Aeschylus must have seen it. For her it is a dark and heavy place veined with guilt under lowering skies, more like a prison than a chieftain's stronghold, the menace almost tangible, vaporous and suffocating. In the opening chapter we see the palace far below from the heights of the gaunt mountain where the gnarled old watchkeeper is waiting for the signal fire that will announce the fall of Troy. It is a wonderful opening chapter. Aeschylus, too, liked the bird's-eye view of things. When the young Princess Electra arrives to tell the watchkeeper that her brother Orestes has fled from the palace, and the old man and the Princess are caught up in a common misery, you have the feeling that Miss Schmitt has invented a legend of her own which is completely consonant with Greek legend; and indeed whenever we see Electra there is a resonance and truth which are breathtaking.

In the nature of things such a book must consist of set pieces. The myths concerning Electra and the homecoming of Agamemnon are conflicting; the modern writer must fuse his own inventions into the stream of all the available stories and somehow round them off, so that we have one distinct, plausible picture. Miss Schmitt's inventions are among the best scenes in the book. Her

**Gladys Schmitt—"the Periclean touch."**



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—*Culver.*

**Aleka Catselli (center) in the film *Electra*—"leaping off the page with her quick-wittedness and bloody-mindedness."**

description of the Spring Festival, where Electra and Clytemnestra are rivals; the endlessly talkative visitor from Corinth who ties Aegisthus up in knots; the portrait of Aegisthus as a doddering old conniver with the instincts of a goat; Clytemnestra as a wanton half in spite of herself; above all the quivering, eager Electra with the mercilessness of the very young—all, these are finely and accurately portrayed. Agamemnon returns from the wars, and we see him only briefly; this, too, is as it should be.

But here and there, especially towards the end, there are signs of faltering. Cassandra is an almost impossible person to depict, and her ravings are oddly unconvincing. The murder of Agamemnon is scarcely more convincing, and the return of Orestes in the last chapters carries no conviction at all. For some reason Miss Schmitt concludes on a note of menace, as Orestes and Electra prepare to visit doom on the house of Clytemnestra: the dark smoke rises, but there is no glint of swords. The novel ends like a river vanishing into the sand.

Still, one should be grateful for *Electra*. It is an uncanny portrait, richly worked with the Periclean touch. The girl comes leaping off the page with her quick-wittedness and bloody-mindedness, her charm and innocence, and her abiding savagery. She is quite simply unforgettable.

# Music, Image, and Emotion

By WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

IDEALLY, the poor devil who attempts to assess the new books of poetry that have appeared during a three-month period would find perhaps half a dozen to which he felt obligated. He could then devote reasonable space to each of the happy few. But, after roving back and forth through fifty or sixty volumes, after gently putting aside verses by all kinds and conditions of people from an Iowa housewife to the Poet Laureate of England, I still retain a dismaying number of books which it would be at the most unwise and at the least ungracious to neglect.

For me the most unalloyed excitement has come from two new books by one poet, A. R. Ammons. They are *Corson's Inlet* and *Tape for the Turn of the Year* (Cornell University Press, $3.95 and $4.95 respectively). The latter is a single long poem, a sort of verse diary extending from December 6, 1963, to January 10, 1964. Ammons wrote it on a roll of adding machine tape, allowing the width of the paper to determine the length of the line. Yes, it sounds like a stunt, and it is—but an utterly beguiling one. Its materials range from daily trivia to God. It is less a diary than a journal of thought, often humorous and always lively. It takes us into a mind that is fun to listen to, quick with response and awareness and search for meaning. And it is accomplished with a light, conversational tone, suitable to the seemingly casual thing Ammons is up to. Sharpness, economy of writing, and an underlying tension eliminate the question of "Shouldn't this have been—or could it be—prose?"

*Corson's Inlet*, a collection of shorter poems, is denser, though it displays the same ease of style. Walking over the dunes, Ammons says, "I was released from forms,/from the perpendiculars . . . I allow myself eddies of meaning:/yield to a direction of significance." The outdoors inspires much of his poetry, but mixed with "inner weather." Whitman, Pound, and Williams are perhaps the most notable influences, yet Ammons uses the inheritance in his own way. As an observer he is Yeats's passionate man, and he writes with clarity and without waste. At his best he displays a heart-shaking simplicity that is really controlled perception and emotion.

Perhaps as newsworthy is a first book by eighteen-year-old David Shapiro, who has been praised by the likes of Kay Boyle, Dudley Fitts, and Kenneth Rexroth. It seems to me dangerous for one so young to be already published, but no doubt there are exceptions. As another youngster once said to me when, avuncularly, I cautioned him against haste in seeking a publisher, "What about Rimbaud?" And I daresay it's a good question. Anyway, Shapiro's *January* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4) is suitably difficult, as "strange" on first reading as were Hart Crane's poems. "We work in dream logic," Shapiro says, and that may be a guide to the way the poems leap from image to image and show a strong impulse to wrench poetry out of syntax. "Who are you and what cruelty in what theater/Do you still play cello and strip for friends/Atlantic City fingers warmed by the electric-heater/Sun—a decadent image everybody understands." One has seen such willful beginnings develop marvelously (as with Crane), and also perish early (as with how many forgotten poets).

THE late John Holmes was a completely different kind of poet. His work was always plain, quiet, close to home, like minor Frost; though it reached out farther both for matter and form in Holmes's later years. The bulk of it remained specifically personal; for all the endearing grace of certain lines, the poems fail to rise from the particular to the general. As he remarked, "I shall write poems about myself to myself." There lies the apparently deliberate but unwise limitation. *The Selected Poems of John Holmes* (Beacon, $7.50) has a good introduction by John Ciardi.

In *ALL the collected short poems 1923-1958*, by Louis Zukofsky (Norton, $6), the poet ranges from what might be termed formal forms to the free-verse sketch. His brevities are wry as his eye is keen. He is a notable damn-the-transitions man; yet, for all the terseness of style, his often lovely images reveal him to be *au fond* a lyric poet. I have a notion—I am not altogether sure of this—that Zukofsky continues to have only a small audience because he gives one an esthetic but not an emotional experience.

While I'm glancing at elders I should like to say a word too about *Near False Creek Mouth*, by Earle Birney (McClelland & Stewart, hardbound, $4.50, paperback, $2.50). Birney is a Canadian, and I cannot recall reading any Canadian poetry as good as his. The volume is a



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kind of travel book, a journal of impressions. Humorous, sardonic, satiric by turns, the poetry gives off a fine energy. Birney is a wonderful recorder of the contemporary human voice. More than with most books one feels here the strong personality of the poet.

There are new books by three poets of whom I wish I could simply say, "Here, take these: I like them very much." The poets are Edwin Honig, Hayden Carruth, and John Hollander.

Honig's *Survivals* (October House, $4.50) advances an established career. His lean, muscular style, his way of lifting a small thing into significance—these are no mean gifts. "Fall of a House" perhaps exhibits him at his haunting best. It is a theme that attracts him; he says in a later poem: "It was then/we roused to see our bodies lie down chilled together/in the last moonlight of the falling house." A poem called "The Island" ("Hurt was the first language his heart heard./Nothing human but was alien to him.") is a remarkable instance of the way he can sustain a poem with subtle, constant music. And at the close of the book his poems of love and death are moving with an eloquence beyond rhetoric.

There are times (see the poem called "A Pseudo Prayer") when I wish Hayden Carruth would quit reading Yeats for a while, but on the whole his *Nothing for Tigers* (Macmillan, $3.95) is strikingly his own. I suppose a fellow practitioner is first of all impressed by the variety of verse form and the dazzling deftness of Carruth's technique. A long poem called "Midsummer Letter" is a superb instance. Love, art, mortality—he does not hesitate to go straight for the big subject: "For the last man in the world, dying, will not know that he is the last,/ But many will think it, dying; will think that in all the vast/And vacant universe they are the final consciousness, going out, going out, going out, with nothing to know it has passed." His danger is facility, running into wordiness at times. But mostly he is a rewarding poet.

I once heard a poet praised for being "naturally American"—that is to say, without the self-conscious program that has embarrassed our verse for decades. And such praise belongs to John Hollander for the poetry he has wrought out of Fourths of July, Central Park, and so on. His *Visions from the Ramble* (Atheneum, $4.50) is presented as a single long poem. It makes a sort of urban journey, now into childhood, now back to adulthood, a thoughtful arranging of events, memories, and moods, all filled with contemporary images. He can manage a long, flowing line with musical consistency and emotional overtones. I would especially call attention to the long, beautifully sustained final section, "From the Ramble," with its recurrent image of three pools and three girls. A distinguished book.

ASIDE from the Canadian one already noted, I would like to mention five books from beyond our borders, though two were written by Americans – Tram Combs, who lives in the West Indies, and Lindley Williams Hubbell, now a monk in Japan. Hubbell is something of an old-timer; he has published quite a lot of good poetry without getting many hurrahs for it. In *Seventy Poems* (Alan Swallow, $4.50) we again find an intelligent mind with a satiric edge. Most of the poems done in Japan are too slight to matter, and Hubbell's simplicity at times turns into flatness; but when he muses over art, artifacts, or fossils we get really interesting poems. (Interesting poems are more uncommon than we tend to suppose.)

Combs's *Saint Thomas* (Wesleyan University Press, hardbound, $4, paperback, $1.85) is a more substantial book than the author's previous ones. Cats, dogs, lizards, butterflies, and even mosquitoes start him into quirky song. While his experiments with punctuation and word-splitting seem self-conscious, ineffective, a distraction to the reader, he is lively, individual, and often unexpected.

C. A. Trypanis is a Greek who teaches at Oxford and writes, in English, "real and beautiful poems," as W. H. Auden has called them. His *Pompeian Dog* (Chilmark, $3.50) shows him to be master of a clear, cool style, classic in inspiration, alive with fresh adjectives. He concludes a poem called "El Greco" with the crucifixion scene: "Until nails crushing the warped feet and palms,/ The yellow drops of blood,/Shiver like blossoms on the bitter wood/And swallows flood the stretching cross's arms." The force and beauty of Trypanis's language have a curious purity, which is just what we don't find in such a poet as Evgeni Evtushenko. There is no question of the latter's vigor, but one misses the subtlety that makes poetry exciting. Will he turn out to be a transitional figure? *The Poetry of Evgeni Evtushenko 1953 to 1965* (October House, $6.50) presents George Reavey's translations facing the Russian text.

*Old Savage/Young City* (Random House, $4) introduces a young Englishman, Nathaniel Tarn. He is a poet with real vitality: "and be as free as birds thrashing the sun/when, swerving, they turn winter over with their wings." The poem called "Bring a Child Flowers" is a sample of Tarn at his best, the direct language which makes its effect not by tricks but by emotional force. Now and then the verse is loose or too conversational; again, like Hollander, Tarn sometimes manages well the long line.

THE distinguished fictionist and historian Paul Horgan would seem to have made a belated appearance as poet. But his *Songs After Lincoln* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.95) is in fact an accumulation from many years. His balladlike verses make their effect not so much individually but as a totality of Civil War and Lincolnian atmosphere.

Another name, W. R. Moses, has been around for such a good while that I am startled to find that *Identities* (Wesleyan University Press, hardbound, $4, paperback, $1.85) is his first collection. He has an eye for birds, beasts, fish, seasons. He uses a four- or five-beat line for a sober-speaking poetry with few climaxes but now and then a quiet delight. With Howard Moss, whose new book is *Finding Them Lost and Other Poems* (Scribners, $3.50), we have some of the best examples of the kind of verse most typical of *The New Yorker*—neat, tidy commentary, off the top of the head, dedicated to observation and the avoidance of emotional impact, with no commitment of the inner or whole man. "September Elegy" exhibits Moss at his most skillful.

Louis Coxe is at his best when his deliberation doesn't show, when he doesn't force upon us narrative verse in which the events are without poetic


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overtones. He is a quiet technician, a generally intelligent poet; and the most rewarding pages in *The Last Hero and Other Poems* (Vanderbilt, $4) are personal lyrics or such delightful fooling as his "Birthday Poem for J. F. L., 1961." I have praised Samuel Hazo before, so I shall say only of his book of selected and new poems, *My Sons in God* (University of Pittsburgh Press, $3), that like Coxe he mines lyrics out of academic and domestic life without "side" poems that turn out to be better than they first look. Both these writers, by the way, are among the considerable number (in all the books I went through) who have written poems in memory of John F. Kennedy—and not a one of the poems is any good.

Radcliffe Squires, writing from a similar world, is another intelligent and intellectual poet. In his *Fingers of Hermes* (University of Michigan Press, $3.95), the best poems are those conceived in Greece with their poignancy of present seen against past.

*The Carnivore*, by David R. Slavitt (Univ. of North Carolina Press, $3.50), can be pleasantly surprising, as in a poem called "Speculations About the Death of Eskimos." He has wit, and he favors—or his book on the whole exhibits—a mixture of history and contemporary domestic life.

THERE are three more first books worth mentioning. Mark Strand's beautifully printed *Sleeping with One Eye Open* (Stone Wall Press, $5.75) recurrently hints at some frightening mystery, some awful, fatal threat; and though Strand's language is nervous, the mood is accentuated by a quiet style. David Ray can be lively if often slight. In *X-Rays* (Cornell, $3.95)—do we have a punning title?—he is a personal poet, generally subjective, and ingratiating chiefly by his deft handling of material. Quite remarkable are the poems in Constance Urdang's *Charades and Celebrations* (October House, $4.50). "Slack times in the hero factory," cracks Miss Urdang; yet by sheer force of style she can make mythological figures out of aunts and grandparents, and she can deal with historical figures in exciting, livelier ways than we usually get these days. She is a fine poet with a sardonic eye trained to real values.

Finally, may I just note the existence of three very engaging books: a new and enlarged *E. E. Cummings: A Miscellany Revised*, edited by George Firmage, (October House, $7.50); *Festschrift for Marianne Moore's Seventy-Seventh Birthday*, edited by Tambimuttu (Tambimuttu and Mass, $4.95), and a handsome new edition of *The Poems of Robert Herrick*, edited by L. C. Martin, (Oxford Univ. Press, $7), one of the great Oxford blue books.

# Peace, Prosperity, and Uncertainty

***Floodtide in Europe,*** *by Don Cook (Putnam. 384 pp. $6.50), examines the fortunes and frustrations of the Continent's giants. From 1951-1960 Herman H. Dinsmore was editor of the International Edition of the New York Times.*

By HERMAN H. DINSMORE

"TODAY the tide has carried Europe to a plateau of peace and prosperity unmatched in any era in all its long history. There is political stability everywhere and the internal threat of Communism has all but disappeared. Never have the nations of Western Europe lived in an atmosphere so free of territorial disputes, the threat of aggression or even the thought of war."

That is the finding of Don Cook in his excellent book, *Floodtide in Europe*, which provides, excitingly, a solid background for the understanding of contemporary events in the United Kingdom, France, and West Germany. Mr. Cook's aim is to pinpoint their relations to each other, to the Common Market, to the United States, and to the Soviet Union. The title of the book is taken from the lines in *Julius Caesar*: "There is a tide in the affairs of men,/Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Mr. Cook is the Paris correspondent of the Los Angeles *Times*. Previously he was chief European correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*. He thinks and writes as a journalist, one whose profound insights lift his work into a sphere that could be called contemporary history. Unlike scholarly historians, who usually write long after the events that they describe, Mr. Cook knows most of the principals whom he discusses. He has seen Churchill, de Gaulle, Macmillan, Adenauer, Erhard, Ernest Bevin and Aneurin Bevan, and virtually every important Western European leader in action. If that does not make him an authority on them, at least his writing has a depth and vitality that are often lacking in "history." For he tells (without revealing any personal secrets or asides) little stories that lighten up a whole sky of events.

NO one can believe that Europe, despite its present floodtide of peace and prosperity, is not going to face some angry moments in the future. Indeed, one of these is budding now in the Common Market, which is under boycott by France, at the direction of President de Gaulle, because he wants to head off plans for the political integration of the Six (France, West Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, and Italy). Mr. Cook's book does not discuss this development, probably because the work was finished some months before

*"Shh! I'm in communication with another planet."*


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de Gaulle made his newest balky move.

But discussions in the book of de Gaulle's contradictory and erratic approaches toward the single goal of French independence and hegemony give one an understanding of what is happening. Among the author's sententious remarks about France we find: "The Fourth Republic was of course a madhouse of politics in which nobody could exercise power. Now France is a power without politics. . . . De Gaulle has not polarized French politics; he has pulverized French politics."

The fact remains, as Mr. Cook makes clear, that some of the most remarkable men and events arose out of the boiling and brawling Fourth Republic, which took power after the Second World War. There were Robert Schuman, Jean Monnet, Georges Bidault, Pierre Mendès-France, Christian Pineau, Guy Mollet, and many others. It was not de Gaulle but Monnet who had the brilliant idea of the Coal and Steel Community, which became the basis for the European Economic Community, or Common Market. It was not a straitjacketed France but a freewheeling, caterwauling, untidy France that sought to provide some basic, built-in war preventives, in which, to be sure, de Gaulle joined.

It was not de Gaulle but Mendès-France who concluded a desperately needed truce in Indo-China, because France was in no position to be a peacekeeper in East Asia, nor did she deserve to be. It is interesting, most interesting on reflection, that it was none other than Foreign Minister Vyacheslav M. Molotov of the Soviet Union who acted for the Communists of Vietnam in making the peace of 1954 which was no peace. Mr. Cook tells the story of those Geneva negotiations with the dash of daily journalism which makes for breathtaking reading throughout this book, but a historian would have told, at least briefly, the terms of those agreements.

The recapitulation of the Adenauer era in West Germany and the difficult days of Berlin is a thing of beauty. Isn't it refreshing to read something like this:

> . . . . for the German people the idea of "belonging" in Europe—of having friends instead of enemies for the first time in this century—quickly became a new obsession. In the postwar post-Hitler atmosphere this was natural and understandable. Heaven knows that the Germans should have wanted to bury their debasing, guilt-ridden past and seek a new and positive future. All the same there was something irritating, even galling, about the blind way in which this schizophrenic people seemed to assume, when the political tide began to turn for them, that the crimes of history could be [expiated] by a sort of "psychological whitewash"—by suddenly becoming not only "good" Europeans but better Europeans than anybody.

Mr. Cook's penetrating understanding of Britain is something that will find more sympathy among Americans than Britons, though this is not to say he denigrates the British or their ways of life; there are more than one, as he points out. The headlong plunge of the British into the stone wall of Suez, as well as the roles of France and Israel in the war, are taken up in detail. Of the nations involved, Israel is the only one that came out on top, while the war marked the end of an era of greatness for Britain. John Foster Dulles won a hollow victory, which might have been avoided had he more vigorously warned the British and French against their plan. It is hard to believe Mr. Dulles did not know about it since it was published in American newspapers days before it was carried out. It marked the end of Anthony Eden, a valiant fighter for the right (no implications), who himself was the victim of poor advice, but then he was the Prime Minister.

All who want to get caught up on Western Europe, see Mr. Cook.


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# Awful Solutions for Awful Problems

***China in Crisis,*** *by Sven Lindqvist, translated from the Swedish by Sylvia Clayton (Crowell. 125 pp. $5.95), recounts impressions gathered by the author and his wife during two years as students at the University of Peking. Morton H. Fried, a member of the East Asian Institute, wrote "Fabric of Chinese Society."*

By MORTON H. FRIED

THERE is a point at which no matter how exotic or remote the locale, the travel book must rely on something more than the mere fact that its author was there. *China in Crisis* falls far short of this point. Brief as it is, it contains little useful information to justify the two arduous years during which Sven Lindqvist collected his material, mainly as a student of Sinology at the University of Peking.

For all of that, it can be read very quickly and with fascination, though this may be attributable to the intrinsic interest of the material, rather than to the author's insights or skill in presenting it. One particular aspect that held my attention was Mr. Lindqvist's obvious ambivalence towards his subject. He clearly abhors the "past tyranny," by which he means the post-"Flowers" repression of 1958-60; but he believes "that the present policy of the Chinese Communist Party is the best possible one for China." He agrees that Taiwan has a higher standard of living than the Mainland, but sweeps aside all arguments to reach the conclusion that "the natural solution" is to merge Taiwan with the Mainland. Throughout the brief book there is a counterpoint of ideas which might suggest, were the thought not too fantastic, that to some extent his hosts at the University of Peking succeeded, when he thought they had failed, in conditioning his viewpoint, at least with regard to certain crucial issues.

Lindqvist's thesis is not an uncommon one: China's terrible problems may yield to terrible solutions. Unfortunately, the presentation of problems and solutions is vague; what we get are impressions, mostly the author's, and not any real grasp of what went on. Reading Lindqvist generates new respect for Jan



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Myrdal's *Report from a Chinese Village*. Where Myrdal's information has the ring of authenticity, and his people are flesh and blood, Lindqvist's Mainlanders are shadows, and his information no better than—perhaps not as good as—what our experts dredge from an intense scrutiny of the Chinese press.

The book is a collection of twelve very brief essays, with little continuity and some repetition. The jacket blurb promises a treatment of "brainwashing in China based on the findings of Dr. Robert Lifton," but I found no consistent consideration of the subject beyond fleeting mentions of intellectuals turned out of jobs. The clearest impression that remains with me is that of an impassable gulf between Lindqvist and the Chinese who surrounded him. This is partially explained by the fact that he and his wife lived "in a little concrete cell in one of the dormitories of Peking University." I venture to guess that what made it a cell was not its barrenness, for that has always been characteristic of student quarters in China. Despite this austerity, most Chinese who have been to a higher school cherish their connections with it and with their classmates. Perhaps this has changed in Mainland China; perhaps nothing now exists among students except politeness and fear of exposure. Certainly it is this that Lindqvist seems to have felt and which, despite facility in the language, separated him from the others.

Lindqvist's detachment is also responsible for some of the best things in the book: the description of what it is like to be part of the stream of people that flows before Chairman Mao on National Day; the relief at seeing raucous children pre-empting the streets of Wuhan on the night before the New Year, shooting off fireworks, running, yelling, and carrying on. Of course, this is a curious kind of relief; at home we have a tendency to call it juvenile delinquency, but in Communist China it becomes a comforting sign of humanity.

There are a few unfortunate lapses. Undoubtedly some of these are typographical; others may result from errors in translation. Whatever their provenance, they are disturbing because such a book has a special burden in establishing reliability. The reader cannot go to China to see for himself, so he is utterly at the mercy of the writer. Thus we are distressed to read that "Blossoming Hill," a commune near Hankow, maintained grain production "at an even rate of seven million tons, despite three years of severe drought" (seven thousand tons would be closer), and that "One of every five adult men [in Formosa] is a professional soldier" (if the word "professional" is dropped an approximate truth results). There is also a rather deviant view of the peasant motivation involved in the transition to rural communals, but this is interesting and should be considered before a final judgment is reached.

The final chapter deals with what I take to have been a brief visit to Taiwan (Lindqvist gives no inclusive dates, nor does he for his stay on the Mainland). I think this coda unfortunate, although it contains some pertinent observations. Most interesting are allusions to similarities between the Mainland and the old Nationalist bastion, but few details are given to substantiate this opinion. On the other hand, Lindqvist's remarks about current political opinion in Taiwan are superficial and represent his reaction to the most formal expression of the official Kuomintang viewpoint.

As for handing Formosa over to the Communists, Mr. Lindqvist does not seem to think it necessary or even desirable to discover what the Formosans think. He has decided that Formosa is basically Chinese. What might he have discovered if he had toured His Britannic Majesty's North American colonies in 1775?

The issue of Taiwan is one of the most complex and difficult that confronts our hazardous times. Though submerged in the news, it has greater relevance than Vietnam and will take the stage again after the Vietnam settlement. Mr. Lindqvist's polemic will not help us evaluate this coming crisis.

## Local God

**By William Burford**

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Can grasp the rattlers behind the head
And snap them like a whip
Cracking their coiling backs.
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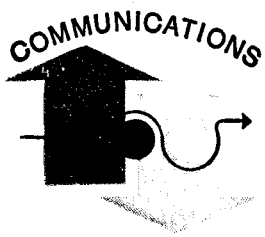
# COMMUNICATIONS

*Communications Editor:* RICHARD L. TOBIN

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## *A Pulitzer for Community Service?*

THE PULITZER PRIZE committee annually rewards the newspapers of the United States for outstanding public service in their news columns and editorial pages. The category is described this way: "For distinguished use of a newspaper's resources" in the public service. A Pulitzer in this category may be awarded for protecting innocent families against illegal profiteering in the Department of Agriculture's surplus food program, or for saving millions of dollars in future bond issues of a state's road construction program, or for ridding a police department of cops who have helped numbers racketeers. The Kentucky prison system underwent major reform after an energetic public service campaign. Stricter voting laws in 1964 resulted from memorable public service reporting in certain border states. Both led to Pulitzers in this outstanding category, whose value is undeniable.

Yet no Pulitzer Prize has ever been given a newspaper for meritorious service to a community wholly apart from its straight news or editorial columns. The feeling has persisted on the Pulitzer advisory committee, wrongly we think, that anything not precisely news or comment on the news is automatically promotion, and therefore ineligible for a public award. The *Minneapolis Star,* for example, has a far-reaching program of information designed to increase understanding by school children and adult study groups of world affairs and problems, a community project of such immense value that it simply cannot be measured. The *Minneapolis Tribune,* sister paper of the *Star,* has a science reading service to help its readers and their children and teachers keep up to date on the theories and discoveries that form the basis of current scientific talk. This science series is used by more than 2,000 teachers in 1,500 schools, and each article is allotted a full page of newspaper space. Neither of these projects should be denied public recognition "for the distinguished use of a newspaper's resources" on grounds that the definition isn't precisely met under the terms of the Pulitzer will.

For more than a quarter of a century the New York *Herald Tribune* has sponsored the famous *Herald Tribune* forum, once in the pre-TV era an unparalleled meeting of minds of the very top talent in this country and abroad, and more lately devoted to young people of high school age who are brought in contact for months at a time with students their own age from every corner of the earth and of every race, creed, and color of skin. The value of the *Herald Tribune* forums is incalculable when one looks back at the subjects these forums tackled, usually way ahead of their time, and of the people who brought them to public attention in an era when the TV documentary and nightly TV newsreel were not the powers for molding public opinion that they now are. The Denver *Post* carries on a great tradition of service to the people, including outdoor opera, junior golf programs, a boys' fishing derby, special baseball and football clinics for youngsters, spelling bees, camera contests, visits from Santa Claus, education for auto safety on Colorado highways, barbershop


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quartet singing, and dozens of other community activities, gay and sober. More than 400 newspapers in the U.S. and Canada currently sponsor newspaper-in-the-classroom programs, most of which are, naturally enough, enlightened self-interest but of measurable value, from whatever motive, in the teaching of current events and the trends of history. None of the above is eligible at the moment for a prize for community service.

THE Pulitzer Prize committee has it within its power to award new prizes in ever-widening categories, and has done so from time to time as new circumstances arose. There is no reason why a new Pulitzer Prize for Community Service, falling under the meritorious public service wording of the Pulitzer legacy, should not now be established by the advisory board at Columbia University, based on sustaining rather than crusading public service. This is not a category in news per se, and it may stem from a promotion effort by the paper. Very seldom are any headlines made or news stories created from community projects like the Minneapolis and Denver public services. Yet their long-term value is often far greater than something of local interest published as news on Page 1. Why shouldn't the New York *Herald Tribune*, for example, receive a Pulitzer Prize for the total value of its famous forums over the years? No newspaper has ever performed a greater service to the public, both local and national, than Helen Rogers Reid's imaginative and widely publicized forum sessions. Rereading the categories and their definitions, one comes to the conclusion that there is nothing in the Pulitzer will or prize precedent to get in the way of this new community service award category. Actually, it would mean simply a widening of the public service definition as it currently governs the prizes. Whether it is the Clinton (Iowa) *Herald* raising nearly $1,000,000 to save a seventy-year-old local hospital or the Milwaukee *Journal* and *Sentinel* campaigning to revise county government in the State of Wisconsin or a less dramatic but truly public service by the Chicago *Tribune* for one of its free cultural events, the category is the same. We ask the Pulitzer Prize advisory committee, therefore, to consider widening its meritorious public service definition so that by next May a huge segment of community benefit will not go unrewarded in the journalistic world. The definition can quite easily be amended by the board to cover the whole of "the distinguished use of a newspaper's resources," crusading or sustaining, and we can think of no better time than the fiftieth Pulitzer anniversary in 1966 to widen the definition. —R.L.T.

# Letters to the Communications Editor

## Doffed Hats to "Daily"

I JUST FINISHED READING R.L.T.'s "A Diamond in the College Press" [*SR*, Sept. 18] and simply want to say that I enjoyed it all the way. You doff your hat to the *Michigan Daily* for its achievement. I doff to someone who a) appreciates that achievement and b) gives it public recognition.

C. J. LEABO,
Assistant Director,
Associated Collegiate Press.
Minneapolis, Minn.

IT WILL tactfully be considered a "lapsus mentis" that your recent article or any like mention of college newspapers should omit notice of the student publication of the University of North Carolina. The *Daily Tar Heel* has been editorially free for seventy-two years. It has felt the ire of such divergent causes as the John Birch Society and the Student Peace Union. It has endured charges of monkey theology in the Twenties and of atheology in the Fifties. And, now that the university is in the shadow of a puerile state legislature and its "Gag Law," the *Daily Tar Heel* is a favorite pinnacle about which epicene Bilbos rant. But it is free, perhaps more free than your magazine, because it is financially dependent upon the university but it need not fear!

WHITMEL M. JOYNER,
University of North Carolina '64.
Weldon, North Carolina

## Copyright Law and the Teacher

I WRITE ABOUT the article by William Steif on "Why the Copyright Law Needs Revision" [*SR*, Sept 18]. On an issue as complex and seemingly insolvable and as nationally vital as that of copyright law revision, it is understandable that blood pressures should rise and ulcers ache. It is not so easily understood, however, why such highly educated and normally reasonable people as authors, publishers, and teachers cannot sit down together to resolve their differences in an orderly and civilized manner.

The first step is to cordon off the wildly emotional and largely fictional statements issued at times by all parties concerned. The second is for all parties to study carefully and sympathetically the other fellow's problems. The third step is to arrive at a just compromise, without resorting to the crutch of outside mediation. Certainly authors, publishers, and teachers have enough intelligence to work this problem out at their own conference tables. If we can't, we have no right to be writing, publishing, or teaching.

Journalistically, Mr. Steif has done a rather good job, it seems to me, in describing the course of events up to this point. Still, he manages to convey some misimpressions about the position of teachers and scholars in regard to the copyright law. First, as a teacher whose work would be considerably affected by the proposed revision and as president of one of the largest subject-matter organizations in the "educational establishment" (whatever that tired stereotype may mean), I must report that educators have protested vigorously, it is true, but I have heard no "screaming" by the profession as a whole. No group can control the actions of its individual members; if my information is correct, about as many undercontrolled individuals on one side as on the other have, on occasion, given vent to their frustrations in a primitive fashion.

Second, and more important, the ad hoc committee that represents educators and librarians is not an adjunct of the National Education Association. My own organization, the National Council of Teachers of English, cooperates with NEA on projects of benefit to the profession but has no other connection, and we are but one of thirty-five national organizations represented on the ad hoc committee referred to.

Third, as a textbook writer, I am naturally concerned about the matter of my royalty rights. But primarily I am concerned about the effectiveness of my teaching. I may be philosophically unfashionable and some kind of freak, but I am more concerned about what my books do for children than I am about what they do for me.

Finally, Harry N. Rosenfield is our legal counselor. Surely with as technical a problem as copyright law revision, the ad hoc committee is entitled to such help. As far as I have observed, and I have been close to the matter from the beginning, Mr. Rosenfield is a legislative specialist and not an agitator as implied by Mr. Steif.

So far as the NCTE is concerned (and I believe our viewpoint is consistent with that of the ad hoc committee), we are fully aware of the rights of authors. We are sympathetic with the problems facing publishers as the result of recent and still anticipated technological inventions, but we are also very much aware of the day-to-day needs of classroom teachers, especially in the areas of literature and composition. Perhaps naïvely, we believe that the nation expects us to do everything possible to improve the communication skills for which we are specifically responsible.

For some inexplicable reason, revision of the copyright law was in progress for over a year before the teaching profession was apprised, although the representatives of publishers were apparently involved and concerned almost from the beginning.

If the welfare of the nation, as Mr. Steif and many other informed persons have implied, depends upon education, then surely those of us who are charged with this responsibility are entitled to some voice and considera-

(*Continued on page 77*)



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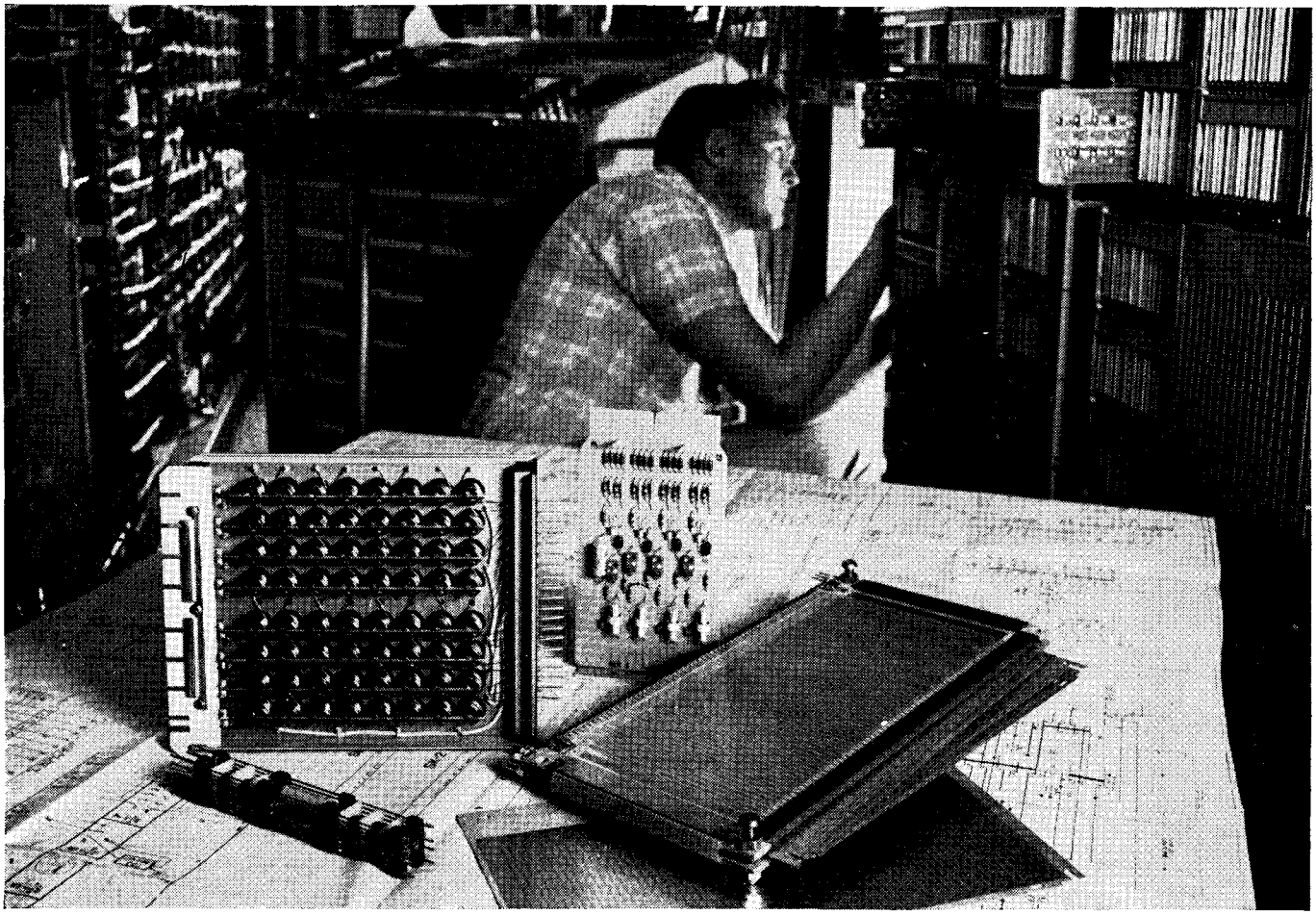

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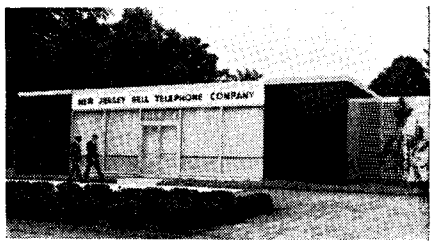


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# The Amazing Communications World of Roy Thomson

By JOHN TEBBEL

AMONG the rich men of the world, Roy Thomson ranks far down the list with his estimated fortune of $100,000,000. J. Paul Getty is ten times richer, and so are the oil money accumulators of Texas, Europe, and the Middle East. Thomson may well be more important than all of them, however, because his money is in a complex, growing, world-wide communications empire that speaks to millions of people and has a global influence it is not yet possible to measure.

As the first international press lord worthy of the name, Lord Thomson of Fleet—he was created a baron in the New Year's Honors List of 1963—controls an organization that consisted in June 1965 of 128 newspapers, fifteen radio and television stations, 150 trade and technical magazines, two book publishing houses, two package travel businesses anad an airline (Brittania). His nearest rival is Cecil King's comparable empire, International Publishing Corporation, Ltd., of London, which counts 230 publications, including newspapers in England, Scotland, West Africa, and the West Indies; trade and technical journals, book publishing houses, and interests in television and theater.

There is an important difference. Thomson has able men to operate his properties, but he remains in absolute control at the top; it is a personal empire, not a corporation like International. There are other significant differences between Thomson and his fellow fortune builders on the Continent and in America. These other accumulators tend to divide roughly into two groups: those who become figures in international society and are often photographed in the *dolce vita* watering places of the world; and those who retreat into a gloomy isolation, highly suspicious that the society that made their wealth possible is conspiring to take it away. The former devote themselves, in public at least, to yachts and beautiful women. The latter tend either to spend their time in worrying about and protecting their money, or in financing right-wing propaganda mills to combat the twentieth century.

Thomson belongs in neither category. For a very rich man, he lives simply, and instead of fighting contemporary society he is among those who are trying to improve its quality in the only way it can be done, through mass education. These attributes, which make him unique among his wealthy contemporaries, derive from the nature of his spectacular rise. He did not begin his communications career until he was nearly forty, and in a little more than fifteen years he was a millionaire. His entire empire was built from scratch in three decades.

One of Thomson's most endearing traits is his absolute honesty about himself. He is not given to platitudes, sententiousness, or self-aggrandizement. His view of himself is realistic. Born Roy Herbert Thomson in Toronto on June 5, 1894, of Scottish descent on his father's side, English on his mother's, he attributes his lifelong drive toward wealth to his childhood insecurity. "Our family was very poor," he says. "My father was a barber, but my mother had to take in roomers to keep us going. Even so we didn't have any money. I decided early that I would never live that way if I could help it, and I made up my mind I would be a millionaire by the time I was thirty. I missed that mark, but I made it eventually."

Other boys with similar dreams have not made it, and Thomson thinks he knows why. "Most people would like to be rich," he observes, "and some of them start out just the way I did. The difference is that extremely few of these people are prepared to make the necessary sacrifices and to work hard enough. I was bloody well determined to succeed, and I made sacrifices anyone else would think unreasonable when I was young, just to make money."

His first major sacrifice was leaving school at the age of fourteen to begin earning his own living, as a clerk at slightly more than $3 per week. Out of his earnings he contrived to enroll for a time in a Toronto business school, where he learned some fundamental skills. These he applied successively to being a salesman, a farmer, a stenographer, and a bookkeeper. Meanwhile he saved assiduously until he could make his first investment, in a manufacturing firm that shortly made him manager of its Toronto plant. The First World War interrupted this incipient career. Rejected for overseas service because of his bad eyesight, he served as a lieutenant in the Canadian Militia.

—*Paris Match.*

**Tycoon at work—He made up his mind.**

After the war, Thomson drifted through the affluent Twenties without making any perceptible headway toward his first million. Paradoxically, he did not really begin to succeed until the lean years of the early Thirties, when he found himself engaged in the discouraging business of selling radio sets in an area of northern Ontario where the market for radio was considerably dampened by inadequate reception. In this situation, Thomson demonstrated the raw courage and initiative on which his career came to be based. If the Ontario farmers could not get the big-city stations, he would bring radio to them on the spot. With a second-hand transmitter bought on credit, he set up his own broadcasting station. The programing was chiefly recorded music, all he could afford; it emanated from the dressing room of a local theater, his only studio. But it was enough to move his radio sets, and soon he was selling advertising time as well. That was the beginning.

In the little community of Timmins, where he was broadcasting, Thomson's advertising competition was the *Press*, a faltering weekly newspaper. Thomson took it over in payment of a bad debt. There was a $2,000 balance remaining, and he acquired the property for an


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actual cash investment of $200, the remainder to be paid in installments.

"I could see I was never going to get rich with a weekly," Thomson recalls, speaking of those days with some affection, "so I decided to make it a daily. The trouble was, I didn't have any real idea what a small-town daily was like, so I got myself a hundred dimes, and using the *Editor and Publisher Red Book* [a trade journal compilation of statistical information about newspapers], I sent a dime to each of a hundred small dailies, asking them to send me two copies of their paper. When I had them all, I spread them out on the floor and examined them carefully. I decided there wasn't anything in them I couldn't do myself, and possibly do better, so I bought a little more equipment on credit and switched to daily operation."

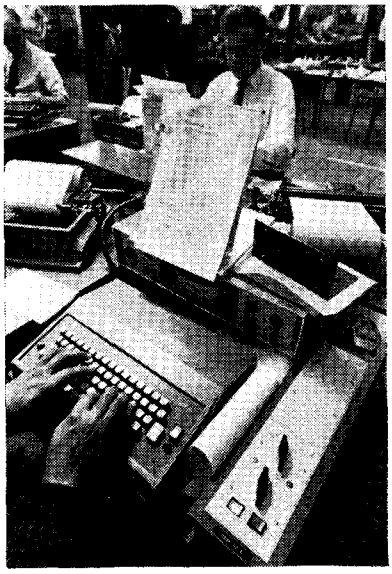
Lord Rothermere stopped by to visit the *Press* one day, Thomson remembers, and burst out in astonishment, "Look here, this man is running a daily with only two linos!"

His Lordship would have been astonished to know how Thomson managed to spread the output of two linotypes over the hungry, empty columns of his newspaper; there was never, of course, enough type to fill them. The paper's Monday edition was scheduled to close at 4 P.M., but by the time the laboring machines produced enough type, it was usually anywhere from a half-hour to an hour late, leaving that much less time before the Tuesday edition was due to appear. Thus the production schedule lost more time every day until, by the end of the week, the paper was seldom out before 9 o'clock in the evening.

Nevertheless it made money, and Thomson began the process of using the profits from one paper to acquire another, a procedure that seemingly has no end. "I'm pulling the same kind of deals now as I did in the old days," he says. "There are just more zeros on the ends of the figures."

The zeros accumulated rapidly. Ten years from the time he acquired the *Press*, he owned a whole chain of small evening dailies stretching across Canada from Vancouver to Quebec, and three radio stations. Then the pyramiding began. In 1953 his restless, driving energy led him out of Canada at last to Edinburgh, where he bought the *Scotsman* group of newspapers and soon became more Scottish than the Scots. Working night and day, characteristically, cheerfully acknowledging his mistakes, lunching in the office canteen, he completely reorganized these venerable, fading properties and whipped them into profitable shape. Meanwhile, he moved his home to Edinburgh, had his own tartan designed and registered, and was granted a coat of arms by the Lyon King of Arms. The arms bore the figure of a

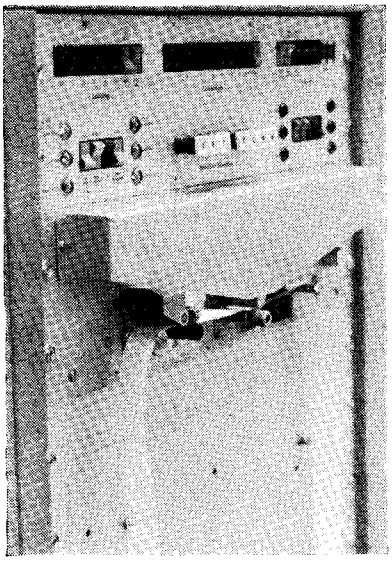
## *First Pictures of First Electronic Newspaper*



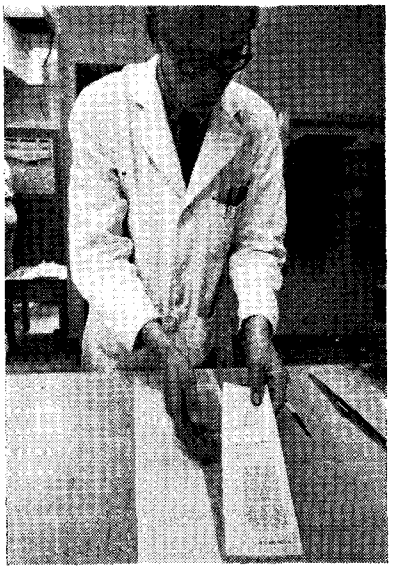
1. Copy is fed to computer.

2. "Brain" produces coded tape.

3. Editor selects taped stories.



4. Computer turns holes into letters.



5. Photographic paper replaces type.

6. Process ends in press room.



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beaver, symbolic of both Canada and his work habits, and the motto "Never a backward step," an apt description of his career.

Thomson took advantage of the Scots' traditional caution to increase his already considerable fortune substantially. Learning that Edinburgh financiers were reluctant to invest any money in the new medium of television, he secured the Independent Television Authority's license for all of Scotland, financed the building of television stations himself, and watched the money come in as the picture tube duplicated its American conquest.

Then, in the summer of 1959, Thomson moved into the British big time. He engineered what was by far his largest deal when he took over Kemsley Newspapers, Ltd., the biggest group in the country, whose leader was the *Sunday Times* of London; the *Times* gave him a companion piece to the national daily of Scotland (the *Scotsman*) and the leading paper of Wales (the *Western Mail*). This was followed by the acquisition of such slick-paper magazines as *The Tatler* and *The Illustrated London News*, and five book publishing houses, including the old and respected firm of Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd., with branches in the United Kingdom, New York, Canada, Australia, and South Africa. Almost incidentally, it seemed, came twenty printing companies in six different countries, three blockmaking companies, five exhibition companies, and the London School of Speedwriting. To Scottish Television, Ltd., he added stations in fifteen other countries and radio interests in twelve nations. The travel agencies and the airline are more recent acquisitions.

The man who directs this empire would not be out of place in a Midwest Rotary Club meeting. His slightly stooped shoulders make him look shorter than his five feet, ten inches; his steel-gray hair is cut short, and his blue eyes snap alertly behind light horn-rimmed glasses. At seventy-one, he exhibits the nervous energy of a man thirty years younger. He speaks rapidly, almost compulsively, and has a habit of locking his hands and twirling or pushing his thumbs. His manner is completely friendly, unpretentious, old shoe; few men of his status are so approachable. His conversation is sprinkled with profanity, and his talk is often salty but not obscene. He boasts of a large fund of men's club stories, and likes to tell them, sometimes using them to illustrate his ideas. For example, he relates the familiar joke about the man dancing with a girl who extends to her an invitation to moral turpitude, and when she is shocked and asks him if he makes such a proposition to every girl he meets, he says yes he does and he gets a lot of turndowns but he also gets a lot of willing acceptances, to turn a phrase. Thomson says that is how he deals in newspapers. He makes a great many offers to buy, and while most of the time the deals are never consummated, he has nevertheless acquired a formidable number of properties.

Lord Thomson talks about buying newspapers the way a fashion-conscious woman talks about buying clothes. He is never able to buy as many as he craves. Once an American friend, anticipating a visit from him, asked what he could do by way of entertainment. "Just find me some newspapers to buy," Thomson said. He makes money so that he can buy more newspapers which in turn will make money so that he can buy more newspapers, and so on. Is there any ceiling to his appetite? None he can think of. "I'll buy as many as I can lay my hands on."

While he is more interested in newspapers as business properties than as a medium in themselves, he understands editorial operation and demonstrated as much in Canada and in rehabilitating the *Scotsman*. He is an avid reader of his own as well as other people's newspapers.

Just here, in the middle of what might otherwise be a conventional success story, occurs the variation that sets Thomson apart from other lords of the press. These others, despite frequent denials, have given their papers a definite political tone. Hearst, in his lifetime, managed to swing his properties around the entire political spectrum, from left to right. Other "chain" owners, who hate the word because it seems a denial of whatever autonomy they give their editors, nevertheless do not own papers that are violently on opposite sides of the fence. Thomson insists that he would never impose a political point of view on his papers, that they must represent the prevailing climate of opinion among their respective readerships. The news must be balanced, he adds.

"I don't publish newspapers I'm ashamed of," he says, "but I don't dictate policy. I don't want to impose my views on other people. Consequently I don't use my papers as instruments of political power, or to sell a political line. I want local people to run them, and I believe strongly in local autonomy. I give only two instructions to my editors: 'Tell the truth, because in a democracy it is a disservice to delude people; and make a newspaper that will belong to the community you serve.' If a paper turned out to be unpopular because it told the truth and lost money, I'd still carry it, but I don't think that's likely. It will make money if it doesn't deceive and truly represents its own community."

In practice, this philosophy raises some interesting questions. Thomson sees no incongruity in the fact that he owns Southern small-town papers in America that are segregationist and yet he has partnerships with Nigerians in newspapers in Nigeria.

His approach to newspaper ownership is entirely pragmatic, and the secret of his success with them is the over-all budgeting system he employs, which operates through echelons of management. It would be impossible to oversee the editorial product of all his papers, but the budget system enables him to exercise direct control over their financial operation, and he does. He owns the major share of his properties himself—78 per cent of the British, 92.5 per cent of the Canadian.

Another Thomson success secret, which he is modestly reluctant to talk about, is his genius with balance sheets. He would as soon curl up in bed with a sheaf of financial reports as with a mystery story, his other primary reading interest. What he uses on these sheets he describes as a certain "mental agility in finance." A more definite description would be to say that he is a creative accountant. Not officially one himself,

(*Continued on page* 76)

**Going Strong:** When Lord Thomson started the presses of his *Evening Post* in Reading, England, on September 14, he became the first publisher of a newspaper combining computer control, photographic typesetting, and offset color printing. The *Post* has another distinction. It is the first new evening paper in Britain since the end of the Second World War.

American publishers, plagued by union troubles over the advent of automation, could only envy the lack of opposition from British trade unions to the substitution of twelve typists for twenty-four linotype operators on the *Post*, in a quiet composing room which visitors characterized as "like a laboratory."

The "laboratory" equipment broke down three times on the first day and delayed the *Post* for two hours, resulting in an initial run of 30,000 instead of 50,000 copies, but Lord Thomson's investment of nearly $3,000,000 seems certain to pay off eventually. Even as the *Post* began operations, he announced plans to establish another evening daily at Burnley, Lancashire. —J.T.



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# Madison Avenue

## The Boom in Spain

MADRID.

THE AMERICAN technique of mass merchandising does not reign in Spain today—but it certainly is starting to drizzle. Because this nation of 30,000,000 people has had a boom in the last five years—described by some experts as the most spectacular in all Europe—more and more American companies are being attracted here. By one recent count, there are more than 200 major U.S. companies with a plant or commitment to manufacture or begin selling on the Iberian peninsula. Scores of others are already considering a move, openly or privately.

Sears, Roebuck & Company has disclosed it will open a department store in Barcelona in 1966 and a similar establishment in Madrid the following year. The Woolworth Company recently obtained a license to operate retail outlets in Spain, though it did not reveal its future plans.

The surface, however, has hardly been scratched. There are opportunities in areas other than retailing, in a field that is conspicuous for its lack of supermarkets and department stores. Chrysler Corporation has already started the manufacture of Simca and Dodge automobiles in Spain through a purchase of a local company. One of America's leading food processors, Libby, McNeill & Libby, this year established a Spanish base to market imported and locally produced products. In still another area, reliable sources report that even Procter & Gamble has been negotiating for the acquisition of a Spanish detergent firm.

According to Dwight Hightower, a partner in Baker, McKenzie and Hightower, an international law firm, they have assisted several hundred companies in preparation and negotiation of joint venture agreements and licensing with Spanish companies in the past two years.

With offices throughout the world including Madrid, BMH handled the Sears arrangements in Madrid along with such companies as NALCO Chemical Co. and A. E. Staley Mfg. Co. Not only American but Belgian, Canadian, Italian, German, English, Dutch, French, and Swiss companies are included in the companies they have aided in moving into Spain.

The appeal of Spain as a market for U.S. firms and goods evolved from its economic gains in the 1960s. For nearly two decades, following its civil war, Spain continued to live in her medieval past while European neighbors pushed their economic growth. Spain finally awakened, aided by bank credits from international banks and some Western nations. The country stabilized its currency, eased import restrictions, and encouraged investment of private foreign capital. Spain has also done everything to lure tourist dollars into the country. More than 14,000,000 visitors—including 700,000 Americans—visited Spain in 1964. This year as many as 16,000,000 persons will have done so and the total income from tourism will total at least $1 billion.

Spain's rising standard of living is reflected in a number of economic indices. Its average per capita income today is probably $450, small compared with U.S. standards (and even for European countries) but a big improvement over the $270 per inhabitant in 1960. By 1967, following completion of a five-year development plan, per capita income is expected to reach the $500 mark. It shouldn't stop at that level, either. By 1970 Spain's working population will number nearly 13,000,000, and that means 1,000,000 new jobs will have been created in the decade.

With more and more disposable income, Spaniards have been buying more big-ticket items, though many of them are quite expensive. They have bought perhaps as many as 2,000,000 automobiles and an unbelievable number of motorcycles and scooters. Auto production was up 53½ per cent to 119,000 units in 1964, according to the National Economic Council. This, of course, is one good reason for Chrysler's entry into the market. There are now approximately 1,500,000 TV sets in Spanish households, half of them in Madrid and Barcelona, with demand as strong as ever. The TV set output for 1965 will probably total somewhere between 350,000 and 400,000. During the last five years about 1,200,000 refrigerators have been produced in Spain.

For the most part, the Spanish-based advertising agencies have shown little interest in research and market data but this will all change with the entry of more U.S. agencies and their U.S. clients. Already, there are a goodly number of "Madison Avenue" agencies with bases in Spain; more are sure to take a harder look at the market, with or without prodding from clients. The U.S. agencies active in Spain today include McCann-Erickson, Lennen & Newell, Grey Advertising, Norman, Craig & Kummel, Ted Bates & Co., and Kelly, Nason, which handles the Spanish Tourist Bureau's advertising and promotion.

McCann bought out a Madrid-Barcelona agency, which was renamed Ruescas-McCann-Erickson. Most of the U.S. agency entries in Spain have resulted from joint ventures. Aside from this, a handful of American agencies serve their clients through correspondent Spanish agencies. It would not be surprising, in the months ahead, to find that joint ventures or minority-interest purchases have evolved from some of these relationships.

The Spanish advertising world is top-heavy with agencies (many of them gladly take on this name although they are really media brokers) and low in billings. There may be as many as 2,000 "agencies," 200 of them in Madrid alone. This, of course, includes scores of one-man shops. You can count on the fingers of both hands those agencies, both U.S. and locally based, that are able to offer complete services to clients.

As marketers, both Spanish and American, become more sophisticated in their advertising methods in Spain, look for a big shakeout of agencies. One Spanish businessman predicts that 50 per cent of the present agencies will be out of business within five years.

ALMOST everyone agrees that advertising in Spain has plenty of growth potential. But, by the same token, it has a lot of growing up to do in its creative approach and techniques. Even today, there isn't much advertising billing. An outsider's guess is as good as one by a Spanish adman. The best guestimate is that 1965 billing in media will be somewhere between $75,000,000 and $100,000,000. This compares with $14 billion for the U.S. According to *Advertising Age*, Spain's ad volume in 1964 was topped by such countries as Finland, Sweden, Belgium, Mexico, South Africa, Switzerland, Holland, and Australia, not to mention some of the major European countries.

Big accounts, those billing a million or more dollars, are hard to come by. Lennen & Newell, which handles the account of Iberia Air Lines, an international carrier, picks up considerably more than $1,000,000 in annual billing. But the amount actually spent in Spain may be much less. There are detergent and liquor companies with accounts that probably total $1,000,000.

Sears already has assigned its account to McCann's agency and Norman, Craig

(*Continued on page 75*)



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# Printing's Do-It-Yourselfers

By J. BEN LIEBERMAN

AN ANCIENT diversion of scholars, kings, and their mistresses is now becoming available for more general enjoyment—and a royal and sensuous pleasure it still is. Sometimes, too, it is still scholarly. The diversion is printing, real printing, using small hand presses in one's palace, house, or even Manhattan apartment.

As word gets around that printing can be done in the home, with little cost and without prior knowledge or skill—and that it is great fun, and useful to boot—the number of personal printers grows daily. Such establishments as the Uphill Press, The Rooster Press of Chapel Hill, The Intermittent Press, the Cycling Frog Press, the Silverado Press, and the Serendipity Press are springing up all along the indoor landscape.

Each press is as individual as its owner-operator or "prop" (short for proprietor). Each prop prints precisely what he pleases, when he pleases, and how he pleases: books, pamphlets, Christmas cards, tickets, PTA notices, announcement of the birth of kittens, bookplates—in editions of one, twenty-seven, or maybe 132. Some of the pieces he prints are serious and important, some are airily light and trivial, some are elevated, some are mundane, some are for useful ends, and some just for the hell of it.

Yet, together, because of who they are and because their numbers are beginning to become substantial, these personal printers represent a modern phenomenon worth looking at.

Uphill Press is August Heckscher, president of the Twentieth Century Fund and Special Consultant on the Arts to President Kennedy. An authority on leisure, among other things, Mr. Heckscher uses his own leisure to print in his Manhattan living room—mostly "ephemera," such as Christmas cards, folders, announcements, and bookplates. "Uphill" comes from the topography of the street outside.

The Rooster Press of Chapel Hill is Robert W. (Pete) Hudgens, leading authority on international development recently retired to North Carolina from the presidency of International Development Services in New York. With much still on his mind to say, he put together a personal press, learned to print, and now produces "editorials" that comment pungently on topics both local or personal and world-wide, mailing them out to a "free subscription" list of 200. The *Chapel Hill Weekly* picks up and reprints all of these "editorials" and other North Carolina papers occasionally run one.

The Intermittent Press is John and Evelyn Hatcher, husband-and-wife team who are an independent research scientist-consultant and an anthropologist, respectively, in Minneapolis. By publishing such "journals "and pastiches as *The Intermittent News, The Journal of Intermittency,* and *The Intermittent Anthropologist,* they satirize professional scientific jargon, the foibles of the world, and themselves.

Cycling Frog Press is Sam Antupit, art director of *Esquire* magazine. In a Pound Ridge, New York, basement room he prints charming little illustrated booklets for his three small children. Why Cycling Frog? When he started, someone gave him a "cut" of a frog pedaling a penny-farthing cycle. It makes a satisfyingly uncommitting press mark. A frog that can cycle can do anything.

The Silverado Press is Norman Strouse, chairman of the board of J. Walter Thompson, the world's largest advertising agency. "Silverado" comes from a long-time interest in Robert Louis Stevenson (who also once had a private press); today it is a little Shangri-La in the form of a printery in the living room of his Beekman Place apartment. Mr. Strouse says his press is complete therapy, and he has urged all executives to take up printing.

Serendipity Press is Charles Antin of Dell Publishing Company. The press is serendipitish, all right—with a variety of ephemera and keepsakes—but is also getting involved in major projects, such as organizing a portfolio of small signatures from private presses honoring Alfred Knopf's fifty years as a publisher, and now working on an eighty-page book about the Italian Renaissance poet Angelo Poliziano, written by Alan Moorehead.

These examples can be multiplied many hundreds of times, across the country. Exactly how many personal printers there really are in the U.S. alone is not known because—by the choice of nearly everyone concerned—there is no national organization to keep track of them. (The very firm idea is to let everyone be himself.) Nevertheless, an estimate of 5,000 personal presses today is probably quite conservative.

What is spurring this tremendous growth in private presses, when measured against a few hundred not too many years ago? Certainly the simple joy and excitement of printing as such, a different kind of recreation, is what attracts many. (One housewife is stimulating her whole family to print because, she says, she is interested personally in anything that doesn't have "ball" in it; and personally she'd like to see printing substitute even for the *ball*point pen with which she writes.)

The usefulness of printing is an important lure for many others. (And usefulness has many definitions. One youth found out that a "good-looking babe," as he described her lyrically, had some poetry she wanted to see published. So he got a press to print same, and is now —or so he hopes—on his way to further developments.)

The obvious status symbol, the social advantage, the educational by-product—all of these, too, are motives. An underlying factor is the need for creativity and self-expression, the craving for individualism, in various forms: the direct publication of one's political or economic thoughts, the scholarly statement of a research finding, the experimenting to achieve greater beauty in a graphic art, even just the personal chitchat of an "annual report" to friends and relatives at year's end. The personal press is hardly the full answer to alienation in our time, but it is a powerful weapon of self-fulfil-

—*The Herity Press.*

The author of this article is a former professor of journalism at Columbia University, proprietor of a private press, and the author of *Printing as a Hobby.*



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ment for those who are inclined to use it that way.

At any rate, to persons at all sensitive to the world-shaking consequences of printing since the Renaissance—to the power of the printed word—it is a spine-tingling experience to first handle a press and print something for oneself. For many, that tingling never goes away. Hence the personal printer.

Some of these reasons for personal presses date back to the earliest private presses as such, at the very beginning of printing more than 500 years ago. Kings and their mistresses (including Madame de Pompadour) have been private press enthusiasts and Ben Franklin had a private press at Passy while Ambassador to France. Tycho Brahe, the early Danish astronomer, had his own press to produce his astronomical tables and set a fashion for the publication of other scholarly work. The British used personal, not to say clandestine, presses for political self-expression—and printers died to make possible our present free use of the same right.

The modern private press movement around the world stems, however, from the inspiration of William Morris and his Kelmscott Press in England, in the 1890s. Morris, a pre-Raphaelite poet and reformer, created his private press to produce beautiful books and show the world that printing did not have to be as dismal as the commercial printers were then making it. He set in motion several movements that bettered the design of typefaces, improved printing generally, stimulated a new interest in fine printing, and led to the proliferation of private presses not only in England but on the Continent and in America.

One direct result was the founding of the Village Press by Frederic W. Goudy in 1903. Goudy, whose centenary is being observed this year, went on to become history's first full-time type designer, the creator of some 125 different typefaces, and a tremendous force for good in American printing, if not for printing around the world. And the example of his private press is having a direct influence, in turn, on the current private press renaissance in the U.S.

There are two striking differences from the Morris example, however. Morris had a whole crew of paid printers—full time—doing the actual production in a special plant; the press was "private" because his goals were more important to him than profit and he did not let the market place control his operation. But Goudy's Village Press, and today's private presses, are one-man, home-based, spare-time personal operations, or a family operation at most. (Goudy's wife Bertha was a co-worker and a topflight craftsman.) The purpose is also personal, reflecting the particular prop.

Equipment used by personal printers covers a motley range. At one end are several hundred aficionados of the traditional screw or toggle handpress, virtually unchanged from Gutenberg to Morris. Usually called "Washington" presses in their American cast-iron versions, these can weigh from 1,000 to 3,000 pounds, and they are often backbreakers to "pull." But the pleasure of the particular kind of printing they can do is undeniable. Smaller "Albion" presses, the crowning glory of the English handpress manufacturer of the nineteenth century, are being imported to the U.S., to the point of making them scarce in England.

At the other extreme are beginners, less romantic hobbyists, and space-starved apartment dwellers who prefer small "clamshell" or "job" presses as more practical. In the U.S. today, there are certainly at least two or three thousand props using small equipment made obsolete in commercial print shops or presses made specifically for small-scale work. In addition, there are hundreds if not thousands of home-made flatbed cylinder presses being used regularly. And there is a new line of true printing kits—presses and all—weighing as little as four pounds, storable in a drawer, and selling for under $10.

The presses themselves are by no means the whole story. The personal printer has an exciting wealth of papers to work with: exotic papers, in textures from the most lustrous to tweedy; in colors from purest white through the whole range to both ends of the rainbow; weights from gossamer to elegantly heavy sheets and covers; deckled edges both delicately feathered and mundanely rolled; two-colored papers, lovely sheets embedded with metallic bits or grass leaves, patterned sheets, gold and silver sheets; sheets with watermarks of historic meaning, and sometimes in themselves translucent works of art.

New inks are available, too, especially for the prop printer, in twenty colors or more, already mixed—or with a kit of eight colors and black and white, and a full system of formulas to allow even the barest beginner to mix a palette of almost 500 different colors without fail. And if 500 aren't enough, full opportunity to mix your own.

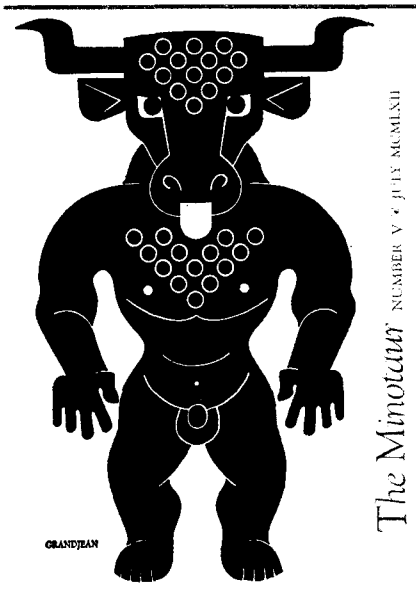
Typefaces? Literally thousands, domestic and imported, are on the market. There is, right now, quite a fad for the antique typefaces of the nineteenth century—Victorian types, Baroque faces, incredibly ornamented, and sometimes incredibly corny faces. (Some hobby printers have made a subordinate hobby of finding and collecting used type faces.) But there is also the greatest choice in all history of the classic typefaces, and of modern versions of the older faces restyled to reflect the highest standards of contemporary design.

Like every other human activity of any standing, personal printing has both traditions and institutions that add color—and a very few ground rules.

The oldest traditions are the naming of a press (meaning the publishing entity, not the machine as such) and the use of a press mark.

Personal presses have been formally named at least since Horace Walpole called his the Strawberry Hill Press in 1757. The press names explained at the

—*Press of the Minotaur.*




ALAN MOOREHEAD

The Angel in May

ANGELO POLIZIANO

1454 • 1494

THE SERENDIPITY PRESS

NEW YORK



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beginning of this article will suggest that, if anything, there are better flavors than strawberry in the press names of today. Tradition holds that no press duplicate the name of another, as a way of underlining the privacy and unique individualism of each proprietor.

Pressmarks, which go back to the very beginnings of printing, are as diverse and sometimes as bizarre as the press names. James Lamar Weygand, in Nappanee, Indiana, prop of the Private Press of the Indiana Kid (he is a journeyman linotype operator during the working day), has done three beautiful volumes of private pressmarks, in color, and is at work on a fourth.

The "prop card," just introduced in 1960, seems destined to be the accepted hallmark of the personal press, as ubiquitous as the ham radio operator's QSL card but serving at least four distinctively personal printing purposes: to announce the establishment of a press, to exchange with other props as a gesture of good will, to serve other props as an address card in their file, and to display as a descriptive label in exhibitions of material produced by the press.

The distinguishing features of the prop card are two—a 3 x 5 size to fit a card file, and the rule that it *must* start with the prop's last name first, in the upper left corner—for convenience in alphabetical filing.

Many of the prop cards are beautiful specimens, done on special heavy stock, often with deckles. With pressmarks shown off to their best advantage, with creative typography, well-chosen text (often wryly humorous), and careful presswork, the typical prop card is a valid hallmark indeed.

The institutionalizing of the hobby involves perhaps three major opinions or stances about the place of an individual and his press, and the props holding these views tend to split into three quite distinct groups.

One is the coterie of personal printers who insist they are printing simply for their own amusement or creative needs and are *very* private indeed, thank you. They are individualists who deplore organized personal printing of any kind.

Another group is the "ajay," which stands for AJ or "amateur journalism." Its traditions go back nearly a century—some say longer—in a continuous hobby of publishing small newspapers or journals of comment, literary works, or personal matters. Today, there are at least four national "amateur press associations" which mail "bundles" monthly to distribute whichever journals have been sent to the mailer during the previous period. These ajays believe the function of a printing press is to communicate, and some of them disdain other uses, such as experimentation, production of

(*Continued on page* 80)

—*Wide World.*

**Marshall Field**

**Behind the Image:** The man who could have been "Mr. Chicago" with the merest nod of his head died on September 18 without ever having given that assent. For one of Marshall Field's most conspicuous attributes was a personal reticence—"shyness" would be an inexact word here—that made him more embarrassed than pleased when his picture appeared in either of his newspapers. A shy man would hardly have opened a 1960 conversation with, "Now, Mr. Nixon, if you had to do it over again would you use those same campaign tactics against Helen Gahagan Douglas?" Field could afford to go any damned way he pleased, and he knew it. That he chose to be a newspaperman was a boon to the cause of enlightenment in a region that has seen its reactionary, isolationist tradition die hard.

He was personally reticent, then, from a deeply ingrained sense of decorum; it simply was not meet for the fourth Marshall Field—the Chicago equivalent of the ninth Duke of Wellington—to have his face habitually smeared all over the papers. This reticence, coupled with a somewhat cherubic appearance and a way of blurting out whatever was crossing his mind at the moment, conspired to produce the surface image of a dilettante playing at being an editor.

But surface image was far from fact.

He took the *Sun-Times*, an upstart tabloid-sized paper launched by his father, made it one of the hardest-hitting, brightest-reading, yet most responsible and serious newspapers in the nation. In the process he built *Sun-Times* circulation and advertising at a rate that gave the *Tribune* cause to look earnestly to its leadership laurels in the Chicago morning field.

Six years ago Field bought the respected Chicago *Daily News* from John S. Knight and began reshaping its editorial policy. Last year this long-time citadel of conservative ideology provided an effective second barrel for Field's assault upon Goldwater and Goldwaterism, and supported the first Democratic Presidential candidate since Woodrow Wilson. The whole country knew by now that the young man meant business.

Field was meanwhile making his mark as an astute businessman. Under his guidance the Field Educational Corporation brought *World Book Encyclopedia* to the top position in nationwide sales and projected it into the international field. His ultra-high frequency television station will go on the air early next year. And his newspapers are returning good profits in an era when newspaper profits are notoriously hard to come by.

Field's impact on his city and his nation was clearly reflected within hours after his death as tributes from local and national leaders poured in. Said Vice President Humphrey: "I am grieved to learn of the untimely death of Marshall Field. The nation has lost an outstanding patriot. The newspaper world has lost a gifted publisher. The people of Chicago have lost a distinguished civic leader." Illinois' Governor Kerner said, "His greatest legacy to Chicago, Illinois, and the nation are his newspapers, which grew in strength and influence during his leadership." And Illinois Senator Everett Dirksen said, "He was—to say the least—a dynamic person. The community of Chicago and the State of Illinois have lost a great citizen."

But for all this, Marshall Field was a far, far cry from the popular image of a journalistic genius. When he wrote, it was in the didactic style of the lawyer he was trained to be. And he left the day-to-day editorial decisions to the able young men he had hired to do that job.

What Field brought to his newspapers was great strength—the strength to back up convictions gained through an objective analysis of what was right for Chicago, the nation, and the world. In the newspaper world, integrity can require a man to forswear the good will, the understanding, the very friendship of those whose heritage he shares, to take a stand he knows is right. Marshall Field was acutely sensitive to these pressures. They troubled him, but a Spartan conscience troubled him more. That conscience drove him into the service of the city he loved above all else—the great, sprawling, squalid, lovely city that was his home and his shining dream. His gnawing fear was that he would somehow fail that city, and therefore himself. It was a groundless fear.

—KENNETH MCARDLE, Associate Editor, Chicago *Daily News*.



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# Frustrations of a Satisfied Viewer

By JAMES F. FIXX

THE TELEVISION cameras were focused on the horseshoe stadium at Long Island's venerable West Side Tennis Club. It was mid-afternoon on a September Sunday, the moment 11,000 tennis fans in the stadium—along with countless thousands of others watching the ABC network in some 150 cities—had been waiting for. The women's finals had just ended, and now Spain's top player, the uncanny Manuel Santana, and South Africa's wily champion, Cliff Drysdale, were to meet in the finals of the American championship to battle for one of the world's most coveted tennis titles.

The ABC cameras showed the crowd, the historic center court, the blue and yellow fringe of the marquee flapping in a brisk September breeze. Then two figures, dressed in whites and bearing a clutch of tennis racquets, came down the steps of the marquee and strode across the grass toward the court. When one is present at Forest Hills, this is always an impressive moment—the day's first glimpse of the two gladiators. But at that instant Forest Hills vanished from the screen, to be replaced by a great shaggy face bearing noisy commercial tidings. "Howdy," it began, "I'm Burl Ives. . . ."

ABC, led by the show's executive producer, Roone Arledge, eventually managed to find its way back to the court, but not for long. Viewers saw a bit of the pre-match warmup, and then, just as play was about to begin, it had unaccountably become commercial time again. When the network finally got its mind back on its business, four points had been played and only two more remained in the first game.

The initial preoccupation with commercials came as no real surprise. The new television season was about to begin next day, and it was the network's last chance to spread glad tidings of the wonders it had in store. Furthermore, anyone who had seen the Forest Hills finals on NBC last year knew—or thought he knew—just what to expect. I remember watching with growing exasperation in 1964 as point after crucial point was obliterated by commercials, until the match became almost meaninglessly fragmented. I remember, too, wondering whether any of the people who had anything to do with broadcasting the program had ever before so much as glanced at a tennis match. It had been a gloomy and dispiriting exercise in ineptness, and in the first few minutes of this year's finals there was no sign that anything had changed.

Then a curious and wondrous thing happened. For whatever reason, the commercials began to develop good manners. They stayed politely away from the play in progress, only rarely straying beyond bounds—and then only for brief seconds. From the standpoint of commercials, tennis is potentially a happy haunting ground, since a match is interrupted for half a minute or so after every second game as the players shift from one side of the court to the other. But ABC soon hit its stride, doing its job with a restraint that must have brought huzzahs from many a tennis fan. Only two other points out of fifty-two more played in that first set were not broadcast in their entirety, and in the remainder of the match—which went on for three more sets—only nine points were either partially or totally obscured. On that basis alone, it was sports broadcasting at its best. One could quarrel with ABC's use of a small shoulder-mounted camera (the creepie-peepie, in TV-ese) that zeroed in brashly on the players whenever they changed sides, ogling them at almost eyelash range as they mopped their faces and drank orange juice, but in the context of the total performance it was a minor cavil. What counted was that ABC clearly knew what it was up to and did it brilliantly.

Most remarkable, however, was what happened at 4:40, when an intermittent rain finally began to fall hard enough to interrupt the match and send players and fans scurrying for shelter and the Forest Hills groundskeepers scurrying for their tarpaulins. Did ABC call it quits? It did not. It stayed right there for a full half-hour until the decision to continue could be made, and then stayed for yet another fifteen minutes while Santana ran out the last of his brilliant shots to win the match. By 5:25, nearly three and a half hours after the broadcast had begun, ABC had established itself as an indisputable champion, too.

Curiously, however, just as all this was happening there were murmurings that 1965 might be the last year the finals were broadcast. Reported one New York newspaper: "Because of low ratings and lower sponsor interest (only a few spots sold), ABC-TV president Thomas W. Moore said . . . that the annual Forest Hills event may not be back next year." The announcement brought to mind broadcasting's record in other sports. It has long since learned to keep its commercials at a decent arm's length in baseball, in football, in golf, and in other games from basketball to billiards. It would be a strange irony if ABC's monumental performance with tennis were to be its last.

*"May I add your picture to my collection?"*

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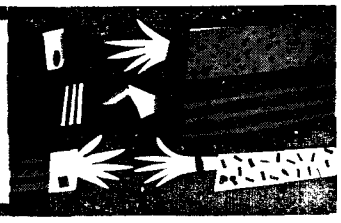
# Public Relations



## Educating the Investor

THERE IS an idea abroad, often given currency by public relations men themselves, that by some tricks of the trade public opinion can be changed. The fact is that no hokus-pokus or cute gimmicks add up to any progress worth a plugged nickel. They may fool the client, but they are a waste of money and only bolster the low esteem some managements have of the entire business of public relations.

The truth is that a good public relations program needs careful planning, hard thinking, and a real effort to carry it through. And above all, when an informational program is involved, it takes years to make a worthwhile impact. One of the prime examples of a solid program, well thought out and intelligently executed, is that of the New York Stock Exchange to broaden the ownership of stock in American business.

Some twelve years ago the board of governors of the New York Stock Exchange made a number of basic decisions. The first was that the program to broaden stock ownership would be long-range, with the theme "Own Your Share of American Business." Numbers of stock owners were not as important as the principles on which people bought stock. The emphasis was on buying on a sound basis by informed stockholders who could assume the risks of investment. There was to be no attempt to pressure people to buy stock.

The guidelines drawn up for the public relations campaign at the beginning are the same today: educate about investing, inform about the functions of the Exchange, keep the investors posted on tax matters that affect the economy and their interests, provide an understanding of the services of the member firms of the Exchange, tell how the financial community contributes to the economy as a whole. And the standards of truthfulness and good taste must always govern all that is being done.

Proof of the seriousness with which the Exchange worked for investment instead of speculation is shown in two examples. In 1959 and again in 1961 there were clear signs of speculative activity that was misusing facilities of the market. Public warnings were issued and in the 1959 case the Exchange spent $500,000 on a special cautionary advertising campaign headlining the warnings that are always in the Exchange's copy. This unusual advertising campaign, together with additional danger flags, helped cool off the market speculation.

To do the public relations job, the Exchange has a vice president, Ruddick C. Lawrence, who is directly responsible to the president, Keith Funston. Under Mr. Lawrence's supervision are advertising, investors' information, public information and press relations, and special services. He also supervises the research and statistics department.

The advertising department is responsible for national advertising, review of member-organization advertising and market letters, and preparation of booklets and other similar materials, as well as merchandising activities, which means helping member organizations in using Exchange advertising and educational materials for their local programs.

The investors' information department helps set up and coordinate investors' information committees in some 100 leading cities throughout the country. These committees give lectures on investing, provide speakers, and carry out the community relations function. This department is also responsible for the preparation and distribution of educational materials for classroom use and the liaison with educators throughout the country.

The public information and press relations department works through its news bureau in the preparation and distribution of news and feature stories to newspapers and wire services on a national basis, and is responsible for editorial planning and special projects, for magazine services, and for radio, TV, and film services. The institutional investors' program also falls under this department, as do the listed-companies services.

Special services is responsible for producing the *Exchange Magazine*, a twenty-four-page monthly with a paid circulation of 130,000, and for running the visitors' galleries overlooking the trading floor and the exhibit hall. These last two are among New York's top tourist attractions, drawing more than 600,000 people annually.

In all, twenty-six people, excluding clerical workers, guides, and regulatory reviewers, handle the public relations function of the Exchange. The total budget for all this, including $1,130,000 in advertising space, is $2,500,000, not by any means a large one for an operation of this size. The budgets have been the same for the last ten years.

Much of this expenditure by the Exchange can be called seed money, for it encourages member firms to advertise and use all the tools of communication. For instance, member firms have increased their expenditure on advertising from $2,400,000 in 1954 to about $17,000,000 in 1964.

Here are a few examples of activities: 3,000 volunteer and carefully screened speakers from the Exchange's member firms give talks and courses on investing each year, reaching, face to face, about 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 people; four films are in continuous circulation, and one of them, *Your Share of Tomorrow*, has had more than 1,000 public-service showings on television and has been seen by an estimated 26,000,000 people; 6,000,000 pieces of educational literature are produced in a year, most of it being sold to member firms at cost. Over the past ten years the Exchange's advertising has drawn some 2,333,000 inquiries for printed material.

The results? In 1952, 6,500,000 people owned stock in publicly held companies. Today 20,000,000 Americans are stockholders. The average stockholder now gives all the appearances of being more sophisticated in his understanding of the market. In the past three years, for example, despite the market break in 1962, the assassination of President Kennedy, the Vietnam war, and other disturbing and tragic events, the number of stockholders has continued to grow.

Naturally, many factors have been responsible for the increase in the number of people who own stock in American business. One of course, has been the general bull market. Others include the educational activities of the member firms of the Exchange as well as other financial organizations. But not the least of all the factors has been the solid, no-gimmick, no-black-magic public relations program of the New York Stock Exchange.

It proves that when management is clear about its objectives and is willing to move intelligently, on sound public relations principles, with skilled professional help, the results can be rewarding.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.



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## Madison Avenue

*Continued from page 69*

& Kummel has won the account of Vick International, which has not previously had an agency in the country.

The advertising media in Spain itself has some unusual characteristics. Print is still the dominant medium. Newspapers get 35 cents of the advertising dollar, followed by television's 14 cents and 12 cents for magazines (*Reader's Digest*, incidentally, has a circulation of 200,000 in Spain).

Though it still is used only sparingly, TV has posted impressive gains among the media in the last decade. Commercial TV, called TVE, was introduced as the only network in 1958 by the government and it carries paid advertising. Unlike TV in the U.S., there are no sponsored programs, the commercials are inserted in a series before and after programs. Also TV is not broadcasting as many hours as in the U.S. TV, as an advertising medium, is expensive in Spain when you consider that there are only 1,500,000 households with sets. A fifteen-second commercial—the most popular time segment—costs $1,250. A full minute costs $4,000 to $5,000, compared with only ten times that amount for a full network commercial in the U.S.

COSTS are likely to increase, too, as more and more Spanish families buy TV sets. How many of the 7,000,000 households in the country will eventually own TV is hard to say. The number could reach 5,000,000, but chances are that it may level off between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000.

A TV set is still expensive for most Spaniards. The cheapest, a local make, costs $260. (We priced a nineteen-inch Zenith set at $376, more than double what it would be in the U.S.)

As far as programing is concerned, the American (or Chicago) influence is already in Spain. *The Untouchables*—dubbed in Spanish—is the popular program today. It replaced another American show, the Perry Mason series, which is no longer being shown.

Theater advertising is also important. The Spaniard is fond of the movies. According to a media report by Ruescas-McCann-Erickson, the average Spaniard invests 62½ cents of his entertainment dollar in them. One of three Spaniards goes to the movies once a week, another 22 per cent twice a week, 13 per cent three times a week, and 5 per cent four times a week. There are plenty of movie houses—nearly 7,400 throughout Spain—to accommodate moviegoers. Latest indications are that 6 per cent of the country's total media investment goes to cinema commercials.

—GEORGE LAZARUS.


THE HO CHI MINH TRAIL

# Solid Proof LBJ Means Business

THE Johnson administration's requests Wednesday for $1.7 billion for emergency use in Viet Nam and 340,000 more men for the armed forces gives the American people a real measure of size and gravity of the task ahead in Southeast Asia.

By implication, it also fills in the last point of a three-point program that seems to have emerged from President Johnson's recent conferences with military and diplomatic leaders on how to proceed in Viet Nam.

The policy, as President Johnson has been revealing it in recent days, amounts to this:

(1) We will not let ourselves be driven out of South Viet Nam by Communist aggression.

(2) We will be happy indeed to get out whenever the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong agree to let the South Vietnamese people determine freely for themselves whether they wish to remain independent or join, in some fashion, North Viet Nam.

(3) We intend to carefully but relentlessly increase the pressure on Vietnamese Communists until they realize they cannot conquer South Viet Nam by force and agree to negotiations.

Actually, the President's intentions along these lines have been evident for some time, but the hard evidence that we intend to pay whatever it may cost to force North Viet Nam to a conference table has been lacking. Until now, we've been financing this war, so to speak, out of the petty cash drawer. Until now, the North Vietnamese could — somewhat irrationally, to be sure — believe we might still let them win.

Well, $1.7 billion is pretty hard evidence that the most North Viet Nam can get out of the war it started is a bomb-wrecked country, a seat at a conference table, and a chance to win a plebiscite in South Viet Nam.

Defense Secretary McNamara followed this up by indicating to the Senate Appropriations Committee that he will be back in January with requests for much larger military spending commitments.

WE HOPE and expect that Congress will act swiftly on the administration's latest requests. A swift and decisive response from Congress will underline to the Vietnamese Communists that the whole nation, not only the President, means business about ending this war in Viet Nam — not in any 20 years, as Ho Chi Minh foolishly dreams — but soon.

The President's evolving policy represents, in our view, the realistic course for the United States to end this messy war.

The more decisively the whole nation reacts to the President's request, the more likely the Vietnamese Reds are to get the message. And the sooner the Hanoi regime gets the message, the fewer American lives will be lost in restoring peace to ravaged Viet Nam.

*Reprinted from The Denver Post*

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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# Thomson

*Continued from page 68*

he can examine cost sheets, arrive at conclusions, make decisions, and tell certified members of the profession what to do.

In common with every chain operator from E. W. Scripps on down, Thomson insists he isn't one. Every paper he owns is autonomous, and the only thing they have in common besides ownership, he asserts, is the budget system that he polices so rigidly. His general aim with every paper is to make it better so that it will show a profit. "It's the same thing as honesty being the best policy," he says. "If you make a paper better, it *will* show a profit."

As an international entrepreneur, Thomson presents another paradox. On the surface, at least, his operations in this area make him one of the most aggressive idealists in the communications business, which is not much given to idealism. Yet Thomson takes pains to deny it. "I don't claim to be an idealist," he protests. "I just like to do business. I like projects—carrying things on."

Nonetheless, he is probably the only publisher in the world to take a direct responsibility for helping the developing nations. Lord Thomson is profoundly concerned about education in these countries, but he thinks previous approaches have been far too slow. The basic need, as everyone knows, is to teach people how to read and write, but even under the best circumstances, doing it with books in the conventional classroom will take many years. Television is the answer, Thomson believes, by which people learn not only these basic skills, but can be taught personal hygiene, how to take better care of their children, and better use of the soil.

To carry out his idea, the publisher set up a few years ago the Thomson Foundation, a trust of 5,000,000 pounds (nearly $15,000,000), whose deed declares it is intended to provide facilities and encouragement for education and technical and vocational training, and for the dissemination of news and information in the undeveloped and underdeveloped countries of the world. These formal words fail to express its real intention, which is to finance a crash program of television education in the developing countries, particularly in Asia and Africa.

These foreign television ventures are unique; they utilize Lord Thomson's unlikely combination of business and idealism. In whatever country he provides the money to establish a TV station, he urges the government operators of the facility to take advertising, which means entertainment as well as instruction in the programing. Thomson-financed stations are meant to educate, but they must show a profit as well, and they do.

To provide trained personnel for these stations, Thomson has set up, through his foundation, a television college near Glasgow, where people come from the developing countries to be trained as technicians. In the process they help make the teaching films that are used by the Thomson stations. Similarly, the publisher has set up a school of journalism in Cardiff, Wales, to train men and women for his far-flung newspaper properties. The faculty is composed of staff members from his *Western Mail,* in Cardiff. "Our students come from all the countries in which we operate," Thomson says. "We not only train them in techniques, but we try to instill in them a sense of integrity about what they're doing. We make them feel that they are professionals, and that newspaper people have a responsibility. We work especially in this direction with people from the new nations, where newspapers may have been largely propaganda organs. In both our schools, we're also trying to propagate use of the English language. Once the language barrier is down, everything else will be easier."

Thomson's most recent international television venture was a contract to build five stations in Pakistan, which he will operate for that government. India is next on his program—a fact that illustrates the impartial character of his politics.

AT seventy-one, Thomson makes a small concession to his age by working only a full five-day week, unlike the night-and-day schedule he lived on for years in Canada and Scotland. Up at seven, he is in the office by nine and quits at five. The office now is London, where the Thomson empire is centered, quite naturally, in Thomson House, on Gray's Inn Road, occupying a big glass box that is matched by one in Cardiff, Wales, another center of the Thomson Organization.

By comparison with the real estate of most rich men, Lord Thomson's holdings are simple. A widower since the death of his wife in 1951, he lives in a Buckinghamshire country house with a small staff to take care of his needs. If he has to stay late in town on business, he retreats to a flat in Grosvenor Square. The solitary symbol of his status is a Riviera villa, near Cannes, but he spends comparatively little time in it. No doubt for sentimental reasons, he also has a house in Toronto, where his son and one of his daughters live.

Thomson has little to say about his two daughters, Irma and Phyllis, both of whom are married, but he is understandably enthusiastic about the son, Kenneth Roy, who is now in charge of his Canadian, American, and West Indian properties and will one day inherit the empire and direct it from London, as the elder Thomson now does. Kenneth, says his father, is a considerably more cautious man, who can be expected to protect and conserve the Thomson properties and expand them much more slowly. The father's trust in his son is complete. "Ken never told me a lie," he observes proudly. "Not many fathers can say that."

None of Thomson's fortune is in his name. It has been placed in trust funds for his son, his daughters, and the grandchildren, born and unborn. "I don't want them ever to be insecure, as I was," Thomson explains simply. But he is amused by the thought that when he dies and his personal estate is announced, there will be a good many people, not knowing about the trusts, who will get the wrong impression. "People will say," he chuckles, "Look at that, the s.o.b. worked all his life and died poor."

Certainly he is not extravagant. As so many rich men do, he saves on small things. If the distance isn't too far, he will always walk rather than take a taxi. He is moderate in all his habits, including his dress, which is neat and conservative but hardly typical of Savile Row's best efforts. His single excess is his inordinate love of mystery stories. He has a library of 1,200 of them, classified by authors and shelved in what he calls his playroom. He admits that 400 are still unread, but he keeps adding to the supply whenever he comes to America, conducting a continuous raiding party through drugstores and bookstores, looking for titles he doesn't own. Usually he carries back about fifty new ones.

Thomson talks readily enough about what will happen to his organization after he dies, but he is not even thinking about retirement. On the contrary, he is full of plans and ideas that he confides in his quick, nervous, friendly way as though he were only starting his career. He expects, for example, to expand in the travel field, for whose future he has great expectations. He is also planning to expand this year into areas allied to newspaper publishing. He has not yet tried to buy a major American paper—most of his holdings here are in small communities—but that will doubtless come. Meanwhile, he intends to buy more papers in smaller cities. Not long ago he made an offer for the Macy Westchester chain, but it was refused.

Whenever and wherever he appears, the rumors begin. Last May, when it was known that he was in New York, intimations of a deal involving the *Herald Tribune* were widely circulated. They were untrue, Thomson admitted, not without a touch of sadness. He would buy his friend John Hay Whitney's paper as quickly as any other if he could.

In the future, Lord Thomson believes,





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newspapers must spend more time developing the news in depth, and they must also go into color through offset printing. He has led the way, in Britain, in that and other developments in printing technology. More than five years ago, when the British provincial press was in a bad way, Thomson boldly laid out a large capital investment program for his papers, including color printing, which labor costs had prevented from developing very far in Britain.

Recently the research arm of his organization, directed by the former science editor of the *Sunday Times*, has produced a new machine called the Thomson Computerset, which goes beyond the justifying of lines achieved by other computer systems. With this phototypesetting device, the operator can erase mistakes without splicing into the film. It will be used for the first time in a newspaper Thomson is starting in Reading, England, this fall. The system, created for photo-offset, is being adapted for letterpress work. Thomson foresees the day, and he thinks it is not far off, when a single computer system in his London headquarters will receive editorial copy on tape from all the Thomson properties in the British Isles, will edit it and justify the lines, and send it back on another tape to photo-offset or letterpress machines on each paper. The publisher says he is not worried by the labor troubles such automation may produce. Strikes are almost unheard of in the vast Thomson organization; there has been only one, on a newspaper in Louisiana.

In the magazine field, Thomson expects to expand the list of trade and technical journals he owns. He is not particularly interested in consumer magazines, regarding them as unstable investments, prone to all kinds of fluctuation. "Magazines have too much of an individual quality," he says.

With so diverse an empire, involving so many personalities, it would be reasonable to expect that Thomson would have acquired some ardent enemies, but they are extremely few and far overbalanced by his innumerable friends. He is tough and shrewd in business; he could not have achieved what he has otherwise. But he has a passion, almost a genius, for friendship. People who meet him for the first time expecting to find an austere, aloof tycoon, discover instead a warm, thoroughly likable human being. His frank, brash simplicity is applied equally to casual acquaintances and world figures.

This was particularly evident in his meeting with Nikita Khrushchev, just before the Soviet leader left office. Within a few minutes after they were introduced, Khrushchev was addressing him jocularly as "Capitalist," and was obviously enjoying himself. As the conversation progressed, Thomson remarked amiably, "How would you like me to come to Russia and be commissar of all the newspapers?" Khrushchev grinned. "Fine," he replied, "come and bring all your money."

The talk turned to strategic materials. "What is a strategic material?" Khrushchev inquired rhetorically. He picked up a plastic ashtray. "Is this strategic material? You could make buttons from it to hold up a soldier's pants. If he couldn't hold up his pants any other way, he would have to put his hands in his pockets and then he couldn't fight."

Thomson had lunch not long ago with Charlie Chaplin, an actor he had always admired but never met. Only a man with His Lordship's total assurance would have had the courage to spend a good part of the meal regaling the comedian with anecdotes drawn from his voluminous repertoire. Chaplin told him afterward, says Thomson, that it was the most enjoyable luncheon he ever had.

In one sense, Thomson himself will have arrived as a celebrity this month when his biography appears, written by an Australian, Russell Braddon, and published by the London house of Collins, which is Braddon's publisher; Thomson doesn't own it. It would indeed require a book to encompass all the facets of Thomson's astonishing life and the empire he has created. A mere interview fails to touch many aspects of his personality, because Thomson is that rarity, an honestly modest man. His friends must report that he is a generous host, a liberal supporter of any number of worthwhile causes. Sometimes the benefaction is a check enabling a promising young singer to study in Italy; sometimes it is the support of a cause or an institution. "I believe in being successful, and in sharing my success with other people," he has often said.

Honors continue to be given him. Recently he became the chancellor of the Memorial University in St. John's, Newfoundland. He is Honorary Colonel of the Toronto Scottish Regiment; a director of Reuter's, the British news agency, and of the Abitibi Power & Paper Co., Ltd.; a member of the Council of the Commonwealth Press Union; a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Stationers and Newspaper Makers; and a vice president of the Periodical Proprietors' Association. The Greek government has conferred on him the insignia of a Commander of the Royal Order of the Phoenix, and in 1963 the Lord Mayor of London presented him with the Publicity Cup for his founding of the *Sunday Times Color Magazine*, and his organizing of a trip to Moscow in February 1963 for 170 leading British businessmen.

It is a long way from Toronto in the Depression, but as a human being Lord Thomson of Fleet has never left home.

# Communications Letters

*Continued from page 64*

tion in the drawing up of this law that affects so drastically the very roots of our national culture.

RICHARD CORBIN, President,
National Council of Teachers
of English.
Champaign, Ill.

## Plexiglas Revisited

THE ARTICLE "The Questing Camera" [*SR*, Aug. 28] has come to our attention, particularly the photo caption on page 34 that refers to our product Plexiglas. Unfortunately, this was misspelled as "plexiglass."

Plexiglas is our registered trademark for acrylic plastic sheets and molding powders, and it is important to the protection of this valuable trademark that it be capitalized and spelled properly in print. We know you realize the importance of trademark protection and therefore will understand the need for us to bring the misuse in this instance to your attention.

There was a similar misuse of the word several years ago, about which we wrote to *SR* at the time. Possibly a reminder to your staff about the trademark status of Plexiglas will lead to correct handling when, as we hope, you have future occasions to mention this product in your pages.

BURNAP POST,
Assistant Advertising Manager,
Rohm & Haas Company.
Philadelphia, Pa.

## Must Reading: Lou Golden

L. L. L. GOLDEN'S piece on public relations as an essential part of a wise executive's job, "Not by Divine Right" [*SR*, Sept. 18], should be made "must reading" in management courses and management boardrooms. In particular, one sentence written by Mr. Golden should be printed on cards, framed, and placed in executive offices everywhere. It is: "Corporations cannot operate, let alone operate profitably, unless they have public acceptance." All too often public relations is a corporate department and not a corporate axiom.

I was pleased to see Mr. Golden quote a great American business leader, M. J. Rathbone, retired board chairman of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). May I also quote Mr. Rathbone from an address he gave in January 1965 when he received the "Man in Management" award from Pace College? Mr. Rathbone's subject was "What Kind of Managers for Tomorrow's World?" Said the industrialist to more than 1,300 top businessmen gathered in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel:

"[The manager] knows that the ultimate destiny of his business is involved with the destiny of the whole community, and that as a business leader both he and his company must do their share in community leadership and public service—often on an international scale.

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ties to use the full powers of his mind, his leadership ability, and his moral influence as well, to serve the community on which his business depends."

I would be very pleased to send a copy of Mr. Rathbone's address to any reader who requests it.

BRUCE HOREL, Director,
Pace College News Bureau.
New York, N.Y.

### Suggestion from Down Under

TELEVISION COMMERCIALS here, many of them American models, are at their best idiotic and at their worst dishonest. Why don't you Yanks start a Television Broadcasting Commission? The Australian Broadcasting Commission, supported by the Australian public, shows balanced TV programs, educational, artistic, local, and overseas documentaries and entertainments —and competes exceptionally well with the commercial channels.

K. WHITFIELD.
Woy Woy, N.S.W., Australia

THE MANY LETTERS you have published these last few months on the subject of television commercials inevitably evoke comparisons with audience attitudes toward radio sales pitches at the time that particular mode of broadcasting was at the peak of its popularity. It could be that one's recollections of that period aren't entirely reliable. I do think, though, the volume of objections has increased enormously since those days.

Among those I've questioned concerning the matter, the response has, in essence, been: "It's less annoying merely to hear commercials than to watch as well as listen to them." This may well be the case but it appears only a partial answer to the greater discontent currently being expressed.

More pertinent, as I see it, is the basic method by which financing was arranged then as compared with now. Each of the major radio programs had but a single sponsor. Thus, if the listener was a devotee of light concert music as interpreted by a renowned soloist, he'd find himself being reminded every Monday night of the qualities allegedly adhering to a certain tire. During all the rest of the week, however, his ears would be exempt from that particular manufacturer's appeals.

Video, on the other hand, has embraced the concept of multiple sponsorship. As a consequence, it is not unusual to be subjected to repetitions of commercials. That vendor of hair tonic, it develops, has bought a segment of the early-evening situation comedy the whole family watches. A little later, one notes with mixed emotions that he's also purchased a portion of an espionage story.

What makes it especially difficult to bear is the lack of variation in approach. The identical message encountered earlier is inserted again on the subsequent program. When, moreover, the same procedure is duplicated the next night and the one after that, only the most case-hardened individual is apt to accept this evidence of complete imaginative sterility with equanimity.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

# Letters to the Editor

*Continued from page 32*

Mrs. Theodore A. Stroud, Des Moines, Iowa; Jerry Curtis, San Francisco, Calif.; Hiroshima Peace Center Associates, New York, N.Y.; Gerald Shirley, Tuckahoe, N.Y.; Mrs. Allan Bernard, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. William Woolworth, Albany, Calif.; Helen A. Hall, Winchester, Mass.; Walter J. Hillabrant, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Martha G. Nelson, Fairfield, Conn.; Mrs. Robert F. Raynolds, Newtown, Conn.; Mrs. Edward P. Cummins, Cortland, N.Y.; Herbert S. Damon, North Conway, N.H.; Mrs. Thomas Wylie, Richland, Mich.; Eileen L. Wells, Yucca Valley, Calif.; Alta Yount, Phoenix, Ariz.; Howard Obermiller, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Esther M. Doyle, Huntingdon, Pa.; Jeanie G. Lee, Newville, Pa.; Dr. Carolyn Fisher, Hollywood, Calif.; Emmett J. Sullivan, Seattle, Wash.; Larry D. Woods, La Mesa, Calif.; Elizabeth P. Brush, Rockford, Ill.; Mrs. John F. Burke, Winooski, Vt.; James J. Fichter, St. Louis, Mo.; Blanche Proctor, Portland, Ore.; Richard H. Maurer, Lancaster, Pa.; Martha E. 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# Your Literary I. Q.

*Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon*

## MIND YOUR A'S AND O'S

Men's and women's names frequently end in *o* and *a* respectively, and that is particularly true of many of Shakespeare's characters. Yvette Pollack of Great Neck, New York, wants you to identify these characters and place them in the plays from which they have strayed. (Each dash represents a letter.) The curtain rises on page 80.

1. The servant ——— o and his brother ——— o were formerly in the employ of the elderly lady ——— a. ( ) *Hamlet*
2. Young ——— a conceals both her sex and her love from the high-born gentleman, ——— o, while the wealthy countess ——— a is wooed by her servant ——— o. ( ) *Othello*
3. The brooding hero of this play cannot be helped by the two who love him best: his classmate, ——— o, and the distraught ——— a. ( ) *The Tempest*
4. A young woman, ——— a, beloved of ——— o, robs her father, who is already in sufficient financial trouble with his enemy, ——— o, but all difficulties are resolved by the wise and wealthy ——— a. ( ) *Romeo and Juliet*
5. An officer, —— o, with the unwitting aid of his wife, ——— a, brings about the tragic downfall of his trusting master, ——— o, and the latter's wife, ——— a. ( ) *Twelfth Night*
6. A young lady, ——— a, watches with much personal interest the peculiar courtship of her sister, ——— a, by the witty ——— o. ( ) *The Comedy of Errors*
7. Dueling to defend the honor of his friend ——— o, the impetuous ——— o is mortally wounded by a cousin of his friend's young beloved. ( ) *The Taming of the Shrew*
8. A father, ——— o, and his daughter, ——— a, lead a charmed life far removed from their hereditary realm. ( ) *The Merchant of Venice*



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*Continued from page 72*

ephemera, or emphasis on the art form.

The third group, by now probably much the largest, includes the hobby printer who enjoys printing so much he is enthusiastic about swelling the ranks, appreciative of a chance to meet fellow hobbyists and swap knowledge (and perhaps equipment), and delighted to participate in exhibitions and other affairs. He doesn't necessarily take his printing quite as seriously as the other two groups, and he certainly hasn't any fixed notions of his function.

It is mostly from the third group that the fast-growing "Chappel Movement" gets its members. A chappel—the word comes from the early English spelling of chapel, applied to a printing house—consists of from six to ten or twelve couples who have presses and who live within easy visiting distance. They meet generally monthly, to socialize, talk printing, and plan joint projects. Each group organizes in its own way, usually highly informal, not to say gaily disorganized. It is not known how many chappels there are, since there resolutely is no linking organization. The New York area alone has at least ten, and the movement has even spread to London. In New York, the chappels do work together to hold joint meetings, technical lectures, and exhibits.

If it is true that high technology has put mass communication in fewer hands, the opposite is also true: a new elementary level of technology is putting printed communication into the personal hands of more and more people—as a hobby, an individual form of self-expression, as a grassroots communication medium that can become as important as the abolitionist press in the antebellum days.

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3 (Horatio, Ophelia), 5 (Iago, Emilia, Othello, Desdemona), 8 (Prospero, Miranda), 7 (Romeo, Mercutio), 2 (Viola, Orsino, Olivia, Malvolio), 1 (Dromio, Dromio, Aemilia), 6 (Bianca, Katharina, Petruchio), 4 (Jessica, Lorenzo, Antonio, Portia).



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*(Continued on page 82)*



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(Continued from page 81)

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1644

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Sudden, violent stroke, of impact, of the pen, a setback in plans, etc. | 185 134 85 148 |
| B. Paths of a scythe or mowing machine. | 80 140 110 15 26 87 |
| C. Hardens certain materials, short of burning, by great heat. | 9 127 69 175 76 96 43 57 103 109 |
| D. What Chesterton said tea is like *(Song of Right and Wrong;* after *The.)* | 42 74 18 164 |
| E. Biblical gentleman who owned a vineyard, to his great misfortune. | 121 141 68 97 45 102 |
| F. Head of an Arab clan. | 146 61 17 139 37 21 |
| G. *Four famous words in Antony's grief (Julius Caesar)* which might be used today in admiration for autumn. | 23 144 64 150 131 147 170 178 30 182 34 |
| H. Twaddle; absurdity. | 117 52 44 81 149 184 28 137 |
| I. Hawthorne made a collection of these *From An Old Manse.* | 29 106 41 12 154 159 |
| J. Intimately blended; embodied. | 58 180 36 151 84 169 157 93 126 142 27 |
| K. Absurd constable in *Much Ado.* | 67 160 91 33 49 114 124 2 |
| L. The dowser's tool; formerly used in Scotland to prohibit entrance (2 wds.) | 53 172 156 105 177 71 73 183 14 133 |
| M. Subsisting as a permanent quality of anything. | 136 98 129 173 152 83 66 25 |
| N. Very poisonous alkaloid, used in solution as insecticide. | 72 163 143 79 88 19 132 |
| O. Considerate; meditative. | 130 46 39 113 60 16 171 24 107 99 |
| P. In logic, an argument in which one premise is understood but not stated. | 47 174 118 167 100 48 5 1 95 |
| Q. Bounding staccato of the violin bow. | 111 89 125 10 104 165 176 166 |
| R. Byron warned against believing in either a woman or this. | 168 7 65 22 50 155 38 |
| S. Misers; stingy people. | 90 120 92 115 35 55 51 153 |
| T. Nervous tittering; silly laughter. | 20 4 54 128 135 86 161 181 |
| U. Lets down. | 31 13 162 179 40 63 |
| V. In chemistry, to render certain substances able to take effect on their own. | 145 77 11 62 3 56 101 123 |
| W. The bride; the groom. | 138 116 119 32 75 6 94 158 |
| X. One of the true; or winged, flies. | 108 8 82 122 112 78 70 59 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | | 1 P | 2 K | | 3 V | 4 T | 5 P | 6 W | | 7 R | 8 X | 9 C | | | | | | | |
| 10 Q | 11 V | 12 I | | 13 U | 14 L | | 15 B | 16 O | 17 F | | 18 D | 19 N | 20 T | 21 F | 22 R | | | | | | | | | |
| 23 G | 24 O | | 25 M | 26 B | 27 J | | 28 H | 29 I | 30 G | 31 U | 32 W | | 33 K | 34 G | 35 S | 36 J | | | | | | | | |
| 37 F | | 38 R | 39 O | 40 U | 41 I | 42 D | | 43 C | 44 H | | 45 E | 46 O | 47 P | | 48 P | 49 K | | | | | | | | |
| 50 R | 51 S | 52 H | 53 L | | 54 T | 55 S | 56 V | 57 C | 58 J | 59 X | 60 O | | 61 F | 62 V | 63 U | | | | | | | | | |
| 64 G | 65 R | 66 M | 67 K | 68 E | 69 C | 70 X | 71 L | 72 N | | 73 L | 74 D | 75 W | | 76 C | 77 V | 78 X | | | | | | | | |
| 79 N | 80 B | 81 H | | 82 X | 83 M | 84 J | 85 A | 86 T | 87 B | 88 N | 89 Q | 90 S | 91 K | | 92 S | 93 J | | | | | | | | |
| 94 W | 95 P | 96 C | | 97 E | 98 M | 99 O | 100 P | | 101 V | 102 E | 103 C | | 104 Q | 105 L | 106 I | 107 O | | | | | | | | |
| 108 X | 109 C | | 110 B | 111 Q | 112 X | | 113 O | 114 K | 115 S | 116 W | 117 H | 118 P | | 119 W | 120 S | 121 E | | | | | | | | |
| 122 X | 123 V | 124 K | – | 125 Q | 126 J | 127 C | 128 T | 129 M | 130 O | | 131 G | 132 N | 133 L | | 134 A | 135 T | | | | | | | | |
| 136 M | 137 H | 138 W | | 139 F | | 140 B | 141 E | 142 J | 143 N | 144 G | | 145 V | 146 F | | 147 G | 148 A | | | | | | | | |
| 149 H | | 150 G | 151 J | 152 M | 153 S | 154 I | | 155 R | 156 L | 157 J | 158 W | 159 I | | 160 K | 161 T | | | | | | | | | |
| 162 U | 163 N | 164 D | 165 Q | | 166 Q | 167 P | 168 R | | 169 J | 170 G | 171 O | 172 L | 173 M | 174 P | 175 C | 176 Q | | | | | | | | |
| | 177 L | 178 G | | 179 U | 180 J | 181 T | 182 G | 183 L | 184 H | 185 A | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.



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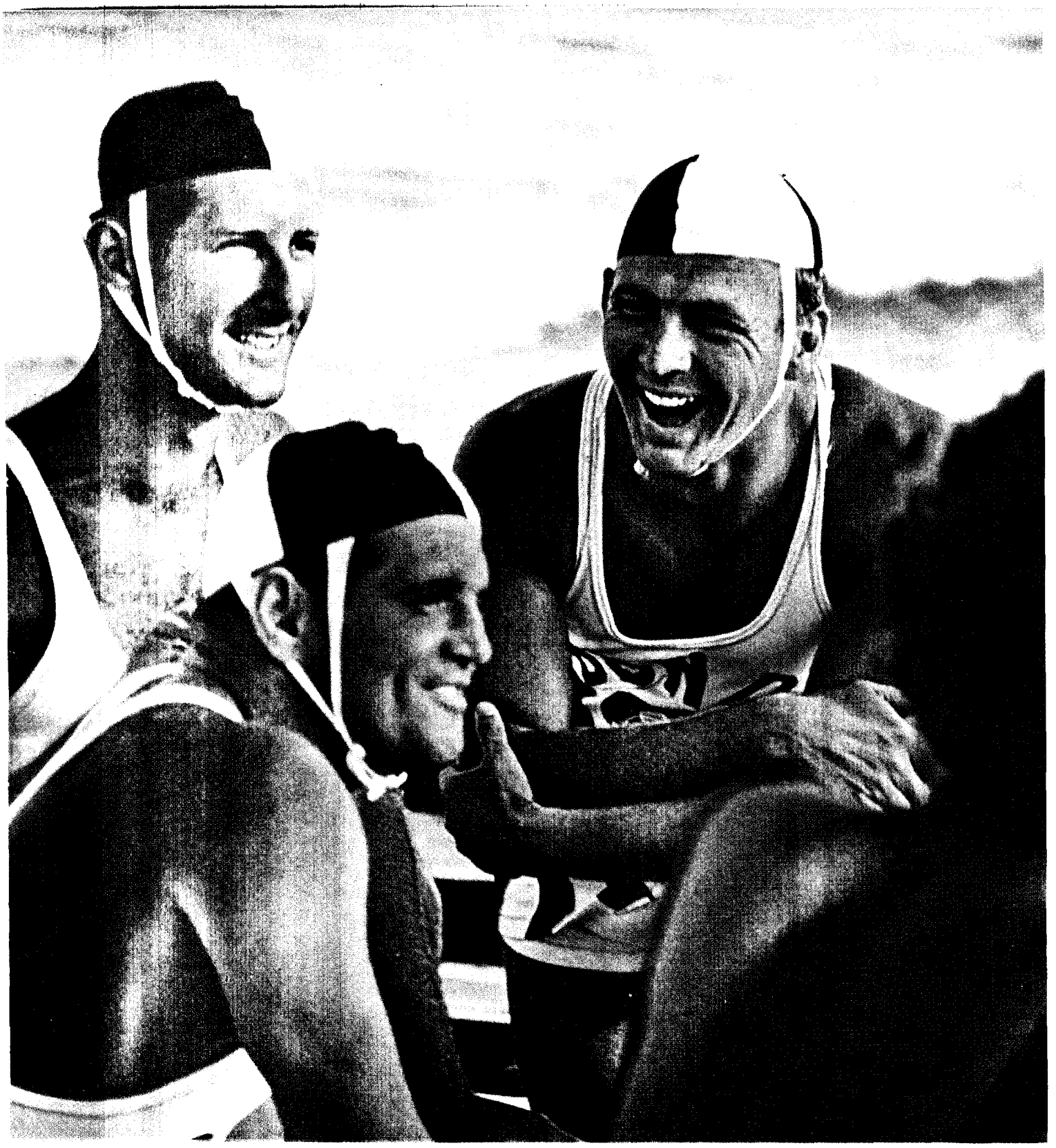

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